THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE;

IN FOUR VOLUMES:

CONTAINING

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.;

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY;

SERMONS,—LETTERS, *&c.*

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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1808.

M.M.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

W. Satchwell. Del.ᵉ — T. Widnell. Sculp.ᵉ

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Dixero si quid forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis.—— HOR.

.—Si quis calumnietur levius esse quam decet theologum, aut mordacius quam deceat Christianum—non Ego, sed Democritus dixit.— ERASMUS.

Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba joculatoria, risum moventia, sciebat, anathema esto. SECOND COUNCIL OF CARTHAGE.

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

—WE'LL not ſtop two moments, my dear Sir;—only, as we have got thro' theſe five volumes* (do, Sir, ſit down upon a ſet,—they are better than nothing) let us juſt look back upon the country we have paſs'd through.

——What a wilderneſs has it been! and what a mercy that we have not both of us been loſt, or devoured by wild beaſts in it!

Did you think the world itſelf, Sir, had contained ſuch a number of Jack Aſſes?——How they view'd and review'd us as we paſſed over the rivulet at the bottom of that little valley!—and when we climbed over that hill, and were juſt getting out of ſight,—good God! what a braying did they all ſet up together!

—Prithee, Shepherd, who keeps all thoſe Jack Aſſes? * * *

—Heaven be their comforter!—What! are they never curried?—Are they never taken in

* Seven, according to the original edition.

in winter?—Bray,—bray,—bray. Bray on,—the world is deeply your debtor;—louder ſtill;—that's nothing:—in good ſooth, you are ill-uſed.—Was I a Jack Aſs, I ſolemnly declare, I would bray in G-ſol-re-ut from morning even unto night.

CHAP. II.

WHEN my father had danced his white bear backwards and forwards, through half a dozen pages, he cloſed the book for good an' all;—and, in a kind of triumph, redelivered it into Trim's hand, with a nod to lay it upon the 'ſcrutoire, where he found it.——Triſtram, ſaid he, ſhall be made to conjugate every word in the Dictionary, backwards and forwards the ſame way:—every word, Yorick, by this means, you ſee, is converted into a theſis, or an hypotheſis;—every theſis and hypotheſis have an offſpring of propoſitions;—and each propoſition has its own conſequences and concluſions; every one of which leads the mind on again into freſh tracts of enquiries and doubtings.—The force of this engine, added my father, is incredible in opening a child's head.——'Tis enough, brother Shandy, cried my uncle Toby, to burſt it into a thouſand ſplinters.——

I preſume, ſaid Yorick, ſmiling,—it muſt be owing to this,—(for let logicians ſay what they will it is not to be accounted for ſufficiently from the bare uſe of the ten predicaments)—that the famous

Vincent

Vincent Quirino, amongſt the many other aſtoniſhing feats of his childhood,—of which the Cardinal Bembo has given the world ſo exact a ſtory;—ſhould be able to paſte up in the public ſchools at Rome, ſo early as in the eighth year of his age, no leſs than four thouſand five hundred and ſixty different theſes, upon the moſt abſtruſe points of the moſt abſtruſe theology;—and to defend and maintain them in ſuch ſort, as to cramp and dumbfound his opponents.——What is that, cried my father, to what is told us of Alphonſus Toſtatus, who, almoſt in his nurſe's arms, learned all the ſciences and liberal arts, without being taught any one of them?—What ſhall we ſay of the great Peireſkius?——That's the very man, cried my uncle Toby, I once told you of, brother Shandy, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from Paris to Shevling, and from Shevling back again, merely to ſee Stevinus's flying chariot.—He was a very great man! added my uncle Toby (meaning Stevinus.)——He was ſo, brother Toby, ſaid my father (meaning Peireſkius);—and had multiplied his ideas ſo faſt, and increaſed his knowledge to ſuch a prodigious ſtock, that, if we may give credit to an anecdote concerning him, which we cannot withhold here, without ſhaking the authority of all anecdotes whatever,—at ſeven years of age, his father committed entirely to his care the education of his younger brother, a boy of five years old,—with the ſole management of all his concerns.——Was the father as wiſe as the ſon? quoth my uncle Toby.——I ſhould think not,

ſaid Yorick.——But what are theſe, continued my father—(breaking out in a kind of enthuſiaſm)—what are theſe, to thoſe prodigies of childhood in Grotius, Scioppius, Heinſius, Politian, Paſcal, Joſeph Scaliger, Ferdinand de Cordouè, and others;—ſome of whom left off their *ſubſtantial forms* at nine years old, or ſooner, and went on reaſoning without them;—others went through their claſſics at ſeven;—wrote tragedies at eight.—Ferdinand de Cordouè was ſo wiſe at nine,—'twas thought the Devil was in him;—and at Venice gave ſuch proofs of his knowledge and goodneſs, that the monks imagined he was Antichriſt, or nothing.——Others were maſters of fourteen languages at ten;—finiſhed the courſe of their rhetoric, poetry, logic, and ethics, at eleven;—put forth their commentaries upon Servius and Martianus Capella at twelve;—and at thirteen, received their degrees in philoſophy, laws, and divinity.——But you forget the great Lipſius, quoth Yorick, who compoſed a work* the day he was born.——They ſhould have wiped it up, ſaid my uncle Toby, and ſaid no more about it.

* Nous aurions quelque interêt, ſays Baillet, de montrer qu'il n'arein de ridicule s'il étoit veritable, au moins dans le ſens énigmatique que Nicius Erythræus a tâché de lui donner. Cet auteur dit que pour comprendre comme Lipſe, il a pû compoſer un ouvrage le premier jour de ſa vie il faut s'imaginer, que se premier jour n'eſt pas celui de ſa naiſſance charnelle, mais celui au quel il a commencé d'uſer de la raiſon; il veut que ç'ait été à l'âge de neuf ans; et il nous veut perſuader que ce fut en cet âge, que Lipſe fit un poëme.—Le tour eſt ingénieux, &c. &c.

CHAP. III.

WHEN the cataplaſm was ready, a ſcruple of decorum had unſeaſonably roſe up in Suſannah's conſcience, about holding the candle whilſt Slop tied it on: Slop had not treated Suſannah's diſtemper with anodynes;—and ſo a quarrel had enſued betwixt them.

—Oh! oh!—ſaid Slop, caſting a glance of undue freedom in Suſannah's face, as ſhe declined the office;—then, I think I know you, Madam.——You know me, Sir! cried Suſannah faſtidiouſly, and with a toſs of her head, levelled evidently, not at his profeſſion, but at the Doctor himſelf;—you know me! cried Suſannah again.——Doctor Slop clapped his finger and his thumb inſtantly upon his noſtrils;——Suſannah's ſpleen was ready to burſt at it;——'Tis falſe, ſaid Suſannah.——Come, come, Mrs. Modeſty, ſaid Slop, not a little elated with the ſucceſs of his laſt thruſt;—If you won't hold the candle and look,—you may hold it and ſhut your eyes.——That's one of your Popiſh ſhifts, cried Suſannah.——'Tis better, ſaid Slop, with a nod, than no ſhift at all, young woman.——I defy you, Sir, cried Suſannah, pulling her ſhift-ſleeve below her elbow.

It was almoſt impoſſible for two perſons to aſſiſt each other in a ſurgical caſe, with a more ſplenetic cordiality.

Slop ſnatched up the cataplaſm:—Suſannah

ſnatched up the candle.——A little this way, ſaid Slop.—Suſannah looking one way, and rowing another, inſtantly ſet fire to Slop's wig; which, being ſomewhat buſhy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.——You impudent whore! cried Slop,—(for what is paſſion but a wild beaſt?)—you impudent whore! cried Slop, getting upright, with the cataplaſm in his hand.——I never was the deſtruction of any body's noſe, ſaid Suſannah;—which is more than you can ſay.——Is it? cried Slop, throwing the cataplaſm in her face.——Yes, it is, cried Suſannah, returning the compliment with what was left in the pan.

CHAP. IV.

DOCTOR Slop and Suſannah filed croſs-bills againſt each other in the parlour; which done, as the cataplaſm had failed, they retired into the kitchen to prepare a fomentation for me;—and whilſt that was doing, my father determined the point, as you will read.

CHAP. V.

YOU ſee 'tis high time, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf equally to my uncle Toby and Yorick, to take this young creature out of theſe women's hands, and put him into thoſe of a private governor.

Marcus

Marcus Antoninus provided fourteen governors all at once, to ſuperintend his ſon Commodus's education;—and in ſix weeks he caſhiered five of them. I know very well, continued my father, that Commodus's mother was in love with a gladiator at the time of her conception; which accounts for a great many of Commodus's cruelties when he became emperor;—but ſtill I am of opinion, that thoſe five whom Antoninus diſmiſſed, did Commodus's temder, in that ſhort time, more hurt than the other nine were able to rectify all their lives long.

Now, as I conſider the perſon who is to be about my ſon, as the mirror in which he is to view himſelf from morning to night; and by which he is to adjuſt his looks, his carriage, and, perhaps, the inmoſt ſentiments of his heart,—I would have one, Yorick, if poſſible, poliſhed at all points, fit for my child to look into.——This is very good ſenſe, quoth my uncle Toby to himſelf.

—There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and ſpeaking, which argues a man *well within*; and I am not at all ſurpriſed that Gregory of Nazianzum, upon obſerving the haſty and untoward geſtures of Julian, ſhould foretel he would one day become apoſtate;—or that St. Ambroſe ſhould turn his amanuenſis out of doors, becauſe of an indecent motion of his head, which went backwards and forwards like a flail;—or that Democritus ſhould conceive Protagoras to be a ſcholar, from ſeeing him bind up a faggot, and thruſting, as he did it, the ſmall twigs inwards.—There are a

thouſand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's ſoul; and I maintain it, added he, that a man of ſenſe does not lay down his hat in coming into a room, or take it up in going out of it, but ſomething eſcapes, which diſcovers him.

It is for theſe reaſons, continued my father, that the governor I make choice of ſhall neither * liſp, nor ſquint, nor wink, nor talk loud, nor look fierce, nor fooliſh;—nor bite his lips, nor grind his teeth, nor ſpeak through his noſe, nor pick it, nor blow it with his fingers.

He ſhall neither walk faſt, nor ſlow, nor fold his arms,—for that is lazineſs;—nor hang them down,—for that is folly; nor hide them in his pocket, for that is nonſenſe.

He ſhall neither ſtrike, nor pinch, nor tickle,—nor bite, nor cut his nails, nor hawk, nor ſpit, nor ſnift, nor drum with his feet or fingers in company;—nor (according to Eraſmus) ſhall he ſpeak to any one in making water,—nor ſhall he point to carrion or excrement.——Now this is all nonſenſe again, quoth my uncle Toby to himſelf.

I will have him, continued my father, cheerful, *facetè*, jovial; at the ſame time prudent, attentive to buſineſs, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in reſolving doubts and ſpeculative queſtions; he ſhall be wiſe, and judicious, and learned.——And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle-tempered, and good? ſaid Yorick.——And why not, cried my uncle Toby, free, and generous, and

* Vid. Pellegrina.

bountiful,

bountiful, and brave?——He ſhall, my dear Toby, replied my father, getting up and ſhaking him by his hand.——Then, brother Shandy, anſwered my uncle Toby, raiſing himſelf off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's own hand,—I humbly beg I may recommend poor Le Fevre's ſon to you—(a tear of joy of the firſt water ſparkled in my uncle Toby's eye, and another, the fellow to it, in the Corporal's, as the propoſition was made)—you will ſee why, when you read Le Fevre's ſtory.——Fool that I was! nor can I recollect (nor perhaps you) without turning back to the place, what it was that hindered me from letting the Corporal tell it in his own words;—but the occaſion is loſt,—I muſt tell it now in my own.

CHAP. VI.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

IT was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in Europe;—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſideboard,—I ſay, ſitting,—for, in conſideration of the Corporal's lame knee (which ſometimes gave him exquiſite pain) when

my

my uncle Toby dined or ſupped alone, he would never ſuffer the Corporal to ſtand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his maſter was ſuch, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itſelf, with leſs trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby ſuppoſed the Corporal's leg was at reſt, he would look back, and detect him ſtanding behind him with the moſt dutiful reſpect. —This bred more little ſquabbles betwixt them, than all other cauſes for five-and-twenty years together: but this is neither here nor there,—why do I mention it? Aſk my pen; it governs me,—I govern not it.

He was one evening ſitting thus at his ſupper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glaſs or two of ſack.——'Tis for a poor gentleman, I think, of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing, till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt.—*I think*, ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*

If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy ſuch a thing, added the landlord, I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill. I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he; we are all of us concerned for him.

——Thou art a good-natured ſoul I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou ſhalt drink

drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf,— and take a couple of bottles with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle Toby, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his gueſt too. There muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that, in ſo ſhort a time, ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt:——And of his whole family, added the Corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, ſaid my uncle Toby; do, Trim; and aſk if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the Corporal;—but I can aſk his ſon again.——Has he a ſon with him, then? ſaid my uncle Toby.——A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father: he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not ſtirred from the bed-ſide theſe two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away, without ſaying one word, and in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe and tobacco.

——Stay in the room a little, ſaid my uncle Toby.

Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe,

pipe, and ſmok'd about a dozen whiffs.——Trim came in front of his maſter, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby ſmok'd on, and ſaid no more.——Corporal! ſaid my uncle Toby;——The Corporal made his bow——My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finiſhed his pipe.

Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my *roquelaure*, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman.——Your Honour's *roquelaure* replied the Corporal, has not once been had on ſince the night before your Honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas; and, beſides, it is ſo cold and rainy a night, that what with the *roquelaure*, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your Honour your death, and bring on your Honour's torment in your groin.——I fear ſo, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at reſt in my mind, Trim, ſince the account the landlord has given me.—I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair, added my uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it. How ſhall we manage it?——Leave it, an' pleaſe your Honour, to me, quoth the Corporal. I'll take my hat and ſtick, and go to the houſe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your Honour a full account in an hour.——Thou ſhalt go, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and here's a ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſervant.——I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the Corporal, ſhutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his ſecond pipe; and had

it

it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with conſidering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the *ténaille* a ſtraight line as a crooked one,—he might be ſaid to have thought of nothing elſe but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he ſmoked it.

CHAP. VII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

IT was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:—

——I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the Corporal, of being able to bring back your Honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor ſick Lieutenant. ——Is he in the army, then? ſaid my uncle Toby. ——He is, ſaid the Corporal.——And in what regiment? ſaid my uncle Toby.——I'll tell your Honour, replied the Corporal, every thing ſtraight forwards, as I learnt it.——Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, ſaid my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou haſt done; ſo ſit down at thy eaſe, Trim, in the window-ſeat, and begin thy ſtory again.——The Corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke as plain as a bow could ſpeak it, *Your Honour is good*:—and having done that, he ſat down, as he was ordered, and began the ſtory to

to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the ſame words.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your Honour about the Lieutenant and his ſon;—for, when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing every thing which was proper to be aſked,——(That's a right diſtinction, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby)——I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your Honour, that he had no ſervant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which, upon finding himſelf unable to proceed (to join, I ſuppoſe, the regiment) he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.——If I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man, we can hire horſes from hence. ——But, alas! the poor gentleman will never go from hence, ſaid the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long; and, when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of:——but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth.—— Pray let me ſave you the trouble, young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it.——I believe, Sir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf.——I am ſure, ſaid I, his Honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being

ing toaſted by an old ſoldier.——The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears.——Poor youth! ſaid my uncle Toby; he has been bred up from an infant in the army; and the name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend!—I wiſh I had him here.

——I never, in the longeſt march, ſaid the Corporal, had ſo great a mind for my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' pleaſe your Honour?——Nothing in the world, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, blowing his noſe, but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

——When I gave him the toaſt, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's ſervant, and that your Honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was any thing in your houſe, or cellar——(And thou might'ſt have added my purſe too, ſaid my uncle Toby)——he was heartily welcome to it.——He made a very low bow (which was meant to your Honour) but no anſwer;—for his heart was full;—ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt.—I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again. Mr. Yorick's curate was ſmoking a pipe by the kitchen-fire; but ſaid not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.——I thought it wrong, added the Corporal.——I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle Toby.

——When the Lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and

and ſent down into the kitchen, to let me know that, in about ten minutes, he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs.——I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-ſide, and, as I ſhut the door, I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.

——I thought, ſaid the Curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never ſaid your prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.——Are you ſure of it? replied the Curate.——A ſoldier, an' pleaſe your Reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parſon; and, when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God of any one in the whole world.——'Twas well ſaid of thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.——But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your Reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, ſaid I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—haraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—haraſſing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—reſting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his ſhirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on;—muſt ſay his prayers *how* and *when* he can.——I believe, ſaid I,—for I was piqued, quoth the Corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' pleaſe your Reverence, ſaid I, that when

when a ſoldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parſon—though not with all his fuſs and hypocriſy.——Thou ſhouldſt not have ſaid that, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite,—and who is not.—At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgement (and not till then)—it will be ſeen who have done their duties in this world,—and who have not; and we ſhall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.——I hope we ſhall, ſaid Trim.——It is in the Scripture, ſaid my uncle Toby; and I will ſhew it thee to-morrow.—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, ſaid my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a Governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.——I hope not, ſaid the Corporal.——But go on, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, with thy ſtory.——

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raiſed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beſide it.—The youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which I ſuppoſed he had been kneeling;—the book was laid upon the bed;—and, as he aroſe, in taking up the cuſhion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the ſame time.——Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the Lieutenant.——

He did not offer to ſpeak to me till I had walked up cloſe to his bed-ſide.——If you are Captain Shandy's ſervant, ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courteſy to me.——If he was of Leven's,—ſaid the Lieutenant.——I told him your Honour was.——Then, ſaid he, I ſerved three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him;—but 'tis moſt likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the perſon his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a Lieutenant in Angus's;—but he knows me not,—ſaid he, a ſecond time, muſing;—poſſibly he may my ſtory, added he.—Pray tell the Captain, I was the Enſign at Breda, whoſe wife was moſt unfortunately killed with a muſket-ſhot, as ſhe lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the ſtory, an't pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, very well.——Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.——In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiſs'd it twice.—Here, Billy, ſaid he;—the boy flew acroſs the room to the bed-ſide,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiſſed it too,—then kiſſed his father, and ſat down upon the bed and wept.——

I wiſh, ſaid my uncle Toby, with a deep ſigh,—I wiſh, Trim, I was aſleep.——

Your Honour, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned

concerned.—Shall I pour your Honour out a glaſs of ſack to your pipe?——Do, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.——

I remember, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſighing again, the ſtory of the Enſign and his wife, with a circumſtance his modeſty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other (I forget what) was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon.——'Tis finiſhed already, ſaid the Corporal,—for I could ſtay no longer;—ſo wiſhed his Honour a good night.—Young Le Fevre roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But alas! ſaid the Corporal,—the Lieutenant's laſt day's march is over!——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

CHAP. VIII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

IT was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the ſake of thoſe who, when coop'd in betwixt a natural and a poſitive law, know not, for their ſouls, which way in the world to turn themſelves.—That, notwithſtanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the ſiege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who preſſed theirs on ſo vigorouſly, that

they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner:—that nevertheleſs he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counter-ſcarp;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond to itſelf,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor Lieutenant and his ſon.

——That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompenſe thee for this.——

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim,—In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to Le Fevre,—as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive; and thou knoweſt he was but a poor Lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt as well as himſelf out of his pay, that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf.——Your Honour knows, ſaid the Corporal, I had no orders.——True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou hadſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe,—thou ſhouldſt have offered him my houſe too.—A

ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him.—Thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, Trim;—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs.

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, ſmiling,—he might march.——He will never march, an' pleaſe your Honour, in this world, ſaid the Corporal.——He *will* march, ſaid my uncle Toby, riſing up from the ſide of the bed with one ſhoe off.——An' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid the Corporal, he will never march but to his grave. ——He *ſhall* march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he *ſhall* march to his regiment. ——He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the Corporal.——He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle Toby.——He'll drop at laſt, ſaid the Corporal, and what will become of his boy?——He *ſhall not* drop, ſaid my uncle Toby, firmly.——A well-a-day!—do what we can for him, ſaid Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor ſoul will die.——*He ſhall not die, by G—*, cried my uncle Toby.

——The *accuſing ſpirit*, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſh'd as he gave it in;—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

CHAP. IX.

——MY uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purſe into his breeches-pocket, and, having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician,—he went to bed and fell aſleep.

CHAP. X.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

THE ſun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of Death preſſed heavy upon his eye-lids;—and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, ſat himſelf down upon the chair by the bed-ſide, and, independently of all modes and cuſtoms, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did,—how he had reſted in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him;—and without giving him time to anſwer any one of theſe inquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

——You ſhall go home directly Le Fevre, ſaid my uncle Toby, to my houſe,—and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter;—and we'll have an

an apothecary;—and the Corporal ſhall be your nurſe;—and I'll be your ſervant, Le Fevre.——

There was a frankneſs in my uncle Toby, not the *effect* of familiarity,—but the *cauſe* of it,—which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature. To this, there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle Toby had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and ſpirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart,—rallied back,—the film forſook his eyes for a moment;—he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle Toby's face;—then caſt a look upon his boy;—and that *ligament*, fine as it was,—was never broken.—

Nature inſtantly ebb'd again;—the film returned to its place;—the pulſe fluttered,—ſtopp'd,—went on,—throbb'd,—ſtopp'd again,—moved,—ſtopp'd, —Shall I go on?——No.

CHAP. XI.

I AM ſo impatient to return to my own ſtory, that what remains of young Le Fevre's, that is, from this turn of his fortune to the time my uncle Toby recommended him for my preceptor, ſhall be

told in a very few words in the next chapter.—All that is neceſſary to be added to this chapter, is as follows:—

That my uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor Lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

That the governor of Dendermond paid his obſequies all military honours;—and that Yorick, not to be behind-hand,—paid him all eccleſiaſtic,—for he buried him in his chancel.—And it appears likewiſe, he preached a funeral ſermon over him.—I ſay it appears,—for it was Yorick's cuſtom, which I ſuppoſe a general one with thoſe of his profeſſion, on the firſt leaf of every ſermon which he compoſed, to chronicle down the time, the place, and the occaſion of its being preached: to this, he was ever wont to add ſome ſhort comment or ſtricture upon the ſermon itſelf,—ſeldom, indeed, much to its credit.—For inſtance, "This ſermon upon the Jewiſh "diſpenſation,—I don't like it at all;—though I "own there is a world of water-landiſh knowledge "in it;—but 'tis all tritical, and moſt tritically put "together.—This is but a flimſy kind of compoſi-"tion. What was in my head when I made it!

—*N. B.* "The excellency of this text is, that it "will ſuit any ſermon;—and of this ſermon,—"that it will ſuit any text.

——"For this ſermon I ſhall be hanged,—for "I have ſtolen the greateſt part of it. Doctor "Paidagunes found me out. ☞ Set a thief to "catch a thief."

On the back of half a dozen I find written, *So*

ſo,—and no more:—and upon a couple *Moderato*; by which, as far as one may gather from Altieri's Italian Dictionary,—but moſtly from the authority of a piece of green whipcord, which ſeemed to have been the unravelling of Yorick's whip-laſh, with which he has left us the two ſermons marked *Moderato*, and the half dozen of *So ſo*, tied faſt together in one bundle by themſelves,—one may ſafely ſuppoſe he meant pretty nearly the ſame thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this conjecture, which is this, that the *moderato*'s are five times better than the *ſo ſo*'s;—ſhow ten times more knowledge of the human heart;—have ſeventy times more wit and ſpirit in them;—(and, to riſe properly in my climax)—diſcover a thouſand times more genius;—and, to crown all, are infinitely more entertaining than thoſe tied up with them:—for which reaſon, whenever Yorick's *dramatic* ſermons are offered to the world, though I ſhall admit but one out of the whole number of the *ſo ſo*'s, I ſhall, nevertheleſs, adventure to print the two *moderato*'s without any ſort of ſcruple.

What Yorick could mean by the words *lentamente*,—*tenutè*,—*grave*,—and ſometimes *adagio*,—as applied to theological compoſitions, and with which he has characteriſed ſome of theſe ſermons, I dare not venture to gueſs. I am more puzzled ſtill, upon finding *a l'octava alta!* upon one;—*Con ſtrepito* upon the back of another;—*Scicilliana* upon a third;—*Alla capella* upon a fourth;—*Con l'arco* upon this;—*Senza l'arco* upon that.—All I know is, that they are muſical terms, and have a meaning

meaning;—and as he was a mufical man, I will make no doubt but that, by ſome quaint application of ſuch metaphors to the compoſitions in hand, they impreſſed very diſtinct ideas of their ſeveral characters upon his fancy,—whatever they may do upon that of others.

Amongſt theſe, there is that particular ſermon which has unaccountably led me into this digreſſion. —The funeral-ſermon upon poor Le Fevre, wrote out very fairly, as if from a haſty copy.—I take notice of it the more, becauſe it ſeems to have been his favourite compoſition.—It is upon mortality; and is tied length-ways and croſs-ways with a yarn thrumb, and then rolled up and twiſted round with a half-ſheet of dirty blue paper, which ſeems to have been once the caſt cover of a general review, which to this day ſmells horribly of horſe-drugs.—Whether theſe marks of humiliation were deſigned, —I ſomething doubt;—becauſe at the end of the ſermon (and not at the beginning of it)—very different from his way of treating the reſt, he had wrote

Bravo!

—Though not very offenſively,—for it was at two inches, at leaſt, and a half's diſtance from, and below the concluding line of the ſermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in that right hand corner of it which, you know, is generally covered with your thumb; and, to do it juſtice, it is wrote beſides with a crow's quill ſo faintly in a ſmall Italian hand, as ſcarce to ſolicit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not;—ſo that, from the *manner of it*, it ſtands half excuſed;

excuſed; and being wrote, moreover, with very pale ink, diluted almoſt to nothing,—'tis more like a *ritratto* of the ſhadow of Vanity than of Vanity herſelf,—of the two; reſembling rather a faint thought of tranſient applauſe, ſecretly ſtirring up in the heart of the compoſer, than a groſs mark of it, coarſely obtruded upon the world.

With all theſe extenuations, I am aware, that, in publiſhing this, I do no ſervice to Yorick's character as a modeſt man—but all men have their failings! and what leſſens this ſtill farther, and almoſt wipes it away, is this,—That the word was ſtruck through ſometime afterwards (as appears from a different tint of the ink) with a line quite acroſs it, in this manner, ~~Bravo~~,—as if he had retracted, or was aſhamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

Theſe ſhort characters of his ſermons were always written, excepting in this one inſtance, upon the firſt leaf of his ſermon, which ſerved as a cover to it; and uſually upon the inſide of it, which was turned towards the text;—but at the end of his diſcourſe, where, perhaps, he had five or ſix pages, and ſometimes, perhaps, a whole ſcore to turn himſelf in,—he took a larger circuit, and, indeed, a much more mettleſome one;—as if he had ſnatched the occaſion of unlacing himſelf with a few more frolickſome ſtrokes at vice, than the ſtraitneſs of the pulpit allowed.—Theſe, though huſſar-like, they ſkirmiſh lightly and out of all order, are ſtill auxiliaries on the ſide of Virtue.—Tell me, then, Mynheer Vander Blonederdondergewdenſtronke, why they ſhould not be printed together?

CHAP. XII.

WHEN my uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and ſettled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fevre, and betwixt Le Fevre and all mankind, there remained nothing more in my uncle Toby's hands than an old regimental coat and ſword; ſo that my uncle Toby found little or no oppoſition from the world in taking adminiſtration. The coat, my uncle Toby gave the Corporal.—Wear it, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby as long as it will hold together, for the ſake of the poor Lieutenant.—And this—ſaid my uncle Toby, taking up the ſword in his hand, and drawing it out of the ſcabbard as he ſpoke,—and this, Le Fevre, I'll ſave for thee;—'tis all the fortune, continued my uncle Toby, hanging it up upon a crook, and pointing to it,—'tis all the fortune, my dear Le Fevre, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,—and thou doeſt it like a man of honour,—'tis enough for us.

As ſoon as my uncle Toby had laid a foundation, and taught him to inſcribe a regular polygon in a circle, he ſent him to a public ſchool, where, excepting Whitſuntide and Chriſtmas, at which times the Corporal was punctually diſpatched for him,—he remained to the ſpring of the year ſeventeen; when the ſtories of the Emperor's ſending his army into Hungary againſt the Turks, kindling a ſpark of fire in his boſom, he left his Greek and Latin

Latin without leave, and throwing himſelf upon his knees before my uncle Toby, begged his father's ſword, and my uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene.—Twice did my uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, Le Fevre, I will go with thee, and thou ſhalt fight beſide me!—and twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in ſorrow and diſconſolation.—

My uncle Toby took down the ſword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever ſince the Lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the Corporal to brighten up;—and having detained Le Fevre a ſingle fortnight to equip him, and contract for his paſſage to Leghorn,—he put the ſword into his hand.—If thou art brave, Le Fevre, ſaid my uncle Toby, this will not fail thee;— but Fortune, ſaid he (muſing a little)— Fortune may;—and if ſhe does,—added my uncle Toby, embracing him, come back again to me, Le Fevre, and we will ſhape thee another courſe.

The greateſt injury could not have oppreſſed the heart of Le Fevre more than my uncle Toby's paternal kindneſs;—he parted from my uncle Toby as the beſt of ſons from the beſt of fathers:—both dropped tears;—and, as my uncle Toby gave him his laſt kiſs, he ſlipped ſixty guineas, tied up in an old purſe of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand,—and bid God bleſs him.

CHAP. XIII.

LE FEVRE got up to the imperial army juſt time enough to try what metal his ſword was made of, at the defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a ſeries of unmerited miſchances had purſued him from that moment, and trod cloſe upon his heels for four years together after. He had withſtood theſe buffetings to the laſt, till ſickneſs overtook him at Marſeilles, from whence he wrote my uncle Toby word, he had loſt his time, his ſervices, his health, and, in ſhort, every thing but his ſword;—and was waiting for the firſt ſhip to return back to him.

As this letter came to hand about ſix weeks before Suſannah's accident, Le Fevre was hourly expected; and was uppermoſt in my uncle Toby's mind all the time my father was giving him and Yorick a deſcription of what kind of a perſon he would chooſe for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle Toby thought my father at firſt ſomewhat fanciful in the accompliſhments he required, he forbore mentioning Le Fevre's name,—till the character, by Yorick's interpoſition, ending, unexpectedly, in one who ſhould be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impreſſed the image of Le Fevre, and his intereſt, upon my uncle Toby ſo forcibly, that he roſe inſtantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands,—I beg, brother Shandy, ſaid my uncle Toby, I may recommend poor

poor Le Fevre's ſon to you.——I beſeech you, do, added Yorick.——He has a good heart, ſaid my uncle Toby.——And a brave one too, an' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid the Corporal.

——The beſt hearts, Trim, are ever the braveſt, replied, my uncle Toby.——And the greateſt cowards an' pleaſe your Honour, in our regiment, were the greateſt raſcals in it.—There was Serjeant Kumber, and Enſign ——.

We'll talk of them, ſaid my father, another time.

CHAP. XIV.

WHAT a jovial and a merry world would this be, may it pleaſe your Worſhips, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, diſcontent, melancholy, large jointures, impoſitions, and lies!

Doctor Slop, like a ſon of a w——, as my father called him for it,—to exalt himſelf,—debaſed me to death,—and made ten thouſand times more of Suſannah's accident than there was any ground for; ſo that in a week's time, or leſs, it was in every body's mouth, *That poor Maſter Shandy* * * * * * * * * entirely;—and Fame, who loves to double every thing,—in three days more, had ſworn, poſitively, ſhe ſaw it;—and all the world, as uſual, gave credit to her evidence,—"That the nurſery window had not only * ;—but that * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

* * 's alſo."

Could the world have been ſued like a *body-corporate*,—my father had brought an action upon the caſe, and trounced it ſufficiently: but to fall foul of individuals about it,—as every ſoul who had mentioned the affair, did it with the greateſt pity imaginable,—'twas like flying in the very face of his beſt friends:—and yet to acquieſce under the report in ſilence, was to acknowledge it openly,—at leaſt in the opinion of one half of the world; and to make a buſtle again, in contradicting it,—was to confirm it as ſtrongly in the opinion of the other half.

—Was ever poor Devil of a country-gentleman ſo hampered? ſaid my father.

——I would ſhew him publicly, ſaid my uncle Toby, at the market-croſs.

——'Twill have no effect, ſaid my father.

CHAP. XV.

——I'LL put him, however, into breeches, ſaid my father,—let the world ſay what it will.

CHAP. XVI.

THERE are a thouſand reſolutions, Sir, both in church and ſtate, as well as in matters, Madam, of a more private concern,—which, though they have carried all the appearance in the world of being taken, and entered upon in a haſty, hair-brained, and unadviſed manner, were, notwithſtanding

withſtanding this (and could you or I have got into the cabinet, or ſtood behind the curtain, we ſhould have found it was ſo) weighed, poiſed, and perpended,—argued upon,—canvaſſed through, —entered into,—and examined on all ſides with ſo much coolneſs, that the *Goddeſs* of *Coolneſs* herſelf (I do not take upon me to prove her exiſtence) could neither have wiſhed it, or done it better.

Of the number of theſe was my father's reſolution of putting me into breeches; which, though determined at once,—in a kind of huff and a defiance of all mankind,—had, nevertheleſs, been *pro'd* and *con'd*, and judicially talked over betwixt him and my mother about a month before, in two ſeveral *beds of juſtice*, which my father had held for that purpoſe. I ſhall explain the nature of theſe beds of juſtice in my next chapter; and in the chapter following that, you ſhall ſtep with me, Madam, behind the curtain, only to hear in what kind of manner my father and my mother debated between themſelves this affair of the breeches;—from which you may form an idea how they debated all leſſer matters.

CHAP. XVII.

THE ancient Goths of Germany, who (the learned Cluverius is poſitive) were firſt ſeated in the country between the Viſtula and the Oder, and who afterwards incorporated the Herculi, Bu-

gians. and ſome other Vandallic clans to 'em,—had, all of them, a wiſe cuſtom of debating every thing of importance to their ſtate, twice; that is,—once drunk, and once ſober.—Drunk,—that their councils might not want vigour;—and ſober,—that they might not want diſcretion.

Now, my father, being entirely a water-drinker,—was a long time gravelled, almoſt to death, in turning this as much to his advantage, as he did every other thing which the antients did or ſaid; and it was not till the ſeventh year of his marriage, after a thouſand fruitleſs experiments and devices, that he hit upon an expedient which anſwered the purpoſe;—and that was, when any difficult and momentous point was to be ſettled in the family, which required great ſobriety and great ſpirit too, in its determination,—he fixed and ſet apart the firſt Sunday night in the month, and the Saturday night which immediately preceded it, to argue it over, in bed, with my mother: by which contrivance, if you conſider, Sir, with yourſelf, * * * *

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Theſe my father, humorouſly enough, called his *beds of juſtice*;—for from the two different counſels taken in theſe two different humours, a middle one was generally found out which touched the point of wiſdom as well, as if he had got drunk and ſober a hundred times.

It

It muſt be made a ſecret of to the world, that this anſwers full as well in literary diſcuſſions, as either in military or conjugal; but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the Goths and Vandals did it;—or, if he can, may it be always for his body's health; and to do it, as my father did it,—am I ſure it would be always for his ſoul's.

My way is this:—

In all nice and tickliſh diſcuſſions—(of which, Heaven knows, there are but too many in my book)—where I find I cannot take a ſtep without the danger of having either their Worſhips or their Reverences upon my back,—I write one-half *full*,—and t'other *faſting*;—or write it all full,—and correct it faſting;—or write it faſting,—and correct it full; for they all come to the ſame thing.—So that with a leſs variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the Gothic,—I feel myſelf upon a par with him in his firſt bed of juſtice;—and no way inferior to him in his ſecond.—Theſe different and almoſt irreconcileable effects, flow uniformly from the wiſe and wonderful mechaniſm of Nature;—of which,—be hers the honour.—All that we can do, is, to turn and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactory of the Arts and Sciences.

Now, when I write full,—I write as if I was never to write faſting again as long as I live;—that is, I write free from the cares as well as the terrors of the world.—I count not the number of my ſcars,—nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and

bye-corners to antedate my ſtabs.—In a word, my pen takes its courſe; and I write on, as much from the fullneſs of my heart as my ſtomach.

But when, an' pleaſe your Honours, I indite faſting, 'tis a different ſtory.—I pay the world all poſſible attention and reſpect,—and have as great a ſhare (whilſt it laſts) of that under-ſtrapping virtue of diſcretion as the beſt of you.—So that betwixt both, I write a careleſs kind of a civil, nonſenſical, good-humoured Shandean book, which will do all your hearts good——

—And all your heads too,—provided you underſtand it.

CHAP. XVIII.

WE ſhould begin, ſaid my father, turning himſelf half round in bed, and ſhifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate;—we ſhould begin to think, Mrs. Shandy, of putting this boy into breeches.——

We ſhould ſo,—ſaid my mother.——We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, ſhamefully.——

I think we do, Mr. Shandy,—ſaid my mother.——

Not but the child looks extremely well, ſaid my father, in his veſts and tunicks.——

He does look very well in them, replied my mother.

——And for that reaſon it would be almoſt a ſin, added my father, to take him out of 'em.

——It would ſo, ſaid my mother.——But, indeed

deed he is growing a very tall lad,—rejoined my father.

——He is very tall for his age, indeed,—ſaid my mother.

——I can-not (making two ſyllables of it) imagine, quoth my father, who the deuce he takes after.

——I cannot conceive, for my life, ſaid my mother.

——Humph!—ſaid my father.

(The dialogue ceaſed for a moment.)

—I am very ſhort myſelf, continued my father, gravely.

——You are very ſhort, Mr. Shandy, ſaid my mother.

Humph! quoth my father to himſelf, a ſecond time; in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little further from my mother's,—and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

—When he gets theſe breeches made, cried my father in a higher tone, he'll look like a beaſt in 'em.

——He will be very awkward in them at firſt, replied my mother.

——And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worſt on't, added my father.

——It will be very lucky, anſwered my mother.

——I ſuppoſe, replied my father,—making ſome pauſe firſt,—he'll be exactly like other people's children.

——Exactly, ſaid my mother.

——Though I ſhall be ſorry for that, added my father; and ſo the debate ſtopp'd again.

—They ſhould be of leather, ſaid my father, turning him about again.

——They will laſt him, ſaid my mother, the longeſt.

——But he can have no linings to 'em, replied my father.

——He cannot, ſaid my mother.

——'Twere better to have them of fuſtian, quoth my father.

——Nothing can be better, quoth my mother.

——Except dimity, replied my father.——'Tis beſt of all, replied my mother.

——One muſt not give him his death, however, —interrupted my father.

——By no means, ſaid my mother;—and ſo the dialogue ſtood ſtill again.

I am reſolved, however, quoth my father, breaking ſilence the fourth time, he ſhall have no pockets in them.

——There is no occaſion for any, ſaid my mother.

——I mean in his coat and waiſtcoat, cried my father.

——I mean ſo too, replied my mother.

——Though if he gets a gig or a top,—Poor ſouls! it is a crown and a ſceptre to them,—they ſhould have where to ſecure it.

——Order it as you pleaſe, Mr. Shandy, replied my mother.

——But

——But don't you think it right? added my father, preſſing the point home to her.

——Perfectly, ſaid my mother; if it pleaſes you, Mr. Shandy.

——There's for you! cried my father, loſing temper.—Pleaſes me!—You never will diſtinguiſh, Mrs. Shandy, nor ſhall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleaſure and a point of convenience.—This was on the Sunday night:—and further this chapter ſaith not.

CHAP. XIX.

AFTER my father had debated the affair of the breeches with my mother,—he conſulted Albertus Rubenius upon it; and Albertus Rubenius uſed my father ten times worſe in the conſultation (if poſſible) than even my father had uſed my mother: for as Rubenius had wrote a quarto *expreſs, De re Veſtiaria Veterum*,—it was Rubenius's buſineſs to have given my father ſome lights.—On the contrary, my father might as well have thought of extracting the ſeven cardinal virtues out of a long beard,—as of extracting a ſingle word out of Rubenius upon the ſubject.

Upon every other article of ancient dreſs, Rubenius was very communicative to my father;—he gave him a full and ſatisfactory account of

The Toga, or looſe gown;
The Chlamys;
The Ephod;
The Tunica, or Jacket;

The Syntheſis;
The Pænula;
The Lacema, with its Cucullus;
The Paludamentum;
The Prætexta;
The Sagum, or ſoldier's jerkin;
The Trabea; of which, according to Suetonius, there were three kinds.——

But what are all theſe to the breeches? ſaid my father.

Rubenius threw him down, upon the counter, all kinds of ſhoes which had been in faſhion with the Romans:—

There was The open ſhoe;
The cloſe ſhoe;
The ſlip ſhoe;
The wooden ſhoe;
The ſock;
The buſkin;
And The military ſhoe, with hob-nails in it, which Juvenal takes notice of.

There were The clogs;
The pattens;
The pantoufles;
The brogues;
The ſandals, with latchets to them.

There was The felt ſhoe;
The linen ſhoe;
The laced ſhoe;
The braided ſhoe;
The calceus inciſus;
And The calceus roſtratus.

Rubenius ſhewed my father how well they all fitted,—

fitted,—in what manner they laced on,—with what points, ſtraps, thongs, latchets, ribbands, jaggs, and ends.

——But I want to be informed about the breeches, ſaid my father.——

Albertus Rubenius informed my father that the Romans manufactured ſtuffs of various fabrics: —ſome plain,—ſome ſtriped,—others diapered throughout the whole contexture of the wool with ſilk and gold:—That linen did not begin to be in common uſe till towards the declenſion of the empire, when the Egyptians, coming to ſettle amongſt them, brought it into vogue:

—That perſons of quality and fortune diſtinguiſhed themſelves by the fineneſs and whiteneſs of their clothes; which colour (next to purple, which was appropriated to the great officers) they moſt affected, and wore on their birth-days and public rejoicings: —That it appeared from the beſt hiſtorians of thoſe times, that they frequently ſent their clothes to the fuller, to be clean'd and whitened:—but that the inferior people, to avoid that expence, generally wore brown clothes, and of a ſomething coarſer texture,—till towards the beginning of Auguſtus's reign, when the ſlave dreſſed like his maſter, and almoſt every diſtinction of habiliment was loſt, but the *Latus Clavus*.——

And what was the *Latus Clavus?* ſaid my father.

Rubenius told him, that the point was ſtill litigating amongſt the learned:—that Egnatius, Sigonius, Boſſius Ticinenſis, Bayfius, Budæus, Salmaſius, Lipſius,

Lipſius, Lazius, Iſaac Cauſabon, and Joſeph Scaliger, all differed from each other,—and he from them:—That ſome took it to be the button;—ſome the coat itſelf;—others only the colour of it:—That the great Bayfius in his Wardrobe of the Antients, chap. 12, —honeſtly ſaid he knew not what it was,—whether a tibula,—a ſtud,—a button,—a loop,—a buckle,—or claſps and keepers.——

My father loſt the horſe, but not the ſaddle.——They are *hooks* and *eyes*, ſaid my father;—and with hooks and eyes he ordered my breeches to be made.

CHAP. XX.

WE are now going to enter upon a new ſcene of events.

Leave we then the breeches in the taylor's hands, with my father ſtanding over him with his cane, reading him as he ſat at work a lecture upon the *latus clavus*, and pointing to the preciſe part of the waiſtband where he was determined to have it ſewed on.

Leave we my mother—(trueſt of all the *Pococurante*'s of her ſex!)—careleſs about it, as about every thing elſe in the world which concerned her;—that is,—indifferent whether it was done this way or that,—provided it was but done at all.

Leave we Slop likewiſe to the full profits of all my diſhonours.

Leave we poor Le Fever to recover, and get home from Marſeilles as he can:—and laſt of all,—becauſe the hardeſt of all,

Let

Let us leave, if poſſible, *myſelf:*—but 'tis impoſſible;—I muſt go along with you to the end of the work.

CHAP. XXI.

IF the reader has not a clear conception of the rood and the half of ground which lay at the bottom of my uncle Toby's kitchen-garden, and which was the ſcene of ſo many of his delicious hours,—the fault is not in me,—but in his imagination;—for I am ſure I gave him ſo minute a deſcription, I was almoſt aſhamed of it.

When *Fate* was looking forwards one afternoon, into the great tranſactions of future times,—and recollected for what purpoſes this little plot, by a decree faſt bound down in iron, had been deſtined,—ſhe gave a nod to *Nature:*—'twas enough,—Nature threw half a ſpadeful of her kindlieſt compoſt upon it, with juſt ſo *much* clay in it as to retain the forms of angles and indenting,—and ſo *little* of it too, as not to cling to the ſpade, and render works of ſo much glory, naſty in foul weather.

My uncle Toby came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almoſt every fortified town in Italy and Flanders; ſo let the Duke of Marlborough, or the allies, have ſet down before what town they pleaſed, my uncle Toby was prepared for them.

His way, which was the ſimpleſt one in the world, was this:—As ſoon as ever a town was inveſted

veſted—(but ſooner when the deſign was known) to take the plan of it (let it be what town it would) and enlarge it upon a ſcale to the exact ſize of his bowling-green; upon the ſurface of which, by means of a large roll of pack-thread, and a number of ſmall piquets driven into the ground, at the ſeveral angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and ſlopes of the ditches,—the talus of the glacis, and the preciſe height of the ſeveral *banquettes*, parapets, &c. —he ſet the Corporal to work; and ſweetly went it on.—The nature of the ſoil,—the nature of the work itſelf,—and, above all, the good-nature of my uncle Toby, ſitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the Corporal upon paſt-done deeds,—left *labour* little elſe but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finiſhed in this manner, and put into a proper poſture of defence,—it was inveſted;—and my uncle Toby and the Corporal began to run their firſt parallel.—I beg I may not be interrupted in my ſtory, by being told, *That the firſt parallel ſhould be at leaſt three hundred toiſes diſtant from the main body of the place,—and that I have not left a ſingle inch for it*;—for my uncle Toby took the liberty of incroaching upon his kitchen-garden, for the ſake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green; and for that reaſon generally ran his firſt and ſecond parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his cauliflowers: the conveniences and inconveniences of which

which will be conſidered at large in the hiſtory of my uncle Toby's and the Corporal's campaigns, of which this I'm now writing is but a ſketch, and will be finiſhed, if I conjecture right, in three pages (but there is no gueſſing).—The campaigns themſelves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in ſo flimſy a performance as this, to rhapſodize them, as I once intended, into the body of the work;—ſurely they had better be printed apart.—We'll conſider the affair;—ſo take the following ſketch of them in the mean time:—

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN the town, with its works, was finiſhed, my uncle Toby and the Corporal began to run their firſt parallel,—not at random, or any how,—but from the ſame points and diſtances the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks by the accounts my uncle Toby received from the daily papers,—they went on, during the whole ſiege, ſtep by ſtep, with the allies.

When the Duke of Marlborough made a lodgment,—my uncle Toby made a lodgment too:—and when the face of a baſtion was battered down, or a defence ruined,—the Corporal took his mattock and did as much,—and ſo on;—gaining ground, and making themſelves maſters of the works, one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To

To one who took pleaſure in the happy ſtate of others, there could not have been a greater ſight in the world than on a poſt-morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the Duke of Marlborough in the main body of the place,—to have ſtood behind the horn-beam hedge, and obſerved the ſpirit with which my uncle Toby, with Trim behind him, ſallied forth;—the one with the Gazette in his hand,—the other with a ſpade on his ſhoulder, to execute the contents.—What an honeſt triumph in my uncle Toby's looks as he marched up to the ramparts! what intenſe pleaſure ſwimming in his eye as he ſtood over the Corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, leſt, peradventure, he ſhould make the breach an inch too wide,—or leave it an inch too narrow!—But when the *chamade* was beat, and the Corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts,—Heaven! Earth! Sea!—but what avail apoſtrophes?—with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded ſo intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happineſs for many years, without one interruption to it, except now and then when the wind continued to blow due weſt for a week or ten days together, which detained the Flanders mail, and kept them ſo long in torture, but ſtill it was the torture of the happy:—in this track, I ſay, did my uncle Toby and Trim move for many years, every year of which, and ſometimes every month, from the invention of either the

the one or the other of them, adding ſome new conceit or quirk of improvement to their operations, which always opened freſh ſprings of delight in carrying them on.

The firſt year's campaign was carried on, from beginning to end, in the plain and ſimple method I've related.

In the ſecond year, in which my uncle Toby took Liege and Ruremond, he thought he might afford the expence of four handſome draw-bridges; of two of which I have given an exact deſcription in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the ſame year he added a couple of gates with portculliſes: —theſe laſt were converted afterwards into orgues, as the better thing; and, during the winter of the ſame year, my uncle Toby, inſtead of a new ſuit of clothes, which he always had at Chriſtmas, treated himſelf with a handſome ſentry-box, to ſtand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis, there was left a little kind of an eſplanade, for him and the Corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

The ſentry-box was in caſe of rain.

All theſe were painted white three times over the enſuing ſpring, which enabled my uncle Toby to take the field with great ſplendour.

My father would often ſay to Yorick, that if any mortal in the whole univerſe had done ſuch a thing except his brother Toby, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the moſt refined ſatires upon the parade and prancing manner in

which

which Lewis XIV. from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field.

——But 'tis not in my brother Toby's nature, kind ſoul! my father would add, to inſult any one.

——But let us go on.

CHAP. XXIII.

I MUST obſerve, that, although in the firſt year's campaign, the word *town* is often mentioned, —yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the ſummer following the ſpring in which the bridges and ſentry-box were painted, which was the third year of my uncle Toby's campaigns,—when, upon his taking Amberg, Bonn, and Rhinberg, and Huy and Limbourg, one after another, a thought came into the Corporal's head, that to talk of taking ſo many towns, *without one town to ſhew for it*,—was a very nonſenſical way of going to work; and ſo propoſed to my uncle Toby, that they ſhould have a little model of a town built for them,—to be run up together of ſlit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon to ſerve for all.

My uncle Toby felt the good of the project inſtantly, and inſtantly agreed to it; but with the addition of two ſingular improvements, of which he was almoſt as proud as if he had been the original inventor of the project itſelf.

The one was, to have the town built exactly in

in the ſtyle of thoſe of which it was moſt likely to be the repreſentative;—with grated windows, and the gable-ends of the houſes facing the ſtreets, &c. &c.—as thoſe in Ghent and Bruges, and the reſt of the towns in Brabant and Flanders.

The other was, not to have the houſes run up together, as the Corporal propoſed, but to have every houſe independent, to hook on or off, ſo as to form into the plan of whatever town they pleaſed. —This was put directly into hand; and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my uncle Toby and the Corporal, as the carpenter did the work.

—It anſwered prodigiouſly the next ſummer;—the town was a perfect Proteus.—It was Landen, and Trerebach, and Santvliet, and Druſen, and Hagenau;—and then it was Oſtend, and Menin, and Aeth, and Dendermond.

—Surely, never did any *town* act ſo many parts, ſince Sodom and Gomorrah, as my uncle Toby's town did.

In the fourth year, my uncle Toby thinking a town looked fooliſhly without a church, added a very fine one with a ſteeple.—Trim was for having bells in it.——My uncle Toby ſaid, the metal had better be caſt into cannon.

This led the way the next campaign for half a dozen braſs field-pieces, to be planted three and three on each ſide of my uncle Toby's ſentry-box; and in a ſhort time, theſe led the way for a train ſomewhat larger,—and ſo on—(as muſt always be the caſe in hobby-horſical affairs) from pieces of

half an inch bore, till it came at laſt to my father's jack-boots.

The next year, which was that in which Liſle was beſieged, and at the cloſe of which both Ghent and Bruges fell into our hands,—my uncle Toby was ſadly put to it for *proper* ammunition, I ſay proper ammunition,—becauſe his great artillery would not bear powder; and 'twas well for the Shandy family they would not.—For ſo full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the ſiege, of the inceſſant firings kept up by the beſiegers; and ſo heated was my uncle Toby's imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly ſhot away all his eſtate.

Something therefore was wanting as a *ſuccedaneum*, eſpecially in one or two of the more violent paroxyſms of the ſiege, to keep up ſomething like a continual firing in the imagination;—and this *ſomething*, the Corporal, whoſe principal ſtrength lay in invention, ſupplied by an entire new ſyſtem of battering of his own,—without which, this had been objected to by military critics, to the end of the world, as one of the great *deſiderata* of my uncle Toby's apparatus.

This will not be explained the worſe for ſetting off, as I generally do, at a little diſtance from the ſubject.

CHAP. XXIV.

WITH two or three other trinkets, ſmall in themſelves, but of great regard, which poor Tom, the Corporal's unfortunate brother, had ſent him over, with the account of his marriage with the Jew's widow,—there was

A Montero-cap and two Turkiſh tobacco-pipes.

The Montero-cap I ſhall deſcribe by and bye.—The Turkiſh tobacco-pipes had nothing particular in them; they were fitted up and ornamented as uſual with flexible tubes of Morocco leather and gold wire, and mounted at their ends, the one of them with ivory,—the other with black ebony, tipp'd with ſilver.

My father, who ſaw all things in lights different from the reſt of the world, would ſay to the Corporal, that he ought to look upon theſe two preſents more as tokens of his brother's nicety than his affection.—Tom did not care, Trim, he would ſay, to put on the cap, or to ſmoke in the tobacco-pipe of a Jew.——God bleſs your Honour, the Corporal would ſay (giving a ſtrong reaſon to the contrary)—how can that be?

The Montero-cap was ſcarlet, of a ſuperfine Spaniſh cloth, dyed in grain, and mounted all round with fur, except about four inches in the front, which was faced with a light blue, ſlightly embroidered;—and ſeemed to have been the property of a Portugueſe quartermaſter, not of foot but of horſe, as the word denotes.

The Corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for its own ſake, as the ſake of the giver, ſo ſeldom or never put it on but upon *gala*-days; and yet never was a Montero-cap put to ſo many uſes; for in all controverted points, whether military or culinary, provided the Corporal was ſure he was in the right,—it was either his *oath*, —his *wager*,—or his *gift*.

—'Twas his gift in the preſent caſe.

I'll be bound, ſaid the Corporal, ſpeaking to himſelf, to *give* away my Montero-cap to the firſt beggar who comes to the door, if I do not manage this matter to his Honour's ſatisfaction.

The completion was no further off than the very next morning; which was that of the ſtorm of the counter-ſcarp betwixt the Lower Deule, to the right, and the gate of St. Andrew;—and on the left, between St. Magdalen's and the river.

As this was the moſt memorable attack in the whole war,—the moſt gallant and obſtinate on both ſides,—and I muſt add, the moſt bloody too (for it coſt the allies themſelves, that morning, above eleven hundred men)—my uncle Toby prepared himſelf for it with a more than ordinary ſolemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my uncle Toby went to bed, he ordered his ramallie wig, which had lain, inſide out, for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk, which ſtood by his bedſide, to be taken out and laid upon the lid of it, ready for the morning;—and the very firſt thing he did, in his ſhirt, when he had ſtepped out of bed, my uncle Toby, after he had turned

the

the rough ſide outwards,—put it on.—This done, he proceeded next to his breeches; and having buttoned the waiſtband, he forthwith buckled on his ſword-belt, and had got his ſword half way in,—when he conſidered he ſhould want ſhaving; and that it would be very inconvenient doing it with his ſword on,—ſo took it off.—In eſſaying to put on his regimental-coat and waiſt-coat, my uncle Toby found the ſame objection in his wig;—ſo that went off too.—So that, what with one thing and what with another, as it always falls out when a man is in the moſt haſte,—'twas ten o'clock (which was half an hour later than his uſual time) before my uncle Toby ſallied out.

CHAP. XXV.

MY uncle Toby had ſcarce turned the corner of his yew-hedge, which ſeparated his kitchen-garden from his bowling-green, when he perceived the Corporal had begun the attack without him.

Let me ſtop and give you a picture of the Corporal's apparatus, and of the Corporal himſelf in the height of the attack, juſt as it ſtruck my uncle Toby, as he turned towards the ſentry-box, where the Corporal was at work,—for in Nature there is not ſuch another;—nor can any combination of all that is groteſque and whimſical in her works produce its equal.

The Corporal——

—Tread lightly on his aſhes, ye men of genius,—for he was your kinſman:

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodneſs, for he was your brother.—Oh Corporal! had I thee, but now,—now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cheriſh thee! thou ſhould'ſt wear thy Montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week;—and when it was worn out, I would purchaſe thee a couple like it.—But alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this in ſpite of their Reverences,—the occaſion is loſt,—for thou art gone;—thy genius fled up to the ſtars, from whence it came;—and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open veſſels, compreſſed into a *clod of the valley!*

But what,—what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military enſigns of thy Maſter,—the firſt,—the foremoſt of created beings;—where, I ſhall ſee thee, faithful ſervant! laying his ſword and ſcabbard, with a trembling hand, acroſs his coffin, and then returning pale as aſhes to the door, to take his mourning-horſe by the bridle, to follow his hearſe, as he directed thee:—where all my father's ſyſtems ſhall be baffled by his ſorrows; and, in ſpite of his philoſophy, I ſhall behold him, as he inſpects the lacquered plate, twice taking his ſpectacles from off his noſe, to wipe away the dew which nature has ſhed upon them.—When I ſee him caſt in the roſemary with an air of diſconſolation, which cries through my ears,—O Toby! in what corner of the world ſhall I ſeek thy fellow?

—Gracious

—Gracious powers! which erſt have opened the lips of the dumb in his diſtreſs, and made the tongue of the ſtammerer ſpeak plain,—when I ſhall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a ſtinted hand.

CHAP. XXVI.

THE Corporal, who the night before had reſolved in his mind to ſupply the grand *deſideratum*, of keeping up ſomething like an inceſſant firing upon the enemy during the heat of the attack,—had no further idea in his fancy at that time, than a contrivance of ſmoking tobacco againſt the town, out of one of my uncle Toby's ſix field-pieces, which were planted on each ſide of his ſentry-box; the means of effecting which occurring to his fancy at the ſame time, though he had pledged his cap, he thought it in no danger from the miſcarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way and that a little in his mind, he ſoon began to find out, that by means of his two Turkiſh tobacco-pipes, with the ſupplement of three ſmaller tubes of waſh-leather at each of their lower ends, to be tagg'd by the ſame number of tin-pipes fitted to the touch-holes, and ſealed with clay next the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed ſilk at their ſeveral inſertions into the Morocco tube,—he ſhould be able to fire the ſix field-pieces all together, and with the ſame eaſe as to fire one.

—Let no man ſay from what taggs and jaggs hints may not be cut out for the advancement of

human knowledge. Let no man, who has read my father's firſt and ſecond *beds of juſtice*, ever riſe up and ſay again, from colliſion of what kinds of bodies light may or may not be ſtruck out, to carry the Arts and Sciences up to perfection.—Heaven! thou knoweſt how I love them;—thou knoweſt the ſecrets of my heart, and that I would this moment give my ſhirt——Thou art a fool, Shandy, ſaid Eugenius, for thou haſt but a dozen in the world;—and 'twill break thy ſet.——

No matter for that, Eugenius; I would give the ſhirt off my back to be burnt into tinder, were it not only to ſatisfy one feveriſh enquirer, How many ſparks, at one good ſtroke, a good flint and ſteel could ſtrike into the tail of it.—Think ye not, that in ſtriking theſe *in*,—he might, peradventure, ſtrike ſomething *out?* as ſure as a gun.

—But this project by the bye.

The Corporal ſat up the beſt part of the night, in bringing *his* to perfection; and having made a ſufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco,—he went with contentment to bed.

CHAP. XXVII.

THE Corporal had ſlipped out about ten minutes before my uncle Toby, in order to fix his apparatus, and juſt give the enemy a ſhot or two before my uncle Toby came.

He had drawn the ſix field-pieces for this end, all cloſe up together in front of my uncle Toby's ſentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and

and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c.—and the ſake, poſſibly, of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear, and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the ſentry-box, for fear of being flanked, had the Corporal wiſely taken his poſt.—He held the ivory pipe appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right hand;—and the ebony pipe tipp'd with ſilver, which appertained to the battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other;—and with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the Corporal, with his Montero-cap upon his head, furiouſly playing off his two croſs batteries at the ſame time againſt the counter-guard, which faced the counter-ſcarp, where the attack was to be made that morning. His firſt intention, as I ſaid, was no more than giving the enemy a ſingle puff or two;—but the pleaſure of the *puffs*, as well as the *puffing*, had inſenſibly got hold of the Corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into the very height of the attack, by the time my uncle Toby joined him.

'Twas well for my father that my uncle Toby had not his will to make that day.

CHAP. XXVIII.

MY uncle Toby took the ivory pipe out of the Corporal's hand;—looked at it for half a minute, and returned it.

In

In leſs than two minutes, my uncle Toby took the pipe from the Corporal again, and raiſed it half way to his mouth,—then haſtily gave it back a ſecond time.

The Corporal redoubled the attack;—my uncle Toby ſmiled,—then looked grave,—then ſmiled for a moment,—then looked ſerious for a long time.——Give me hold of the ivory pipe, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.——My uncle Toby put it to his lips,—drew it back directly,—gave a peep over the hornbeam-hedge.—Never did my uncle Toby's mouth water ſo much for a pipe in his life.—My uncle Toby retired into the ſentry-box with the pipe in his hand.——

Dear uncle Toby! don't go into the ſentry-box with the pipe;—there's no truſting a man's ſelf with ſuch a thing in ſuch a corner.

CHAP. XXIX.

I BEG the reader will aſſiſt me here, to wheel off my uncle Toby's ordnance behind the ſcenes;—to remove his ſentry-box, and clear the theatre, if poſſible, of horn-works and half-moons, and get the reſt of his military apparatus out of the way;—that done, my dear friend Garrick, we'll ſnuff the candles bright,—ſweep the ſtage with a new broom,—draw up the curtain, and exhibit my uncle Toby dreſſed in a new character, throughout which the world can have no idea how he will act: and yet, if pity be a-kin to love,—and bravery no alien to it, you have ſeen enough of my uncle Toby in theſe, to trace theſe

family likeneſſes betwixt the two paſſions (in caſe there is one) to your heart's content.

Vain Science! thou aſſiſteſt us in no caſe of this kind,—and thou puzzleſt us in every one.

There was, Madam, in my uncle Toby, a ſingleneſs of heart, which miſled him ſo far out of the little ſerpentine tracks in which things of this nature uſually go on, you can—you can have no conception of it: with this, there was a plainneſs and ſimplicity of thinking, with ſuch an unmiſtruſting ignorance of the plies and foldings of the heart of woman;—and ſo naked and defenceleſs did he ſtand before you (when a ſiege was out of his head) that you might have ſtood behind any one of your ſerpentine walks, and ſhot my uncle Toby, ten times in a day, through his liver; if nine times in a day, Madam, had not ſerved your purpoſe.

With all this, Madam,—and what confounded every thing as much on the other hand, my uncle Toby had that unparalleled modeſty of nature I once told you of, and which, by the bye, ſtood eternal ſentry upon his feelings, that you might as ſoon ——But where am I going? Theſe reflections crowd in upon me ten pages at leaſt too ſoon, and take up that time which I ought to beſtow upon facts.

CHAP. XXX.

OF the few legitimate ſons of Adam, whoſe breaſts never felt what the ſting of love was—(maintaining firſt, all miſogyniſts to be baſtards)—

the

the greateſt heroes of ancient and modern ſtory have carried off amongſt them nine parts in ten of the honour; and I wiſh, for their ſakes, I had the key of my ſtudy, out of the draw-well, only for five minutes, to tell you their names;—recollect them I cannot,—ſo be content to accept of theſe, for the preſent, in their ſtead.

There was the great king Aldrovandus, and Boſphorus, and Cappadocius, and Dardanus, and Pontus, and Aſius,—to ſay nothing of the iron-hearted Charles the XIIth, whom the Counteſs of K***** herſelf could make nothing of.—There was Babylonicus, and Mediterraneus, and Polixenes, and Perſicus, and Pruſicus; not one of whom (except Cappadocius and Pontus, who were both a little ſuſpected) ever once bowed down his breaſt to the goddeſs.—The truth is, they had all of them ſomething elſe to do;—and ſo had my uncle Toby,—till Fate,—till Fate I ſay, envying his name the glory of being handed down to poſterity with Aldrovandus's and the reſt,—ſhe baſely patched up the peace of Utrecht.

—Believe me, Sirs, 'twas the worſt deed ſhe did that year.

CHAP. XXXI.

AMONGST the many ill conſequences of the treaty of Utrecht, it was within a point of giving my uncle Toby a ſurfeit of ſieges; and though he recovered his appetite afterwards, yet Calais itſelf left not a deeper ſcar in Mary's heart, than Utrecht upon

upon my uncle Toby's. To the end of his life he never could hear Utrecht mentioned upon any account whatever,—or ſo much as read an article of news extracted out of the Utrecht Gazette, without fetching a ſigh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great *motive-monger*, and conſequently a very dangerous perſon for a man to ſit by, either laughing or crying,—for he generally knew your motive for doing both, much better than you knew it yourſelf,—would always conſole my uncle Toby upon theſe occaſions, in a way which ſhewed plainly he imagined my uncle Toby grieved for nothing in the whole affair ſo much as the loſs of his HOBBY-HORSE.——Never mind, brother Toby, he would ſay,—by God's bleſſing, we ſhall have another war break out again ſome of theſe days, and when it does,—the belligerent powers, if they would hang themſelves, cannot keep us out of play.—I defy 'em, my dear Toby, he would add, to take countries without taking towns,—or towns without ſieges.

My uncle Toby never took this back-ſtroke of my father's at his HOBBY-HORSE kindly.—He thought the ſtroke ungenerous; and the more ſo, becauſe in ſtriking the horſe he hit the rider too, and in the moſt diſhonourable part a blow could fall; ſo that, upon theſe occaſions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himſelf than common.

I told the reader, this time two years, that my uncle Toby was not eloquent; and in the very

ſame

ſame page gave an inſtance to the contrary.—I repeat the obſervation, and a fact which contradicts it again.—He was not eloquent,—it was not eaſy for my uncle Toby to make long harangues,—and he hated florid ones; but there were occaſions where the ſtream overflowed the man, and ran ſo counter to its uſual courſe, that in ſome parts my uncle Toby, for a time, was at leaſt equal to Tertullus;—but in others, in my own opinion, infinitely above him.

My father was ſo highly pleaſed with one of theſe apologetical orations of my uncle Toby, which he had delivered one evening before him and Yorick, that he wrote it down before he went to bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongſt my father's papers, with here and there an inſertion of his own, betwixt two crooks, thus [ ], and is indorſed,

My Brother Toby's Juſtification of his own Principles and Conduct in wiſhing to continue the War.

I may ſafely ſay, I have read over this apologetical oration of my uncle Toby's a hundred times; and think it ſo fine a model of defence, and ſhews ſo ſweet a temperament of gallantry and good principles in him, that I give it the world, word for word (interlineations and all) as I find it.

CHAP. XXXII.

MY UNCLE TOBY'S APOLOGETICAL ORATION.

I AM not inſenſible, brother Shandy, that when a man whoſe profeſſion is arms, wiſhes, as I have done, for war:—it has an ill aſpect to the world;—and that, how juſt and right ſoever his motives and intentions may be,—he ſtands in an uneaſy poſture in vindicating himſelf from private views in doing it.

For this cauſe, if a ſoldier is a prudent man, which he may be without being a jot the leſs brave, he will be ſure not to utter his wiſh in the hearing of an enemy; for ſay what he will, an enemy will not believe him.——He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend,—leſt he may ſuffer in his eſteem;—but if his heart is overcharged, and a ſecret ſigh for arms muſt have its vent, he will reſerve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his character to the bottom, and what his true notions, diſpoſitions, and principles of honour are. What, I hope, I have been in all theſe, brother Shandy, would be unbecoming in me to ſay:—much worſe, I know, have I been than I ought,—and ſomething worſe, perhaps, than I think: but ſuch as I am, you, my dear brother Shandy, who have ſucked the ſame breaſts with me,—and with whom I have been brought up from the cradle,—and from whoſe knowledge, from the firſt hours of our boyiſh paſtimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and ſcarce a thought in it;—ſuch as I am, brother, you muſt by this time know

know me, with all my vices, and with all my weakneſſes too, whether of my age, my temper, my paſſions, or my underſtanding.

Tell me then, my dear brother Shandy, upon which of them it is that, when I condemned the peace of Utrecht, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you ſhould think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that, in wiſhing for war, he ſhould be bad enough to wiſh more of his fellow-creatures ſlain,—more ſlaves made,—and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleaſure.—Tell me, brother Shandy, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it?——[*The Devil a deed do I know of, dear Toby, but one for a hundred pounds, which I lent thee to carry on theſe curſed ſieges.*]

If, when I was a ſchool-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it,—was it my fault?—Did I plant the propenſity there?—Did I ſound the alarm within, or Nature?

When Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Pariſmus and Pariſmenus, and Valentine and Orſon, and the Seven Champions of England, were handed around the ſchool,—were they not all purchaſed with my own pocket-money?—Was that ſelfiſh, brother Shandy?—When we read over the ſiege of Troy, which laſted ten years and eight months,—though with ſuch a train of artillery as we had at Namur, the town might have been carried in a week,—was I not as much concerned for the deſtruction of the Greeks and Trojans as any boy of the whole ſchool?—Had I not three ſtrokes of a *ferula*

ferula given me, two on my right hand, and one on my left, for calling Helena a bitch for it?—Did any one of you ſhed more tears for Hector?—And when king Priam came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to Troy without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.

Did that beſpeak me cruel?—Or becauſe, brother Shandy, my blood flew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ache for the diſtreſſes of war too?

O brother! 'tis one thing for a ſoldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to ſcatter cypreſs.—[*Who told thee, my dear Toby, that Cypreſs was uſed by the ancients on mournful occaſions?*]—

'Tis one thing, brother Shandy, for a ſoldier to hazard his own life,—to leap firſt down into the trench, where he is ſure to be cut in pieces:—'Tis one thing, from public ſpirit and a thirſt of glory, to enter the breach the firſt man,—to ſtand in the foremoſt rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears:—'Tis one thing, I ſay, brother Shandy, to do this;—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miſeries of war:—to view the deſolations of whole countries, and conſider the intolerable fatigues and hardſhips which the ſoldier himſelf, the inſtrument who works them, is forced (for ſixpence a day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear Yorick, as I was by you,

in Le Fevre's funeral ſermon, *That ſo ſoft and gentle a creature, born to love, to mercy, and kindneſs, as man is, was not ſhaped for this?*—But why did you not add, Yorick,—if not by *Nature*, that he is ſo by *neceſſity?*—For what is war? what is it, Yorick, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of *liberty*, and upon principles of *honour?*—what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmleſs people, with their ſwords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds?—And Heaven is my witneſs, brother Shandy, that the pleaſure I have taken in theſe things,—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my ſieges in my bowling-green, has aroſe within me, and, I hope, in the Corporal too, from the conſciouſneſs we both had, that in carrying them on, we were anſwering the great end of our creation.

CHAP. XXXIII.

I TOLD the Chriſtian reader;—I ſay *Chriſtian*,—hoping he is one;—and if he is not, I am ſorry for it,—and only beg he will conſider the matter with himſelf, and not lay the blame entirely upon this book;——

I told him, Sir,—for in good truth, when a man is telling a ſtory in the ſtrange way I do mine, he is obliged continually to be going backwards and forwards to keep all tight together in the reader's fancy;—which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to do more than at firſt, there is ſo much unfixed

fixed and equivocal matters ſtarting up, with ſo many breaks and gaps in it,—and ſo little ſervice do the ſtars afford, which, nevertheleſs, I hang up in ſome of the darkeſt paſſages, knowing that the world is apt to loſe its way, with all the lights the ſun itſelf at noon-day can give it,—and now you ſee, I am loſt myſelf!

But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my brains come to be diſſected, you will perceive, without ſpectacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you ſometimes ſee in an unſaleable piece of cambric, running along the whole length of the web, and ſo untowardly, you cannot ſo much as cut out a * * (here I hang up a couple of lights again)—or a fillet, or a thumbſtall, but it is ſeen or felt.

Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis cavendum, ſaith Cardan.—All which being conſidered, and that you ſee 'tis morally impracticable for me to wind this round to where I ſet out,——

I begin the chapter over again.

CHAP. XXXIII.

I TOLD the Chriſtian reader, in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my uncle Toby's apologetical oration,—though in a different trope from what I ſhall make uſe of now, That the peace of Utrecht was within an ace of creating the ſame ſhyneſs betwixt my uncle Toby and his Hobby-Horſe, as it did betwixt the Queen and the reſt of the confederating powers.

There is an indignant way in which a man ſometimes diſmounts his horſe, which, as good as ſays to him,—" I'll go afoot, Sir, all the days of my " life, before I would ride a ſingle mile upon your " back again." Now, my uncle Toby could not be ſaid to diſmount his horſe in this manner; for, in ſtrictneſs of language, he could not be ſaid to diſmount his horſe at all,—his horſe rather flung him,—and ſomewhat *viciouſly*, which made my uncle Toby take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be ſettled by ſtate-jockies as they like;—it created, I ſay, a ſort of ſhyneſs betwixt my uncle Toby and his Hobby-Horſe.—He had no occaſion for him from the month of March to November, which was the ſummer after the articles were ſigned, except it was now and then to take a ſhort ride out, juſt to ſee that the fortifications and harbour of Dunkirk were demoliſhed, according to ſtipulation.

The French were ſo backward all that ſummer in ſetting about that affair; and Monſieur Tugghe, the deputy from the magiſtrates of Dunkirk, preſented ſo many affecting petitions to the Queen, beſeeching her majeſty to cauſe only her thunderbolts to fall upon the martial works which might have incurred her diſpleaſure,—but to ſpare,—to ſpare the mole, for the mole's ſake; which, in its naked ſituation, could be no more than an object of pity:—and the Queen (who was but a woman) being of a pitiful diſpoſition,—and her miniſters alſo, they not wiſhing in their hearts to have the town diſmantled, for theſe private reaſons, * *

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* * *; ſo that the whole went heavily on with my uncle Toby; inſomuch, that it was not within three full months, after he and the Corporal had conſtructed the town, and put it in a condition to be deſtroyed, that the ſeveral commandants, commiſſaries, deputies, negociators, and intendants, would permit him to ſet about it.—Fatal interval of inactivity!

The Corporal was for beginning the demolition, by making a breach in the ramparts, or main fortifications of the town.——No; that will never do, Corporal, ſaid my uncle Toby; for, in going that way to work with the town, the Engliſh garriſon will not be ſafe in it an hour: becauſe, if the French are treacherous,——They are as treacherous as devils, an' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid the Corporal.——It gives me concern always when I hear it, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,—for they don't want perſonal bravery; and if a breach is made in the ramparts, they may enter it, and make themſelves maſters of the place when they pleaſe.——Let them enter it, ſaid the Corporal, lifting up his pioneer's ſpade in both his hands, as if he was going to lay about him with it;—let them enter, an' pleaſe your Honour, if they dare.——In caſes like this, Corporal, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſlipping his right hand down to the middle of his cane, and holding it afterwards truncheon-

wife, with his fore-finger extended,—'tis no part of the conſideration of a commandant, what the enemy dare, or what they dare not do; he muſt act with prudence. We will begin with the outworks both towards the ſea and the land, and particularly with Fort Louis, the moſt diſtant of them all, and demoliſh it firſt;—and the reſt, one by one, both on our right and left, as we retreat towards the town;—then we'll demoliſh the mole,—next fill up the harbour,—then retire into the citadel, and blow it up into the air; and having done that, Corporal, we'll embark for England.——We *are* there, quoth the Corporal, recollecting himſelf.——Very true, ſaid my uncle Toby, looking at the church.

CHAP. XXXIV.

A DELUSIVE delicious conſultation or two of this kind, betwixt my uncle Toby and Trim, upon the demolition of Dunkirk,—for a moment rallied back the ideas of thoſe pleaſures which were ſlipping from under him.—Still,—ſtill all went on heavily; the magic left the mind weaker; *Stillneſs*, with *Silence* at her back, entered the ſolitary parlour, and drew their gauzy mantle over my uncle Toby's head; and *Liſtleſſneſs*, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, ſat quietly down beſide him in his arm-chair.—No longer Amberg and Rhinberg, and Limbourg, and Huy, and Bonn, in

in one year; and the proſpect of Landen, and Trerebach, and Druſen, and Dendermond, the next,—hurried on the blood:—no longer did ſaps, and mines, and blinds, and gabions, and palliſadoes, keep out this fair enemy of man's repoſe:—no more could my uncle Toby, after paſſing the French lines, as he eat his egg at ſupper, from thence break into the heart of France, croſs over the Oyes, and with all Picardy open behind him, march up to the gates of Paris, and fall aſleep with nothing but ideas of glory:—no more was he to dream he had fixed the royal ſtandard upon the tower of the Baſtile, and awake with it ſtreaming in his head:

—— Softer viſions, gentler vibrations, ſtole ſweetly in upon his ſlumbers; the trumpet of war fell out of his hands; he took up the lute, ſweet inſtrument! of all others the moſt delicate! the moſt difficult!—How wilt thou touch it, my dear uncle Toby?

CHAP. XXXV.

NOW, becauſe I have once or twice ſaid, in my inconſiderate way of talking, That I was confident the following memoirs of my uncle Toby's courtſhip of Widow Wadman, whenever I got time to write them, would turn out one of the moſt complete ſyſtems, both of the elementary and practical part of love and love-making, that ever was addreſſed to the world,—are you to imagine from thence, that I ſhall ſet out with a deſcription of *what love is?* whether part God and part Devil? as Plotinus will have it;——

—Or, by a more critical equation, and, ſuppoſing the whole of love to be as ten, to determine with Ficinus, "*How many parts of it the one?—and how many the other?*" or whether it is *all of it one great Devil*, from head to tail? as Plato has taken upon him to pronounce; concerning which conceit of his, I ſhall not offer my opinion:—but my opinion of Plato is this: That he appears, from this inſtance, to have been a man of much the ſame temper and way of reaſoning with Doctor Baynyard; who, being a great enemy to bliſters, as imagining that half a dozen of 'em on at once, would draw a man as ſurely to his grave as a hearſe and ſix,—raſhly concluded, that the Devil himſelf was nothing in the world, but one great bouncing *Cantharidis*.

I have nothing to ſay to people who allow themſelves this monſtrous liberty in arguing, but what Naziangen cried out (that is, polemically) to Philagrius:

"Ευγε!" *O rare! 'tis fine reaſoning, Sir, indeed!*—"ὅτι φιλοσοφεῖς ἐν Πάθεσι" *and moſt nobly do you aim at truth, when you philoſophize about it in your moods and paſſions.*

Nor is it to be imagined, for the ſame reaſon, I ſhould ſtop to inquire, whether love is a diſeaſe,—or embroil myſelf with Rhaſis and Dioſcorides, whether the ſeat of it is in the brain or liver;—becauſe this would lead me on to an examination of the two very oppoſite manners in which patients have been treated,—the one, of Aætius, who always began with a cooling clyſter of hemp-ſeed and bruiſed cucumbers; and followed on with thin potations

tations of water-lilies and purſlane, to which he added a pinch of ſnuff, of the herb Hanea; and, where Aætius durſt venture it, his topaz-ring.

—The other, that of Gordonius, who, in his cap. 15. *de Amore*, directs they ſhould be thraſhed, "*ad putorem uſque*,"—till they ſtink again.

Theſe are the diſquiſitions which my father, who had laid in a great ſtock of knowledge of this kind, will be very buſy with in the progreſs of my uncle Toby's affairs. I muſt anticipate thus much:—That from his theories of love (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my uncle Toby's mind almoſt as much as his amours themſelves)—he took a ſingle ſtep into practice; and, by means of a camphorated cere-cloth, which he found means to impoſe upon the taylor for buckram, whilſt he was making my uncle Toby a new pair of breeches, he produced Gordonius's effect upon my uncle Toby without the diſgrace.

What changes this produced, will be read in its proper place: all that is needful to be added to the anecdote, is this:—That, whatever effect it had upon my uncle Toby, it had a vile effect upon the houſe; and, if my uncle Toby had not ſmoked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too.

CHAP. XXXVI.

—'TWILL come out, of itſelf, by and bye.—All I contend for is, that I am not obliged to ſet out with a definition of what love is; and ſo long as I can go on with my ſtory intelligibly, with the help of the word itſelf, without any other idea to it than

than what I have in common with the reſt of the world, why ſhould I differ from it a moment before the time?—When I can get on no further,—and find myſelf entangled on all ſides of this myſtic labyrinth,—my opinion will then come in, in courſe,—and lead me out.

At preſent, I hope I ſhall be ſufficiently underſtood, in telling the reader, my uncle Toby *fell in love.*

—Not that the phraſe is at all to my liking: for to ſay a man is *fallen* in love,—or that he is *deeply* in love;—or up to the ears in love;—and ſometimes even *over head and ears in it*,—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing *below* a man.—This is recurring again to Plato's opinion, which, with all his divinityſhip,—I hold to be damnable and heretical:—and ſo much for that.

Let love, therefore, be what it will,—my uncle Toby fell into it.

—And poſſibly, gentle reader, with ſuch a temptation,—ſo wouldſt thou;—for never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupiſcence covet, any thing in this world more concupiſcible than Widow Wadman.

CHAP. XXXVII.

TO conceive this right,—call for pen and ink;—here's paper ready to your hand.—Sit down, Sir, paint her to your own mind;—as like your miſtreſs as you can,—as unlike your wife as your conſcience will let you,—'tis all one to me,—pleaſe but your own fancy in it.

—Was ever any thing in Nature ſo ſweet!—ſo exquiſite!

—Then, dear Sir, how could my uncle Toby reſiſt it?

Thrice happy book! thou wilt have one page, at leaſt, within thy covers, which *Malice* will not blacken, and which *Ignorance* cannot miſrepreſent.

CHAP. XXXIX.

AS Suſannah was informed by an expreſs from Mrs. Bridget, of my uncle Toby's falling in love with her miſtreſs fifteen days before it happened,—the contents of which expreſs, Suſannah communicated to my mother the next day,—it has juſt given me an opportunity of entering upon my uncle Toby's amours a fortnight before their exiſtence.

I have an article of news to tell you, Mr. Shandy, quoth my mother, which will ſurprize you greatly.—

Now my father was then holding one of his ſecond beds of juſtice, and was muſing within himſelf about the hardſhips of matrimony, as my mother broke ſilence.

" —My brother Toby," quoth ſhe, " is going to " be married to Mrs. Wadman!"

——Then he will never, quoth my father, be able to lie *diagonally* in his bed again, as long as he lives.

It was a conſuming vexation to my father, that my mother never aſked the meaning of a thing ſhe did not underſtand.

—That

—That ſhe is not a woman of ſcience, my father would ſay, is her misfortune;—but ſhe might aſk a queſtion.——

My mother never did.—In ſhort, ſhe went out of the world, at laſt, without knowing whether it *turned round*, or *ſtood ſtill*.—My father had officiouſly told her above a thouſand times, which way it was;—but ſhe always forgot.

For theſe reaſons, a diſcourſe ſeldom went on much farther betwixt them than a propoſition,—a reply,—and a rejoinder; at the end of which, it generally took breath for a few minutes (as in the affair of the breeches) and then went on again.

If he marries, 'twill be the worſe for us, quoth my mother.

——Not a cherry-ſtone, ſaid my father;—he may as well batter away his means upon that, as any thing elſe.

——To be ſure, ſaid my mother. So here ended the propoſition,—the reply,—and the rejoinder, I told you of.

——It will be ſome amuſement to him, too, ſaid my father.

——A very great one, anſwered my mother, if he ſhould have children.

——Lord have mercy upon me! ſaid my father to himſelf——* * * * * *

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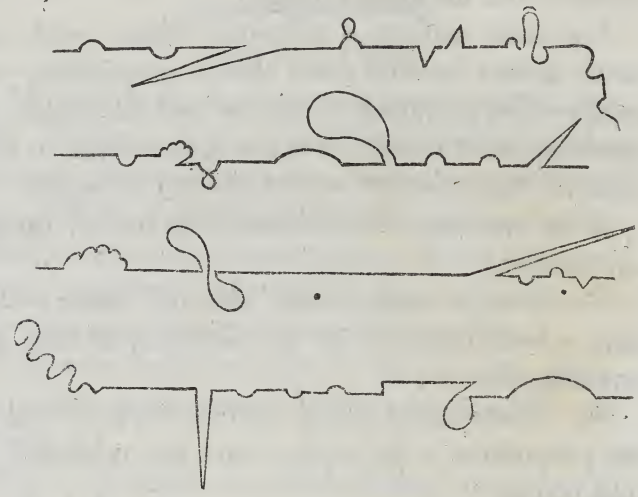
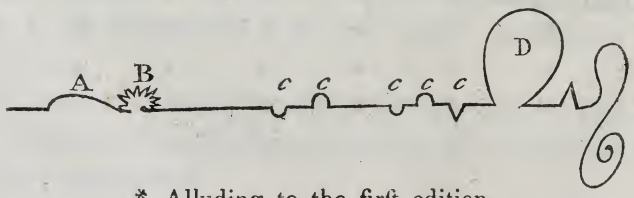
CHAP. XL.

I AM now beginning to get fairly into my work; and by the help of a vegetable diet, with a few of the cold ſeeds, I make no doubt but I ſhall be able to go on with my uncle Toby's ſtory, and my own, in a tolerable ſtraight line. Now,



Inv. T. S. *Scul. T. S.*

Theſe were the four lines I moved in thro' my firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth volumes *. —In the fifth volume I have been very good, —the preciſe line I have deſcribed in it being this:—



* Alluding to the firſt edition.

By

By which it appears, that except at the curve, marked A, where I took a trip to Navarre;—and the indented curve B, which is the ſhort airing when I was there with the Lady Bauffiere and her page,—I have not taken the leaſt friſk of a digreſſion, till John de la Caſſe's Devils led me the round you ſee marked D;—for as for *c c c c c*, they are nothing but parentheſes, and the common *ins* and *outs* incident to the lives of the greateſt miniſters of ſtate; and when compared with what men have done,—or with my own tranſgreſſions at the letters A B D,—they vaniſh into nothing.

In this laſt volume I have done better ſtill,—for from the end of Le Fevre's epiſode, to the beginning of my uncle Toby's campaigns,—I have ſcarce ſtepped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impoſſible,—by the good leave of his Grace of Benevento's Devils,—but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going on even thus:—

---

which is a line drawn as ſtraight as I could draw it by a writing-maſter's ruler (borrowed for that purpoſe) turning neither to the right hand nor to the left.

This *right line*,—the pathway for Chriſtians to walk in! ſay Divines,——

——The emblem of moral rectitude! ſays Cicero,——

——The *beſt line!* ſay cabbage-planters,—— is the ſhorteſt line, ſays Archimedes, which can be drawn from one given point to another.

I wiſh

I wiſh your Ladyſhips would lay this matter to heart, in your next birthday ſuits!

—What a journey!

Pray can you tell me,—that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon ſtraight lines,—by what miſtake,—who told them ſo,—or how it has come to paſs, that your men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line with the line of *gravitation?*

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Non enim excursus hic ejus, sed opus ipsum est.

PLIN. Lib. v. Epist. 6.

VOL. VII. ORIG. EDIT.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

NO;—I think I ſaid, I would write two volumes every year, provided the vile cough, which then tormented me, and which to this hour I dread worſe than the Devil, would but give me leave;—and in another place—(but where, I can't recollect now) ſpeaking of my book as a *machine*, and laying my pen and ruler down croſs-wiſe upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it,—I ſwore it ſhould be kept a-going at that rate theſe forty years, if it pleaſed but the Fountain of Life to bleſs me ſo long with health and good ſpirits.

Now, as for my ſpirits, little have I to lay to their charge,—nay, ſo very little (unleſs the mounting me upon a long ſtick and playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accuſations)—that on the contrary, I have much,—much to thank 'em for. Cheerly have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burdens of it (except its cares) upon my back: in no one moment of my exiſtence, that I remember, have ye once deſerted me, or tinged the objects which

came in my way, either with ſable, or with a ſickly green: in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope; and when *Death* himſelf knocked at my door,—ye bade him come again; and in ſo gay a tone of careleſs indifference did ye do it, that he doubted of his commiſſion.

" —There muſt certainly be ſome miſtake in " this matter," quoth he.

Now there is nothing in this world I abominate worſe than to be interrupted in a ſtory;—and I was that moment telling Eugenius a moſt tawdry one, in my way, of a nun who fancied herſelf a ſhell-fiſh; and of a monk damn'd for eating a muſcle; and was ſhewing him the grounds and juſtice of the procedure.

" ——Did ever ſo grave a perſonage get into " ſo vile a ſcrape?" quoth Death.——Thou haſt had a narrow eſcape, Triſtram, ſaid Eugenius, taking hold of my hand as I finiſhed my ſtory.——

But there is no *living*, Eugenius, replied I, at this rate; for as this *ſon of a whore* has found out my lodgings,——

——You call him rightly, ſaid Eugenius;—for by ſin, we are told, he enter'd the world——I care not which way he enter'd, quoth I, provided he be not in ſuch a hurry to take me out with him,—for I have forty volumes to write, and forty thouſand things to ſay and do, which no body in the world will ſay and do for me, except thyſelf; and as thou ſeeſt he has got me by the throat (for Eugenius could ſcarce hear me ſpeak acroſs the table) and that I am no match for him in the open

field, had I not better, whilſt theſe few ſcatter'd ſpirits remain, and theſe two ſpider legs of mine (holding one of them up to him) are able to ſupport me,—had I not better, Eugenius, fly for my life? ——'Tis my advice, my dear Triſtram, ſaid Eugenius.——Then, by Heaven! I will lead him a dance he little thinks of;—for I will gallop, quoth I, without looking once behind me, to the banks of the Garonne;—and if I hear him clattering at my heels,—I'll ſcamper away to Mount Veſuvius;—from thence to Joppa, and from Joppa to the world's end; where, if he follows me, I pray God he may break his neck.——

He runs more riſk *there*, ſaid Eugenius, than thou.

Eugenius's wit and affection brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been ſome months baniſh'd:—'twas a vile moment to bid adieu in: he led me to my chaiſe.——*Allons!* ſaid I;—the poſt-boy gave a crack with his whip,—off I went like a cannon, and in half a dozen bounds got into Dover.

CHAP. II.

NOW hang it! quoth I, as I look'd towards the French coaſt,—a man ſhould know ſomething of his own country too, before he goes abroad;—and I never gave a peep into Rocheſter church, or took notice of the Dock of Chatham, or viſited St. Thomas at Canterbury, though they all three lay in my way.

—But mine, indeed, is a particular caſe.

—So, without arguing the matter further with Thomas o'Becket, or any one elſe,—I ſkipp'd into the boat, and in five minutes we got under ſail, and ſcudded away like the wind.

Pray, Captain, quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, is a man never overtaken by Death in this paſſage?——

Why, there is not time for a man to be ſick in it, replied he.——What a curſed liar! for I am ſick as a horſe, quoth I, already.—What a brain! —upſide down!—hey-day! the cells are broke looſe one into another, and the blood, and the lymph, and the nervous juices, with the fix'd and volatile ſalts, are all jumbled into one maſs!—good G—! every thing turns round in it like a thouſand whirlpools.—I'd give a ſhilling to know if I ſhan't write the clearer for it.—

Sick! ſick! ſick! ſick!——

When ſhall we get to land, Captain?—they have hearts like ſtones.—O I am deadly ſick!—Reach me that thing, boy:—'tis the moſt diſcomfiting ſickneſs—— I wiſh I was at the bottom.—Madam, how is it with you?——Undone! undone! un—— O! undone! Sir.——What! the firſt time? ——No; 'tis the ſecond, third, ſixth, tenth time, Sir.——Hey-day!—what a trampling over head! —Hollo! cabin-boy! what's the matter?——

The wind chopp'd about.——S'Death!—then I ſhall meet him full in the face.

——What luck!—'tis chopp'd about again, maſter.——O the Devil chop it!——

Captain,

Captain, quoth ſhe, for Heaven's ſake, let us get aſhore.

CHAP. III.

IT is a great inconvenience to a man in a haſte, that there are three diſtinct roads between Calais and Paris; in behalf of which, there is ſo much to be ſaid by the ſeveral deputies from the towns which lie along them, that half a day is eaſily loſt in ſettling which you'll take.

Firſt, The road by Liſle and Arras, which is the moſt about,—but moſt intereſting and inſtructing:—

The Second, That by Amiens; which you may go, if you would ſee Chantilly:—

And that by Beauvais, which you may go if you will.

For this reaſon, a great many chuſe to go by Beauvais.

CHAP. IV.

"NOW, before I quit Calais," a travel-writer would ſay, "it would not be amiſs to give ſome "account of it."—Now I think it very much amiſs,—that a man cannot go quietly through a town and let it alone, when it does not meddle with him, but that he muſt be turning about, and drawing his pen at every kennel he croſſes over,

merely, o' my conſcience, for the ſake of drawing it; becauſe, if we may judge from what has been wrote of theſe things, by all who have *wrote and gallop'd*,—or who have *gallop'd and wrote*, which is a different way ſtill; or who, for more expedition than the reſt, have *wrote galloping*,—which is the way I do at preſent,—from the great Addiſon, who did it with his ſatchel of ſchool-books hanging at his a—, and galling his beaſt's crupper at every ſtroke, there is not a galloper of us all, who might not have gone on ambling quietly on his own ground (in caſe he had any) and have wrote all he had to write, dry-ſhod, as well as not.

For my own part, as Heaven is my judge, and to which I ſhall ever make my laſt appeal,—I know no more of Calais (except the little my barber told me of it as he was whetting his razor) than I do this moment of Grand Cairo; for it was duſky in the evening when I landed, and as dark as pitch in the morning when I ſet out; and yet, by merely knowing what is what, and by drawing this from that in one part of the town, and by ſpelling and putting this and that together in another,—I would lay any travelling odds, that I this moment write a chapter upon Calais as long as my arm; and with ſo diſtinct and ſatisfactory a detail of every item which is worth a ſtranger's curioſity in the town,—that you would take me for the town-clerk of Calais itſelf;—and where, Sir, would be the wonder? was not Democritus, who laughed ten times more than I,—town-clerk of Abdera? and was not (I forget his name) who had

had more diſcretion than us both, town-clerk of Epheſus? It ſhould be penn'd moreover, Sir, with ſo much knowledge and good ſenſe, and truth, and preciſion,——

—Nay,—if you don't believe me, you may read the chapter for your pains.

CHAP. V.

CALAIS, Calatium, Caluſium, Caleſium.

This town, if we may truſt its archives, the authority of which I ſee no reaſon to call in queſtion in this place,—was *once* no more than a ſmall village, belonging to one of the firſt Counts de Guignes; and as it boaſts at preſent of no leſs than fourteen thouſand inhabitants, excluſive of four hundred and twenty diſtinct families in the *baſſe ville*, or ſuburbs,—it muſt have grown up, by little and little, I ſuppoſe, to its preſent ſize.

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town. I had not an opportunity of taking its exact dimenſions, but it is pretty eaſy to make a tolerable conjecture of 'em;—for as there are fourteen thouſand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all, it muſt be conſiderably large;—and if it will not,—'tis a very great pity they have not another.—It is built in form of a croſs, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary; the ſteeple, which has a ſpire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and ſtands upon four pillars, elegant and light enough, but

ſufficiently ſtrong at the ſame time.—It is decorated with eleven altars, moſt of which are rather fine than beautiful. The great altar is a maſter-piece in it's kind; 'tis of white marble, and, as I was told, near ſixty feet high:—had it been much higher, it had been as high as Mount Calvary itſelf;—therefore, I ſuppoſe it muſt be high enough in all conſcience.

There was nothing ſtruck me more than the great Square; though I cannot ſay 'tis either well paved or well-built; but 'tis in the heart of the town, and moſt of the ſtreets, eſpecially thoſe in that quarter, all terminate in it. Could there have been a fountain in all Calais, which it ſeems there cannot, as ſuch an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very centre of this ſquare;—not that it is properly a ſquare,—becauſe 'tis forty feet longer from eaſt to weſt than from north to ſouth; ſo that the French in general have more reaſon on their ſide in calling them Places than Squares; which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, to be ſure, they are not.

The town-houſe ſeems to be but a ſorry building, and not to be kept in the beſt repair; otherwiſe it had been a ſecond great ornament to this place: it anſwers however its deſtination, and ſerves very well for the reception of the magiſtrates, who aſſemble in it from time to time; ſo that 'tis preſumable, juſtice is regularly diſtributed.

I had heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the Courgain: 'tis a diſtinct quarter of

of the town, inhabited ſolely by ſailors and fiſhermen: it conſiſts of a number of ſmall ſtreets, neatly built, and moſtly of brick. 'Tis extremely populous; but as that may be accounted for from the principles of their diet,—there is nothing curious in that neither.—A traveller may ſee it, to ſatisfy himſelf:—he muſt not omit however taking notice of La Tour de Guet, upon any account; 'tis ſo called from its particular deſtination, becauſe in war it ſerves to diſcover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by ſea or land;—but 'tis monſtrous high, and catches the eye ſo continually, you cannot avoid taking notice of it if you would.

It was a ſingular diſappointment to me, that I could not have permiſſion to take an exact ſurvey of the fortifications, which are the ſtrongeſt in the world; and which, from firſt to laſt, that is, from the time they were ſet about by Philip of France, Count of Bologne, to the preſent war, wherein many reparations were made, have coſt (as I learnt afterwards from an engineer in Gaſcony)—above a hundred millions of livres.—It is very remarkable, that at the Tête de Gravelenes, and where the town is naturally the weakeſt, they have expended the moſt money; ſo that the outworks ſtretch a great way into the campaign, and conſequently occupy a large track of ground. However, after all that is *ſaid* and *done*, it muſt be acknowledged that Calais was never upon any account ſo conſiderable from itſelf, as from its ſituation, and that eaſy entrance which it gave our anceſtors, upon all

all occaſions, into France: it was not without its inconveniences alſo: being no leſs troubleſome to the Engliſh in thoſe times, than Dunkirk has been to us, in ours; ſo that it was deſervedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms; which no doubt is the reaſon that there have ariſen ſo many contentions who ſhould keep it: of theſe, the ſiege of Calais, or rather the blockade (for it was ſhut up both by land and ſea) was the moſt memorable, as it withſtood the efforts of Edward the Third a whole year, and was not terminated at laſt, but by famine and extreme miſery; the gallantry of Euſtace de St. Pierre, who firſt offered himſelf a victim for his fellow-citizens, has rank'd his name with heroes.—As it will not take up above fifty pages, it would be injuſtice to the reader, not to give him a minute account of that romantic tranſaction, as well as of the ſiege itſelf, in Rapin's own words:—

CHAP. VI.

——BUT courage! gentle reader!—I ſcorn it:—'tis enough to have thee in my power;—but to make uſe of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much,—No—! by that all-powerful fire which warms the viſionary brain, and lights the ſpirits through unworldly tracts! ere I would force a helpleſs creature upon this hard ſervice, and make thee pay, poor ſoul! for fifty pages, which I have no

no right to ſell thee,—naked as I am, I would browſe upon the mountains, and ſmile that the north wind brought me neither my tent nor my ſupper.

So put on, my brave boy! and make the beſt of thy way to Boulogne.

CHAP. VII.

—BOULOGNE!—hah!—ſo we are all got together,—debtors and ſinners before Heaven; a jolly ſet of us;—but I can't ſtay and quaff it off with you,—I'm purſued myſelf like a hundred Devils, and ſhall be overtaken before I can well change horſes:—for Heaven's ſake make haſte.——'Tis for high-treaſon, quoth a very little man, whiſpering as low as he could to a very tall man that ſtood next him.——Or elſe for murder, quoth the tall man.——Well thrown, Size-ace! quoth I.——No; quoth a third, the gentleman has been committing——

Ah! ma chere fille! ſaid I, as ſhe tripp'd by from her matins,—you look as roſy as the morning (for the ſun was riſing, and it made the compliment the more gracious)——No; it can't be that, quoth a fourth—(ſhe made a court'ſy to me,—I kiſs'd my hand) 'tis debt, continued he.——'Tis certainly for debt, quoth a fifth.——I would not pay that gentleman's debts, quoth Ace, for a thouſand pounds.——Nor would I, quoth Size, for ſix times the ſum.——Well thrown Size-ace, again!

again! quoth I;—but I have no debt but the debt of *Nature*; and I want but patience of her, and I will pay her every farthing I owe her.—How can you be ſo hard-hearted, Madam, to arreſt a poor traveller going along, without moleſtation to any one, upon his lawful occaſions? Do ſtop that death-looking, long-ſtriding ſcoundrel of a ſcare-ſinner, who is poſting after me.—He never would have followed me but for you,—if it be but for a ſtage or two, juſt to give me ſtart of him, I beſeech you Madam.——Do, dear lady.——

Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity, quoth mine Iriſh hoſt, that all this good courtſhip ſhould be loſt; for the young gentlewoman has been after going out of hearing of it all along.——

Simpleton! quoth I.

So you have nothing *elſe* in Boulogne worth ſeeing?——

By Jaſus! there is the fineſt *Seminary* for the *Humanities*.——

There cannot be a finer, quoth I.

CHAP. VIII.

WHEN the precipitancy of a man's wiſhes hurries on his ideas ninety times faſter than the vehicle he rides in,—woe be to truth! and woe be to the vehicle and its tackling (let 'em be made of what ſtuff you will) upon which he breathes forth the diſappointment of his ſoul!

As I never give general characters either of men

men or things in choler, "the moſt haſte the "worſt ſpeed," was all the reflection I made upon the affair the firſt time it happen'd;—the ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it reſpectively to thoſe times, and accordingly blamed only the ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth poſt-boy for it, without carrying my reflections further; but the event continuing to befal me from the fifth to the ſixth, ſeventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth time, and without one exception, I then could not avoid making a national reflection of it, which I do in theſe words:—

That ſomething is always wrong in a French poſt-chaiſe, upon firſt ſetting out.

Or the propoſition may ſtand thus:—

A French poſtillion has always to alight before he has got three hundred yards out of town.

What's wrong now?——Diable!—a rope's broke!—a knot has ſlipt!—a ſtaple's drawn!—a bolt's to whittle!—a tag, a rag, a jag, a ſtrap, a buckle, or a buckle's tongue want altering.

Now, true as all this is, I never think myſelf empowered to excommunicate thereupon either the poſt-chaiſe, or its driver; nor do I take it into my head to ſwear by the living G—, I would rather go a-foot ten thouſand times,—or that I will be damn'd if ever I get into another;—but I take the matter coolly before me, and conſider, that ſome tag, or rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be a-wanting, or want altering, travel where I will;—ſo I never chaff, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road,

road, and get on.—Do ſo, my lad, ſaid I: he had loſt five minutes already in alighting, in order to get at a luncheon of black bread, which he had cramm'd into the chaiſe-pocket, and was remounted, and going leiſurely on, to reliſh it the better.—Get on, my lad, ſaid I, briſkly;—but in the moſt perſuaſive tone imaginable; for I jingled a four-and-twenty ſous piece againſt the glaſs, taking care to hold the flat ſide towards him as he look'd back. The dog grinn'd intelligence from his right ear to his left; and behind his ſooty muzzle diſcovered ſuch a pearly row of teeth, that *Sovereignty* would have pawn'd her jewels for them.

Juſt Heaven! { What maſticators! / What bread!

and ſo as he finiſhed the laſt mouthful of it, we entered the town of Montreuil.

CHAP. IX.

THERE is not a town in all France which, in my opinion, looks better in the map than Montreuil.—I own, it does not look ſo well in the book of poſt-roads; but when you come to ſee it,—to be ſure it looks moſt pitifully.

There is one thing, however, in it at preſent very handſome; and that is, the inn-keeper's daughter.—She has been eighteen months at Amiens, and ſix at Paris, in going through her claſſes;

claſſes; ſo knits, and ſews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well.

A ſlut! in running them over within theſe five minutes that I have ſtood looking at her, ſhe has let fall at leaſt a dozen loops in a white thread ſtocking.—Yes, yes,—I ſee, you cunning gipſy!—'tis long and taper,—you need not pin it to your knee;—and that 'tis your own,—and fits you exactly.

That Nature ſhould have told this creature a word about a *ſtatue's thumb!*

But as this ſample is worth all their thumbs,—beſides, I have her thumbs and fingers in at the bargain, if they can be any guide to me,—and as Janatone withal (for that is her name) ſtands ſo well for a drawing,—may I never draw more; or rather, may I draw like a draught-horſe, by main ſtrength, all the days of my life,—if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and with as determined a pencil as if I had her in the wetteſt drapery.

But your Worſhips chuſe rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great pariſh-church, or a drawing of the façade of the abbey of Saint Auſtreberte, which has been tranſported from Artois hither:—every thing is juſt I ſuppoſe as the maſons and carpenters left them;—and if the belief in Chriſt continues ſo long, will be ſo theſe fifty years to come;—ſo your Worſhips and Reverences may all meaſure them at your leiſures;—but he who meaſures thee, Janatone, muſt do it now;—thou carrieſt the principles of change within

within thy frame; and, conſidering the chances of a tranſitory life, I would not anſwer for thee a moment: ere twice twelve months are paſt and gone, thou mayeſt grow out like a pumpkin, and loſe thy ſhapes;—or thou mayeſt go off like a flower, and loſe thy beauty;—nay, thou mayeſt go off like a huſſy,—and loſe thyſelf.—I would not anſwer for my aunt Dinah, was ſhe alive;—'faith, ſcarce for her picture, were it but painted by Reynolds.—

But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that ſon of Apollo, I'll be ſhot.

So you muſt e'en be content with the original; which, if the evening is fine in paſſing thro' Montreuil, you will ſee at your chaiſe-door, as you change horſes: but unleſs you have as bad a reaſon for haſte as I have,—you had better ſtop.—She has a little of the *devote:* but that, Sir, is a terce to a nine in your favour.—

L— help me! I could not count a ſingle point: ſo had been piqued and repiqued, and capotted to the Devil.

CHAP. X.

ALL which being conſidered, and that Death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined,—I wiſh I was at Abbeville, quoth I, were it only to ſee how they card and ſpin:—ſo off we ſet.

* *de*

* *de Montreuil a Nampont-poſte et demi*
de Nampont a Berney - - poſte
de Bernay a Nouvion - - poſte
de Nouvion a Abbeville - - poſte

—but the carders and ſpinners were all gone to bed.

CHAP. XI.

WHAT a vaſt advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

WAS I in a condition to ſtipulate with Death, as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his clyſter,—I ſhould certainly declare againſt ſubmitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never ſeriouſly think upon the mode and manner of this great cataſtrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the cataſtrophe itſelf,—but I conſtantly draw the curtain acroſs it, with this wiſh, That the Diſpoſer of all things may ſo order it, that it happen not to me in my own houſe,—but rather in

* *Vide* Book of French Poſt-Roads, Page 36, edition of 1762.

ſome decent inn;—at home I know it;—the concern of my friends, and the laſt ſervices of wiping my brows and ſmoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale Affection ſhall pay me, will ſo crucify my ſoul, that I ſhall die of a diſtemper which my phyſician is not aware of; but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted, would be purchaſed with a few guineas, and paid me with an undiſturbed, but punctual attention;—but mark;—This inn ſhould not be the inn at Abbeville:—if there was not another in the univerſe, I would ſtrike that inn out of the capitulation: ſo

Let the horſes be in the chaiſe exactly by four in the morning.——Yes, by four, Sir,—or, by Genevieve! I'll raiſe a clatter in the houſe ſhall wake the dead.

CHAP. XIII.

"*MAKE them like unto a wheel,*" is a bitter ſarcaſm, as all the learned know, againſt the *grand tour*, and that reſtleſs ſpirit for making it, which David prophetically foreſaw would haunt the children of men in the latter days; and therefore, as thinketh the great Biſhop Hall, 'tis one of the ſevereſt imprecations which David ever utter'd againſt the enemies of the Lord,—and, as if he had ſaid, "I wiſh them no worſe luck than "always to be rolling about."—So much motion, continues he (for he was very corpulent)—is ſo much

much unquietneſs; and ſo much of reſt, by the ſame analogy, is ſo much of Heaven.

Now, I (being very thin) think differently; and that ſo much of motion, is ſo much of life, and ſo much of joy;—and that to ſtand ſtill, or get on but ſlowly, is death and the devil.

—Hollo! Ho!—the whole world's aſleep!—bring out the horſes,—greaſe the wheels,—tie on the mail,—and drive a nail into that moulding;—I'll not loſe a moment.

Now, the wheel we are talking of, and *whereinto* (but not *whereonto*, for that would make an Ixion's wheel of it) he curſeth his enemies, according to the biſhop's habit of body, ſhould certainly be a poſt-chaiſe wheel, whether they were ſet up in Paleſtine at that time or not;—and my wheel, for the contrary reaſons, muſt as certainly be a cart-wheel, groaning round its revolution once in an age; and of which ſort, were I to turn commentator, I ſhould make no ſcruple to affirm, they had great ſtore in that hilly country.

I love the Pythagoreans (much more than ever I dare tell my dear Jenny) for their "χω-"ρισμὸν απὸ τȣ̃ Σώματος, εις το καλῶς φιλοσοφεῖν"—[their] "*getting out of the body, in order to* "*think well.*" No man thinks right whilſt he is in it; blinded as he muſt be, with his congenial humours, and drawn differently aſide, as the biſhop and myſelf have been, with too lax or too tenſe a fibre;—*Reaſon* is, half of it, *Senſe*; and the meaſure of Heaven itſelf is but the meaſure of our preſent appetites and concoctions.——

 ——But

——But which of the two, in the preſent caſe, do you think to be moſtly in the wrong?

——You, certainly, quoth ſhe, to diſturb a whole family ſo early.

CHAP. XIV.

——BUT ſhe did not know I was under a vow not to ſhave my beard till I got to Paris;—yet I hate to make myſteries of nothing;—'tis the cold cautiouſneſs of one of thoſe little ſouls from which Leſſius *(lib.* 13. *de Moribus Divinis, cap.* 24.) hath made his eſtimate, wherein he setteth forth, That one Dutch mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to ſpare, for eight hundred thouſand millions, which he ſuppoſes to be as great a number of ſouls (counting from the fall of Adam) as can poſſibly be damn'd to the end of the world.

From what he has made this ſecond eſtimate,—unleſs from the parental goodneſs of God,—I don't know:—I am much more at a loſs what could be in Franciſcus Ribbera's head, who pretends that no leſs a ſpace than one of two hundred Italian miles multiplied into itſelf, will be ſufficient to hold the like number;—he certainly muſt have gone upon ſome of the old Roman ſouls, of which he had read, without reflecting how much, by a gradual and moſt tabid decline, in a courſe of eighteen hundred years, they muſt unavoidably have

have ſhrunk ſo as to have come, when he wrote, almoſt to nothing.

In Leſſius's time, who ſeems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined.—

——We find them leſs *now;*

——And next winter we ſhall find them leſs again; ſo that, if we go on from little to leſs, and from leſs to nothing, I heſitate not one moment to affirm, that in half a century, at this rate, we ſhall have no ſouls at all; which being the period beyond which I doubt likewiſe of the exiſtence of the Chriſtian faith, 'twill be one advantage, that both of 'em will be exactly worn out together.

Bleſſed Jupiter! and bleſſed every other heathen god and goddeſs! for now ye will come into play again, and with Priapus at your tails.—What jovial times!—but where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I ruſhing? I,—I who muſt be cut ſhort in the midſt of my days, and taſte no more of 'em than what I borrow from my imagination:——Peace to thee, generous fool! and let me go on.

CHAP. XV.

——"So hating, I ſay, to make myſteries of "*nothing*,"—I intruſted it with the poſt-boy, as ſoon as ever I got off the ſtones: he gave a crack with his whip to balance the compliment; and

with the thill-horſe trotting, and a ſort of an up and a down of the other, we danced it along to Ailly au Clochers, famed in days of yore for the fineſt chimes in the world; but we danced through it without muſic,—the chimes being greatly out of order—(as in truth they were through all France).

And ſo making all poſſible ſpeed, from
Ailly au Clochers, I got to Hixcourt;
from Hixcourt, I got to Perquignay; and
from Perquignay, I got to Amiens;
concerning which town I have nothing to inform you, but what I have informed you once before,—and that was, that Janatone went there to ſchool.

CHAP. XVI.

IN the whole catalogue of thoſe whiffling vexations which come puffing acroſs a man's canvas, there is not one of a more teaſing and tormenting nature than this particular one which I am going to deſcribe,—and for which (unleſs you travel with an *avance-courier*, which numbers do, in order to prevent it) there is no help; and it is this:—

That be you in ever ſo kindly a propenſity to ſleep,—though you are paſſing perhaps through the fineſt country, upon the beſt roads, and in the eaſieſt carriage for doing it in the world;—nay, was you ſure you could ſleep fifty miles ſtraight forwards, without once opening your eyes;—nay,

what is more, was you as demonſtratively ſatisfied as you can be of any truth in Euclid, that you ſhould upon all accounts be full as well aſleep as awake,—nay, perhaps, better;—yet the inceſſant returns of paying for the horſes at every ſtage,—with the neceſſity thereupon of putting your hand into your pocket, and counting out from thence three livres fifteen ſous (ſous by ſous) puts an end to ſo much of the project, that you cannot execute above ſix miles of it (or, ſuppoſing it is a poſt and a half, that is but nine)—were it to ſave your ſoul from deſtruction.

——I'll be even with 'em, quoth I; for I'll put the preciſe ſum into a piece of paper, and hold it ready in my hand all the way: "Now I "ſhall have nothing to do," ſaid I (compoſing myſelf to reſt) "but to drop this gently into the "poſt-boy's hat, and not ſay a word."—Then there wants two ſous more to drink,—or there is a twelve ſous piece of Louis XIV. which will not pass,—or a livre and ſome odd liards to be brought over from the laſt ſtage, which Monſieur had forgot; which altercations (as a man cannot diſpute very well aſleep) rouſe him: ſtill is ſweet ſleep retrievable; and ſtill might the fleſh weigh down the ſpirit, and recover itſelf of theſe blows;—but then, by Heaven! you have paid but for a ſingle poſt,—whereas 'tis a poſt and a half; and this obliges you to pull out your book of poſt-roads, the print of which is ſo very ſmall, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you will or no: Then Monſieur le Curé offers you a pinch of ſnuff,—

or a poor ſoldier ſhews you his leg,—or a ſhaveling his box,—or the prieſteſſe of the ciſtern will water your wheels;—(they do not want it;—but ſhe ſwears by her *prieſthood* (throwing it back) that they do)—then you have all theſe points to argue, or conſider over in your mind; in doing of which, the rational powers get ſo thoroughly awakened,—you may get them to ſleep again as you can.

It was entirely owing to one of theſe misfortunes, or I had paſs'd clean by the ſtables of Chantilly.

——But the poſtillion firſt affirming, and then perſiſting in it to my face, that there was no mark upon the two ſous piece, I open'd my eyes to be convinced;—and ſeeing the mark upon it as plain as my noſe,—I leap'd out of the chaiſe in a paſſion, and ſo ſaw every thing at Chantilly in ſpite.—I tried it but for three poſts and a half, but believe 'tis the beſt principle in the world to travel ſpeedily upon; for, as few objects look very inviting in that mood,—you have little or nothing to ſtop you; by which means it was that I paſſed through St. Dennis, without turning my head ſo much as on the ſide towards the Abbey——

Richneſs of their treaſury!—ſtuff and nonſenſe!—Bating their jewels, which are all falſe, I would not give three ſous for any one thing in it, but Jaidas's lantern;—nor for that neither, only, as it grows dark, it might be of uſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

CRACK, crack,—crack, crack,—crack, crack; —ſo this is Paris! quoth I (continuing in the ſame mood)—and this is Paris!—humph!—Paris! cried I, repeating the name the third time,——

The firſt, the fineſt, the moſt brilliant!

The ſtreets, however, are naſty.

But it looks, I ſuppoſe, better than it ſmells.—Crack, crack,—crack, crack;—what a fuſs thou makeſt!—as if it concerned the good people to be informed, that a man with a pale face and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into Paris at nine o'clock at night, by a poſtillion in a tawny yellow jerkin, turned up with red calamanco!——Crack,—crack, crack,—crack, crack.——I wiſh thy whip—

——But 'tis the ſpirit of thy nation; ſo crack—crack on.

Ha!—and no one gives the wall!—but in the School of Urbanity herſelf, if the walls are beſh-t,—how can you do otherwiſe?

And, prithee, when do they light the lamps? What!—never in the ſummer months!—Ho! 'tis the time of ſallads.—O rare! ſallad and ſoup,—ſoup and ſallad,—ſallad and ſoup, *encore*—

—'Tis *too much* for ſinners.

Now I cannot bear the barbarity of it. How can that unconſcionable coachman talk ſo much bawdy to that lean horſe? don't you ſee, friend, the ſtreets are ſo villanouſly narrow, that there is not room in all Paris to turn a wheelbarrow? In the

the grandeſt city of the whole world it would not have been amiſs if they had been left a thought wider; nay, were it only ſo much in every ſingle ſtreet, as that a man might know (was it only for ſatisfaction) on which ſide of it he was walking.

One,—two,—three,—four,—five,—ſix,—ſeven,—eight,—nine,—ten.—Ten cooks ſhops! and twice the number of barbers! and all within three minutes driving! one would think that all the cooks in the world, on ſome great merry-meeting with the barbers, by joint conſent, had ſaid,—Come, let us all go live at Paris: the French love good eating;—they are all *gourmands;*—we ſhall rank high; if their god is their belly,—their cooks muſt be gentlemen: and, foraſmuch as *the periwig maketh the man*, and the periwig-maker maketh the periwig,—*ergo*, would the barbers ſay, we ſhall rank higher ſtill,—we ſhall be above you all,—we ſhall be **Capitouls* at leaſt,—*pardi!* we ſhall all wear ſwords:

—And ſo, one would swear (that is, by candle-light,—but there is no depending upon it) they continue to do to this day.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE French are certainly miſunderſtood:—but whether the fault is theirs, in not ſufficiently explaining themſelves; or ſpeaking with that exact

* Chief Magiſtrate in Toulouſe, &c.

limitation

limitation and preciſion which one would expect on a point of ſuch importance, and which, moreover, is ſo likely to be conteſted by us;—or whether the fault may not be altogether on our ſide, in not underſtanding their language always ſo critically as to know "what they would be at,"—I ſhall not decide; but 'tis evident to me, when they affirm, "*That they who have ſeen Paris, have ſeen every thing*," they muſt mean to ſpeak of thoſe who have ſeen it by day-light.

As for candle-light,—I give it up;—I have ſaid before, there was no depending upon it;—and I repeat it again; but not becauſe the lights and ſhades are too ſharp,—or the tints confounded,—or that there is neither beauty nor keeping, &c. . . . for that's not truth;—but it is an uncertain light in this reſpect, That in all the five hundred grand hotels, which they number up to you in Paris;—and the five hundred good things, at a modeſt computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a hotel) which by candle-light are beſt to be *ſeen, felt, heard*, and *underſtood* (which, by the bye, is a quotation from Lilly)—the Devil a one of us, out of fifty, can get our heads fairly thruſt in amongſt them.

This is no part of the French computation; 'tis ſimply this:—

That by the laſt ſurvey taken in the year 1716, ſince which time there have been conſiderable augmentations,—Paris doth contain nine hundred ſtreets; *(viz.)*

In the quarter called the City, there are fifty-three ſtreets;

In

In St. James of the Shambles, fifty-five ſtreets;
In St. Oportune, thirty-four ſtreets;
In the quarter of the Louvre, twenty-five ſtreets;
In the Palace Royal, or St. Honorius, forty-nine ſtreets;
In Mont Martyr, forty-one ſtreets;
In St. Euſtace, twenty-nine ſtreets;
In the Halles, twenty-ſeven ſtreets;
In St. Dennis, fifty-five ſtreets;
In St. Martin, fifty-four ſtreets;
In St. Paul, or the Mortellerie, twenty-ſeven ſtreets;
The Greve, thirty-eight ſtreets;
In St. Avoy, or the Verrerie, nineteen ſtreets;
In the Marais, or the Temple, fifty-two ſtreets;
In St. Antony, ſixty-eight ſtreets;
In the Place Maubert, eighty-one ſtreets;
In St. Bennet, ſixty ſtreets;
In St. Andrew de Arcs, fifty-one ſtreets;
In the quarter of the Luxembourg, ſixty-two ſtreets;
And in that of St. Germain, fifty-five ſtreets; into any of which you may walk; and that when you have ſeen them, with all that belongs to them, fairly by day-light,—their gates, their bridges, their ſquares, their ſtatues - - - and have cruſaded it, moreover, thro' all their pariſh-churches, by no means omitting St. Roche and Sulpice; - - - and to crown all, have taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may ſee, either with or without the ſtatues and pictures, juſt as you chuſe,

—Then you have ſeen——

—but

—but 'tis what no one needeth to tell you, for you will read of it yourſelf, upon the portico of the Louvre, in theſe words:—

* Earth no ſuch Folks!—no Folks e'er ſuch a Town
As Paris is!—ſing Derry, derry, down.

The French have a *gay* way of treating every thing that is Great; and that is all can be ſaid upon it.

CHAP. XIX.

IN mentioning the word *gay* (as in the cloſe of the laſt chapter) it puts one (*i. e.* an author) in mind of the word *ſpleen*;—eſpecially if he has any thing to ſay upon it. Not that by any analyſis,—or that from any table of intereſt or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them, than betwixt light and darkneſs, or any two of the moſt unfriendly oppoſites in nature;—only 'tis an undercraft of authors to keep up a good underſtanding amongſt words, as politicians do amongſt men,—not knowing how near they may be under a neceſſity of placing them to each other;—which point being now gain'd, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here,

SPLEEN.

This, upon leaving Chantilly, I declared to be the beſt principle in the world to travel ſpeedily

* Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullam
——————————ulla parem.

upon;

upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion. I ſtill continue in the ſame ſentiments;—only I had not then experience enough of its working to add this, That tho' you do get on at a tearing rate, yet you get on but uneaſily to yourſelf at the ſame time; for which reaſon, I here quit it entirely, and for ever; and 'tis heartily at any one's ſervice:—it has ſpoiled me the digeſtion of a good ſupper, and brought on a bilious diarrhœa, which has brought me back again to my firſt principle on which I ſet out;—and with which I ſhall now ſcamper it away to the banks of the Garonne.

—No;—I cannot ſtop a moment to give you the character of the people,—their genius,—their manners,—their cuſtoms,—their laws,—their religion,—their government,—their manufactures,—their commerce,—their finances, with all the reſources and hidden ſprings which ſuſtain them; qualified as I may be, by ſpending three days and two nights amongſt them, and during all that time making theſe things the entire ſubject of my enquiries and reflections.—

Still,—ſtill I muſt away,—the roads are paved,—the poſts are ſhort,—the days are long,—'tis no more than noon,—I ſhall be at Fontainbleau before the King.

—Was he going there? Not that I know.

CHAP. XX.

NOW I hate to hear a perſon, eſpecially if he be a traveller, complain that we do not get on ſo faſt

faſt in France as we do in England; whereas we get on much faſter, *conſideratis conſiderandis*; thereby always meaning, that if you weigh their vehicles with the mountains of baggage which you lay both before and behind upon them,— and then conſider their puny horſes, with the very little they give them,—'tis a wonder they get on at all. Their ſuffering is moſt unchriſtian; and 'tis evident thereupon to me, that a French poſt-horſe would not know what in the world to do, was it not for the two words * * * * * * and * * * * * *, in which there is as much ſuſtenance as if you gave them a peck of corn. Now as theſe words coſt nothing, I long, from my ſoul, to tell the reader what they are; but here is the queſtion,—they muſt be told him plainly, and with the moſt diſtinct articulation, or it will anſwer no end;—and yet to do it in that plain way,—though their Reverences may laugh at it in the bedchamber,—full well I wot, they will abuſe it in the parlour: for which cauſe, I have been volving and revolving in my fancy ſome time, but to no purpoſe, by what clean device, or *facette* contrivance I might ſo modulate them, that whilſt I ſatisfy *that ear* which the reader chuſes to *lend* me,—I might not diſſatisfy the other which he keeps to himſelf.

—My ink burns my finger to try;—and when I have,—'twill have a worſe conſequence,—it will burn (I fear) my paper.

—No;—I dare not.

But if you wiſh to know how the Abbess of Andoüillets and a novice of her convent got over the

the difficulty (only firſt wiſhing myſelf all imaginable ſucceſs)—I'll tell you without the least ſcruple.

CHAP. XXI.

THE abbeſs of Andoüillets, which, if you look into the large ſet of provincial maps now publiſhing at Paris, you will find ſituated amongſt the hills which divide Burgundy from Savoy, being in danger of an *anchyloſis*, or ſtiff joint (the *ſinovia* of her knee becoming hard by long matins) and having tried every remedy:—Firſt, Prayers and thankſgivings;—then invocations to all the ſaints in Heaven, promiſcuouſly;—then particularly to every ſaint who had ever had a ſtiff leg before her;—then touching it with all the reliques of the convent, principally with the thigh-bone of the man of Lyſtra, who had been impotent from his youth; then wrapping it up in her veil when ſhe went to bed;—then croſs-wiſe her roſary;—then bringing into her aid the ſecular arm, and anointing it with oils and hot fat of animals;—then treating it with emollient and reſolving fomentations;—then with poultices of marſh-mallows, mallows, bonus Henricus, white lilies, and fenugreek;—then taking the woods, I mean the ſmoke of 'em, holding her ſcapulary acroſs her lap;—then decoctions of wild chicory, water-creſſes, chervil, ſweet cecily, and cochlearia; and nothing all this while anſwering, was prevailed on at laſt to try the hot

hot baths of Bourbon:—ſo having firſt obtained leave of the viſitor-general to take care of her exiſtence,—ſhe ordered all to be got ready for her journey. A novice of the convent, of about ſeventeen, who had been troubled with a whitloe in her middle finger, by ſticking it conſtantly into the Abbeſs's caſt poultices, &c.—had gained ſuch an intereſt, that overlooking a ſciatical old nun, who might have been ſet up for ever by the hot baths of Bourbon, Margarita, the little novice, was elected as the companion of the journey.

An old calaſh, belonging to the Abbeſs, lined with green frize, was ordered to be drawn out into the ſun. The gardener of the convent being choſen muleteer, led out the two old mules, to clip the hair from the rump-ends of their tails; whilſt a couple of lay-ſiſters were buſied, the one in darning the lining, and the other in ſewing on the ſhreds of yellow binding, which the teeth of time had unravelled;—the under-gardener dreſſed the muleteer's hat in hot wine-lees;—and a taylor ſat muſically at it, in a ſhed over againſt the convent, in aſſorting four dozen of bells for the harneſs, whiſtling to each bell as he tied it on with a thong.

——The carpenter and the ſmith of Andoüillets held a council of wheels; and by ſeven, the morning after, all look'd ſpruce, and was ready at the gate of the convent for the hot baths of Bourbon. —Two rows of the unfortunate ſtood ready there an hour before.

The Abbeſs of Andoüillets, ſupported by Mar-

garita the novice, advanced ſlowly to the calaſh, both clad in white, with their black roſaries hanging at their breaſts.

—There was a ſimple ſolemnity in the contraſt: they entered the calaſh; the nuns in the ſame uniform, ſweet emblem of innocence, each occupied a window, and as the Abbeſs and Margarita look'd up,—each (the ſciatical poor nun excepted) —each ſtream'd out the end of her veil in the air, —then kiſs'd the lily hand which let it go. The good Abbeſs and Margarita laid their hands ſaintwiſe upon their breaſts,—look'd up to Heaven,—then to them,—and look'd "God bleſs you, dear ſiſters."

I declare I am intereſted in this ſtory, and wiſh I had been there.

The gardener, whom I ſhall now call the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broad-ſet, good-natured, chattering, toping kind of a fellow, who troubled his head very little with the *hows* and *whens* of life; ſo had mortgag'd a month of his conventicle wages in a borrachio, or leathern caſk of wine, which he had diſpoſed behind the calaſh, with a large ruſſet-coloured riding-coat over it, to guard it from the ſun; and as the weather was hot, and he not a niggard of his labours, walking ten times more than he rode,—he found more occaſions than thoſe of nature, to fall back to the rear of his carriage; till, by frequent coming and going, it had ſo happen'd, that all his wine had leak'd out at the *legal* vent of the borrachio, before one half of the journey was finiſh'd.

Man

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been ſultry,—the evening was delicious,—the wine was generous,—the Burgundian hill on which it grew was ſteep,—a little tempting buſh, over the door of a cool cottage, at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony with the paſſions,—a gentle air ruſtled diſtinctly through the leaves,—"Come,—come,—thirſty muleteer,—come in."

—The muleteer was a ſon of Adam: I need not ſay one word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em, a ſound laſh, and looking in the Abbeſs's and Margarita's faces (as he did it)—as much as to ſay, "here I am,"—he gave a ſecond good crack, —as much as to ſay to his mules, "get on;"—ſo ſlinking behind, he enter'd the little inn at the foot of the hill.

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little joyous, chirping fellow, who thought not of to-morrow, nor of what had gone before, or what was to follow it, provided he got but his ſcantling of Burgundy, and a little chit-chat along with it; ſo entering into a long converſation, as how he was chief gardener to the convent of Andoüillets, &c. &c. and out of friendſhip for the Abbeſs and Mademoiſelle Margarita, who was only in her noviciate, he had come along with them from the confines of Savoy, &c. &c.—and as how ſhe had got a white ſwelling by her devotions;—and what a nation of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, &c. &c.—and that if the waters of Bourbon did not mend that leg,—ſhe might as well be lame of both, &c. &c. &c.—He ſo contrived his ſtory, as

abſolutely to forget the heroine of it,—and with her the little novice; and, what was a more tickliſh point to be forgot than both,—the two mules; who being creatures that take advantage of the world, inasmuch as their parents took it of them,—and they not being in a condition to return the obligation *downwards* (as men, and women, and beaſts are)—they do it ſide-ways, and long-ways, and back-ways,—and up hill, and down hill, and which way they can.—Philoſophers, with all their ethics, have never conſidered this rightly:—how ſhould the poor muleteer, then in his cups, conſider it at all? He did not in the leaſt;—'tis time we do. Let us leave him then in the vortex of his element, the happieſt and moſt thoughtleſs of mortal men, —and for a moment let us look after the mules, the Abbeſs, and Margarita.

By virtue of the muleteer's two laſt ſtrokes, the mules had gone quietly on, following their own conſciences up the hill, till they had conquer'd about one half of it; when the elder of them, a ſhrewd crafty old devil, at the turn of an angle, giving a ſide-glance, and no muleteer behind them;——

By my fig! ſaid ſhe, ſwearing, I'll go no further. ——And if I do, replied the other, they ſhall make a drum of my hide.

—And ſo, with one conſent, they ſtopp'd thus:——

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

——GET on with you, ſaid the Abbeſs.

——Wh - - - - -yſh, —yſh, —yſh, —cried Margarita.

——Sh - - - a, —ſhu - u, —ſhu - u, —ſh - - aw, —ſhaw'd the Abbeſs.

——Whu—v—w, —whew—w—w, —whuv'd Margarita, purſing up her ſweet lips betwixt a hoot and a whiſtle.

Thump,—thump,—thump,— obſtreperated the Abbeſs of Andoüillets, with the end of her gold-headed cane againſt the bottom of the calaſh.

——The old mule let a f—

CHAP. XXIII.

WE are ruin'd and undone, my child, ſaid the Abbeſs to Margarita;—we ſhall be here all night:—we ſhall be plunder'd,—we ſhall be raviſh'd!

——We ſhall be raviſh'd, ſaid Margarita, as ſure as a gun.

——*Sancta Maria!* cried the Abbeſs (forgetting the *O!*)—why was I govern'd by this wicked ſtiff joint? why did I leave the convent of Andoüillets? and why didſt thou not ſuffer thy ſervant to go unpolluted to her tomb?——

O my finger! my finger! cried the novice,

catching fire at the word *ſervant*,—why was I not content to put in here, or there? any where rather than be in this ſtrait?

——Strait! ſaid the Abbeſs.

——Strait!—ſaid the novice; for terror had ſtruck their underſtandings,—the one knew not what ſhe ſaid,—the other what ſhe anſwer'd.

——O my virginity! virginity! cried the Abbeſs.

——inity!—inity! ſaid the novice, ſobbing.

CHAP. XXIV.

MY dear mother, quoth the novice, coming a little to herſelf,—there are two certain words, which I have been told will force any horſe, or aſs, or mule, to go up a hill whether he will or not: be he ever ſo obſtinate or ill-will'd, the moment he hears them utter'd, he obeys.——They are words magic! cried the Abbeſs, in the utmoſt horror.——No, replied Margarita, calmly,—but they are words ſinful——What are they? quoth the Abbeſs, interrupting her.——They are ſinful in the firſt degree, anſwer'd Margarita;—they are mortal;—and if we are raviſh'd and die unabſolv'd of them, we ſhall both—— But you may pronounce them to me, quoth the Abbeſs of Andoüillets.——They cannot, my dear mother, ſaid the novice, be pronounced at all; they will make all the blood in one's body fly up into one's face.——But you may whiſper them in my ear, quoth the Abbeſs.

Heaven!

Heaven! hadſt thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill? Was there no generous and friendly ſpirit unemployed?—no agent in nature, by ſome monitory ſhivering, creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouſe the muleteer from his banquet?—no ſweet minſtrelſy to bring back the fair idea of the Abbeſs and Margarita, with their black roſaries!

Rouſe! rouſe!—but 'tis too late;—the horrid words are pronounced this moment,———and how to tell them,——Ye, who can ſpeak of every thing exiſting with unpolluted lips,—inſtruct me,—guide me!——

CHAP. XXV.

ALL ſins whatever, quoth the Abbeſs, turning caſuiſt in the diſtreſs they were under, are held by the confeſſor of our convent to be either mortal or venial: there is no further diviſion.—Now, a venial ſin being the ſlighteſt and leaſt of all ſins,—being halved,—by taking either only the half of it, and leaving the reſt,—or, by taking it all, and amicably halving it betwixt yourſelf and another perſon,—in courſe becomes diluted into no ſin at all.

Now I ſee no ſin in ſaying, *bou, bou, bou, bou, bou,* a hundred times together; nor is there any turpitude in pronouncing the ſyllable *ger, ger, ger,*

ger, ger, were it from our matins to our veſpers.—Therefore, my dear daughter, continued the Abbeſs of Andoüillets,—I will ſay *bou,* and thou ſhalt ſay *ger ;* and then alternately as there is no more ſin in *fou* than in *bou* ;—thou ſhalt ſay *fou,*—and I will come in (like fa, ſol, la, re, mi, ut, at our complines) with *ter* :—and accordingly the Abbeſs, giving the pitch-note, ſet off thus :

Abbeſs, } Bou - - bou - - bou - -
Margarita, } ——ger, - - ger, - - ger.
Margarita, } Fou - - fou - - fou - -
Abbeſs, } —— ter, - - ter - - ter.

The two mules acknowledged the notes by a mutual laſh of their tails ; but it went no further.——'Twill anſwer by an' by, ſaid the novice.——

Abbeſs, } Bou- bou- bou- bou- bou- bou-
Margarita, } —— ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger.

Quicker ſtill, cried Margarita.

Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou.

Quicker ſtill, cried Margarita.

Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou.

Quicker ſtill.—God preſerve me, ſaid the Abbeſs.——They do not underſtand us, cried Margarita.——But the Devil does, ſaid the Abbeſs of Andoüillets.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHAT a tract of country have I run !—how many degrees nearer to the warm ſun am I advanced,

vanced, and how many fair and goodly cities have I ſeen, during the time you have been reading and reflecting, Madam, upon this ſtory!—There's Fontainbleau, and Sens, and Joigny, and Auxerre, and Dijon the capital of Burgundy, and Challon, and Mâcon the capital of the Maconeſe, and a ſcore more upon the road to Lyons;—and now I have run them over,—I might as well talk to you of ſo many market-towns in the moon, as tell you one word about them: it will be this chapter at the leaſt, if not both this and the next entirely loſt, do what I will.——

Why, 'tis a ſtrange ſtory! Triſtram.

——Alas! Madam, had it been upon ſome melancholy lecture of the croſs,—the peace of meekneſs, or the contentment of reſignation,—I had not been incommoded; or had I thought of writing it upon the purer abſtractions of the ſoul, and that food of wiſdom, and holineſs, and contemplation, upon which the ſpirit of man (when ſeparated from the body) is to ſubſiſt for ever,—you would have come with a better appetite from it.——

I wiſh I never had wrote it: but as I never blot any thing out,—let us uſe ſome honeſt means to get it out of our heads directly.

Pray reach me my fool's cap:—I fear you ſit upon it, Madam;—'tis under the cuſhion:—I'll put it on.——

Bleſs me! you have had it upon your head this half hour.—There then let it ſtay, with a

Fa-ra

Fa-ra diddle di
and a fa-ri diddle d
and a high-dum,—dye-dum
fiddle - - - dum - c.

And now, Madam, we may venture, I hope, a little to go on.

CHAP. XXVII.

ALL you need ſay of Fontainbleau (in caſe you are aſk'd) is, that it ſtands about forty miles (ſouth *ſomething*) from Paris, in the middle of a large foreſt: —that there is ſomething great in it: —that the King goes there once every two or three years, with his whole court, for the pleaſure of the chace; and that, during that carnival of ſporting, any Engliſh gentleman of faſhion (you need not forget yourſelf) may be accommodated with a nag or two, to partake of the ſport, taking care only not to out-gallop the King——

Though there are two reaſons why you need not talk loud of this to every one.

Firſt, Becauſe 'twill make the ſaid nags the harder to be got; and,

Secondly, 'Tis not a word of it true.—*Allons!*

As for Sens,—you may diſpatch it in a word; —" 'Tis an archiepiſcopal ſee."

For Joigny,—the leſs, I think, one ſays of it, the better.

But for Auxerre, I could go on for ever: for in

in my *grand tour* through Europe, in which, after all, my father (not caring to truſt me with any one) attended me himſelf, with my uncle Toby, and Trim, and Obadiah, and indeed moſt of the family, except my mother, who being taken up with a project of knitting my father a pair of large worſted breeches—(the thing is common ſenſe)—and ſhe not caring to be put out of her way, ſhe ſtaid at home, at Shandy Hall, to keep things right during the expedition; in which, I ſay, my father ſtopping us two days at Auxerre, and his reſearches being ever of ſuch a nature, that they would have found fruit even in a deſert,—he has left me enough to ſay upon Auxerre. In ſhort, wherever my father went;—but 'twas more remarkably ſo in this journey through France and Italy, than in any other ſtages of his life;—his road ſeemed to lie ſo much on one ſide of that, wherein all other travellers have gone before him,—he ſaw Kings, and courts, and ſilks of all colours, in ſuch ſtrange lights;—and his remarks and reaſonings upon the characters, the manners, and cuſtoms of the countries we paſs'd over, were ſo oppoſite to thoſe of all other mortal men, particularly thoſe of my Uncle Toby and Trim—(to ſay nothing of myſelf);—and to crown all,—the occurrences and ſcrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in conſequence of his ſyſtems and opiniatry,—they were of ſo odd, ſo mix'd and tragi-comical a contexture,—that the whole put together, it appears of ſo different a ſhade and tint from any tour of Europe, which

was

was ever executed,—that I will venture to pronounce,—the fault muſt be mine, and mine only,—if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more,—or, which comes to the ſame point,—till the world, finally, takes it into its head to ſtand ſtill.

But this rich bale is not to be open'd now, except a ſmall thread or two of it, merely to unravel the myſtery of my father's ſtay at Auxerre.

As I have mention'd it,—'tis too ſlight to be kept ſuſpended; and when 'tis wove in, there is an end of it.——

We'll go, brother Toby, ſaid my father, whilſt dinner is coddling,—to the abbey of Saint Germain, if it be only to ſee theſe bodies, of which Monſieur Sequier has given ſuch a recommendation.——I'll go ſee any body, quoth my uncle Toby; for he was all compliance through every ſtep of the journey.——Defend me! ſaid my father,—they are all mummies.——Then one need not ſhave, quoth my uncle Toby.——Shave! no,—cried my father,—'twill be more like relations to go with our beards on.——So out we ſallied, the Corporal lending his maſter his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abbey of Saint Germain.——

Every thing is very fine, and very rich, and very ſuperb, and very magnificent, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to the ſacriſtan, who was a younger brother of the order of Benedictines;—but our curioſity has led us to ſee the bodies, of which Monſieur Sequier has given the world ſo exact a deſcription.——The ſacriſtan made a bow, and lighting

lighting a torch firſt, which he had always in the veſtry ready for the purpoſe, he led us into the tomb of St. Heribald.——This, ſaid the ſacriſtan, laying his hand upon the tomb, was a renown'd prince of the houſe of Bavaria, who, under the ſucceſſive reigns of Charlemagne, Louis le Debonnair, and Charles the Bald, bore a great ſway in the government, and had a principal hand in bringing every thing into order and diſcipline.——

Then he has been as great, ſaid my uncle, in the field as in the cabinet.——I dare ſay he has been a gallant ſoldier.——He was a monk,—ſaid the ſacriſtan.——

My uncle Toby and Trim ſought comfort in each other's faces,—but found it not.—My father clapp'd both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when any thing hugely tickled him: for though he hated a monk, and the very ſmell of a monk, worſe than all the Devils in hell, —yet, the ſhot hitting my uncle Toby and Trim ſo much harder than him, 'twas a relative triumph, and put him into the gayeſt humour in the world.——

And pray what do you call this gentleman? quoth my father, rather ſportingly.——This tomb, ſaid the young Benedictine, looking downwards, contains the bones of St. Maxima, who came from Ravenna on purpoſe to touch the body——

Of St. Maximus, ſaid my father, popping in with his ſaint before him,—they were two of the greateſt ſaints in the whole martyrology, added my father.——Excuſe me, ſaid the ſacriſtan,—

'twas

'twas to touch the bones of St. Germain, the builder of the abbey.——And what did ſhe get by it? ſaid my uncle Toby.——What does any woman get by it? ſaid my father.—*Martyrdom*, replied the young Benedictine, making a bow down to the ground, and uttering the word with ſo humble but deciſive a cadence, it diſarmed my father for a moment.—'Tis ſuppoſed, continued the Benedictine, that St. Maxima has lain in this tomb four hundred years, and two hundred before her canonization.——'Tis but a ſlow riſe, brother Toby, quoth my father, in this ſelf-ſame army of martyrs. ——A deſperate ſlow one, an' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid Trim, unleſs one could purchaſe.——I ſhould rather ſell out entirely, quoth my uncle Toby.—— I am pretty much of your opinion, brother Toby, ſaid my father.——

Poor St. Maxima! ſaid my uncle Toby, low to himſelf, as we turn'd from her tomb.——She was one of the faireſt and moſt beautiful ladies either of Italy or France, continued the ſacriſtan.—— But who the deuce has got lain down here, beſide her? quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb as we walked on.——It is Saint Optat, Sir, anſwered the ſacriſtan.——And properly is Saint Optat plac'd! ſaid my father: And what is Saint Optat's ſtory? continued he.——Saint Optat, replied the ſacriſtan, was a biſhop.—

——I thought ſo, by Heaven! cried my father, interrupting him;—Saint Optat!—how ſhould Saint Optat fail?—So ſnatching out his pocket-book, and the young Benedictine holding him the

torch as he wrote, he ſet it down as a new prop to his ſyſtem of Chriſtian names; and I will be bold to ſay, ſo diſintereſted was he in the ſearch of truth, that, had he found a treaſure in Saint Optat's tomb, it would not have made him half ſo rich: 'twas as ſucceſsful a ſhort viſit as ever was paid to the dead; and ſo highly was his fancy pleas'd with all that had paſſed in it,—that he determined at once to ſtay another day in Auxerre.

——I'll ſee the reſt of theſe good gentry to-morrow, ſaid my father, as we croſs'd over the ſquare.——And while you are paying that viſit, brother Shandy, quoth my uncle Toby, the Corporal and I will mount the ramparts.

CHAP. XXVIII.

——NOW this is the moſt puzzled ſkein of all; —for in this laſt chapter, as far at leaſt as it has help'd me through Auxerre, I have been getting forwards in two different journies together, and with the ſame daſh of the pen;—for I have got entirely out of Auxerre in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half way out of Auxerre in that which I ſhall write hereafter. —There is but a certain degree of perfection in every thing; and, by puſhing at ſomething beyond that, I have brought myſelf into ſuch a ſituation, as no traveller ever ſtood before me; for I am this moment walking acroſs the market-place of Auxerre, with my father and my uncle Toby, in our way back

back to dinner;—and I am this moment alſo entering Lyons, with my poſt-chaiſe broke into a thouſand pieces;—and I am, moreover, this moment in a handſome pavilion, built by Pringello*, upon the banks of the Garonne, which Monſ. Sligniac has lent me, and where I now ſit rhapſodizing all theſe affairs.

——Let me collect myſelf, and purſue my journey.

CHAP. XXIX.

I AM glad of it, ſaid I, ſettling the account with myſelf, as I walk'd into Lyons,—my chaiſe being all laid higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving ſlowly before me.—I am heartily glad, ſaid I, that 'tis all broke to pieces; for now I can go directly by water to Avignon, which will carry me on a hundred and twenty miles of my journey, and not coſt me ſeven livres;—and from thence, continued I, bringing forwards the accounts, I can hire a couple of mules,—or aſſes, if I like (for nobody knows me) and croſs the plains of Languedoc for almoſt nothing:—I ſhall gain four hundred livres by the misfortune clear into my purſe; and pleaſure! worth,—worth double the money by it. With what velocity, continued

* The famous Don Pringello, the celebrated Spaniſh architect, of whom my couſin Antony has made ſuch honourable mention, in a ſcholium to the Tale inſcribed to his name. Vid. p. 129, ſmall edit.

I, clap-

I, clapping my two hands together, ſhall I fly down the rapid Rhone, with the Vivares on my right hand, and Dauphiny on my left, ſcarce ſeeing the ancient cities of Vienne, Valence, and Vivieres! What a flame will it rekindle in the lamp, to ſnatch a bluſhing grape from the Hermitage and Cotê Roti, as I ſhoot by the foot of them! and what a freſh ſpring in the blood! to behold upon the banks advancing and retiring, the caſtles of romance, whence courteous knights have whilom reſcued the diſtreſs'd;—and ſee, vertiginous, the rocks, the mountains, the cataracts, and all the hurry which Nature is in with all her great works about her!

As I went on thus, methought my chaiſe, the wreck of which look'd ſtately enough at the firſt, inſenſibly grew leſs and leſs in its ſize; the freſhneſs of the painting was no more,—the gilding loſt its luſtre,—and the whole affair appeared ſo poor in my eyes!—ſo ſorry!—ſo contemptible!—and, in a word, ſo much worſe than the Abbeſs of Andoüillets itſelf,—that I was juſt opening my mouth to give it to the Devil,—when a pert, vamping chaiſe-undertaker, ſtepping nimbly acroſs the ſtreet, demanded if Monſieur would have his chaiſe refitted.——No, no, ſaid I, ſhaking my head ſideways.——Would Monſieur chooſe to ſell it? rejoined the undertaker.——With all my ſoul, ſaid I;—the iron work is worth forty livres,—and the glaſſes worth forty more,—and the leather you may take to live on.

——What a mine of wealth, quoth I, as he counted me the money, has this poſt-chaiſe brought

me in! And this is my uſual method of book-keeping, at leaſt with the diſaſters of life,—making a penny of every one of 'em as they happen to me.

——Do, my dear Jenny, tell the world for me, how I behaved under one, the moſt oppreſſive of its kind, which could befal me as a man, proud as he ought to be of his manhood.

'Tis enough, ſaidſt thou, coming cloſe up to me, as I ſtood with my garters in my hand, reflecting upon what had *not* paſs'd.——'Tis enough, Triſtram, and I am ſatisfied, ſaidſt thou, whiſpering theſe words in my ear, * * * * * * * * ;— * * * * ——any other man would have ſunk down to the centre.

——Every thing is good for ſomething, quoth I.

——I'll go into Wales for ſix weeks, and drink goat's whey,—and I'll gain ſeven years longer life for the accident. For which reaſon I think myſelf inexcuſable for blaming Fortune ſo often as I have done, for pelting me all my life long, like an ungracious ducheſs, as I call'd her, with ſo many ſmall evils. Surely, if I have any cauſe to be angry with her, 'tis that ſhe has not ſent me great ones:—a ſcore of good curſed, bouncing loſſes, would have been as good as a penſion to me.

—One of a hundred a year, or ſo, is all I wiſh:—I would not be at the plague of paying land-tax for a larger.

CHAP. XXX.

TO thoſe who call vexations, *vexations*, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the beſt part of a day at Lyons, the moſt opulent and flouriſhing city in France, enriched with the moſt fragments of antiquity,—and not be able to ſee it. To be withheld upon *any* account, muſt be a vexation; but to be withheld *by* a vexation,—muſt certainly be what philoſophy juſtly calls

VEXATION
upon
VEXATION.

I had got my two diſhes of milk-coffee (which, by the bye, is excellently good for a conſumption; but you muſt boil the milk and coffee together,—otherwiſe 'tis only coffee and milk)—and as it was no more than eight in the morning, and the boat did not go off till noon, I had time to ſee enough of Lyons to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. I will take a walk to the cathedral, ſaid I, looking at my liſt, and ſee the wonderful mechaniſm of this great clock of Lippius of Baſil, in the firſt place.

Now, of all things in the world, I underſtand the leaſt of mechaniſm;—I have neither genius, or taſte, or fancy,—and have a brain ſo entirely unapt for every thing of that kind, that I ſolemnly declare I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a ſquirrel-cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel,—tho' I have many an

hour of my life look'd up with great devotion at the one,—and ſtood by with as much patience as any Chriſtian ever could do at the other.

I'll go ſee the ſurpriſing movements of this great clock, ſaid I, the very firſt thing I do: and then I will pay a viſit to the great library of the Jeſuits, and procure, if poſſible, a ſight of the thirty volumes of the general hiſtory of China, wrote (not in the Tartarean, but) in the Chineſe language, and in the Chineſe character too.

Now, I almoſt know as little of the Chineſe language, as I do of the mechaniſm of Lippius's clock-work; ſo, why theſe ſhould have joſtled themſelves into the two firſt articles of my liſt,—I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature. I own, it looks like one of her ladyſhip's obliquities; and they who court her, are intereſted in finding out her humour as much as I.

When theſe curioſities are ſeen, quoth I, half addreſſing myſelf to my valet de place, who ſtood behind me,—'twill be no hurt if we go to the church of St. Irenæus, and ſee the pillar to which Chriſt was tied;—and, after that, the houſe where Pontius Pilate lived.——'Twas at the next town, ſaid the valet de place, at Vienne.——I am glad of it, ſaid I, riſing briſkly from my chair, and walking acroſs the room with ſtrides twice as long as my uſual pace;—"for ſo much the ſooner ſhall "I be at the *Tomb of the Two Lovers.*"

What was the cauſe of this movement, and why I took ſuch long ſtrides in uttering this,—I might leave to the curious too; but, as no principle of clock-

clock-work is concerned in it,—'twill be as well for the reader if I explain it myſelf.

CHAP. XXXI.

O! THERE is a ſweet æra in the life of man, when (the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than any thing elſe)—a ſtory read of two fond lovers, ſeparated from each other by cruel parents, and by ſtill more cruel deſtiny.— —

Amandus—He,
Amanda—She,——

each ignorant of the other's courſe;

He—eaſt,
She—weſt:

Amandus taken captive by the Turks, and carried to the Emperor of Morocco's court, where the Princeſs of Morocco, falling in love with him, keeps him twenty years in priſon for the love of his Amanda.

She (Amanda) all the time wandering barefoot, and with diſhevell'd hair, o'er rocks and mountains, enquiring for Amandus!—Amandus! Amandus! —making every hill and valley to echo back his name——

Amandus! Amandus!

at every town and city, ſitting down forlorn at the gate:——Has Amandus!—has my Amandus enter'd?——till,—going round, and round, and round the world,—chance unexpectedly bringing them at the ſame moment of the night, though by different ways, to the gate of Lyons, their native

city, and each in well-known accents calling out aloud,

Is Amandus
Is my Amanda } ſtill alive?

they fly into each other's arms, and both drop down dead for joy.

There is a ſoft æra in every gentle mortal's life, where ſuch a ſtory affords more *pabulum* to the brain than all the Fruſts, and Cruſts, and Ruſts of antiquity, which travellers can cook up for it.

——'Twas all that ſtuck on the right ſide of the cullender in my own, of what Spon and others, in their accounts of Lyons, had *ſtrained* into it; and finding, moreover, in ſome Itinerary, but in what, God knows,—that, ſacred to the fidelity of Amandus and Amanda, a tomb was built without the gates, where, to this hour, lovers called upon them to atteſt their truths,—I never could get into a ſcrape of that kind in my life, but this *tomb of the lovers* would, ſomehow or other, come in at the cloſe; nay, ſuch a kind of empire had it eſtabliſh'd over me, that I could ſeldom think or ſpeak of Lyons;—and, ſometimes, not ſo much as ſee even a Lyons-waiſtcoat, but this remnant of antiquity would preſent itſelf to my fancy; and I have often ſaid in my wild way of running on,—tho' I fear with ſome irreverence,—"I thought this ſhrine (neglected as it was) as valuable as that of Mecca, and ſo little ſhort, except in wealth, of the *Santa Caſa* itſelf, that, ſometime or other, I would go a pilgrimage (though I had no other buſineſs at Lyons) on purpoſe to pay it a viſit."

In

In my liſt, therefore, of Videnda at Lyons, this, tho' *laſt*,—was not, you ſee, *leaſt;* ſo taking a dozen or two of longer ſtrides than uſual acroſs my room, juſt whilſt it paſſed my brain, I walked down calmly into the *Baſſe Cour*, in order to ſally forth; and having called for my bill,—as it was uncertain whether I ſhould return to my inn, I had paid it,—had, moreover, given the maid ten ſous, and was juſt receiving the dernier compliments of Monſieur Le Blanc, for a pleaſant voyage down the Rhône,—when I was ſtopp'd at the gate.

CHAP. XXXII.

'TWAS by a poor aſs, who had juſt turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemoſynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and ſtood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inſide of the threſhold, and with his two hinder-feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to ſtrike;—there is a patient endurance of ſufferings, wrote ſo unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads ſo mightily for him, that it always diſarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to ſpeak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will,—whether in town or country,—in cart or under panniers,—whether in liberty or bondage,—I have ever ſomething civil to ſay to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)

—I generally fall into converſation with him; and ſurely never is my imagination ſo buſy as in framing his reſponſes from the etchings of his countenance,—and where thoſe carry me not deep enough,—in flying from my own heart into his, and ſeeing what is natural for an aſs to think,—as well as a man, upon the occaſion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the claſſes of beings below me, with whom I can do this; for parrots, jackdaws, &c. I never exchange a word with them,—nor with apes, &c. for pretty near the ſame reaſon; they act by wrote, as the others ſpeak by it, and equally make me ſilent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and, for my dog, he would ſpeak if he could)—yet, ſomehow or other, they neither of them poſſeſs the talents for converſation;—I can make nothing of a diſcourſe with them beyond the *propoſition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's and my mother's converſations in his beds of juſtice;—and thoſe utter'd,—there's an end of the dialogue.

——But with an aſs, I can commune for ever.

—Come, Honeſty! ſaid I,—ſeeing it was impracticable to paſs betwixt him and the gate,—art thou for coming in or going out?

——The aſs twiſted his head round, to look up the ſtreet.

——Well, replied I, we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

——He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wiſtfully the oppoſite way.

I underſtand thee perfectly, anſwered I;—if thou

thou takeſt a wrong ſtep in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death.—Well, a minute is but a minute, and, if it ſaves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it ſhall not be ſet down as ill-ſpent.

He was eating the ſtem of an artichoke as this diſcourſe went on, and, in the little peeviſh contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unſavourineſs, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again.—God help thee, Jack! ſaid I, thou haſt a bitter breakfaſt on't,—and many a bitter day's labour,—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages!—'tis all—all bitterneſs to thee, whatever life is to others!—And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare ſay, as ſoot—(for he had caſt aſide the ſtem) and thou haſt not a friend, perhaps, in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.—In ſaying this, I pull'd out a paper of 'em, which I had juſt purchaſed, and gave him one,—and, at this moment that I am telling it, my heart ſmites me, that there was more of pleaſantry in the conceit of ſeeing *how* an aſs would eat a macaroon,—than of benevolence in giving him one, which preſided in the act.

When the aſs had eaten his macaroon, I preſs'd him to come in;—the poor beaſt was heavy loaded,—his legs ſeemed to tremble under him,—he hung rather backwards; and, as I pull'd at his halter, it broke ſhort in my hand.—He look'd up penſive in my face—"Don't thraſh me with it;—but, if you "will, you may."——If I do, ſaid I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like

like the Abbeſs of Andoüillets—(ſo there was no ſin in it)—when a perſon coming in, let fall a thundering baſtinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it !

cried I;—but the interjection was equivocal, and, I think, wrong placed too,—for the end of an oſier which had ſtarted out from the contexture of the aſs's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches-pocket as he ruſh'd by me, and rent it in the moſt diſaſtrous direction you can imagine;—ſo that the

Out upon it ! in my opinion, ſhould have come in here;—but this I leave to be ſettled by

THE
REVIEWERS
OF
MY BREECHES,

which I have brought over along with me for that purpoſe.

CHAP. XXXIII.

WHEN all was ſet to rights, I came down ſtairs again into the *Baſſe Cour* with my *valet de place*, in order to ſally out towards the tomb of the two lovers, &c.—and was a ſecond time ſtopp'd at the gate;—not by the aſs,—but by the perſon who ſtruck him; and who, by that time, had taken poſſeſſion (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very ſpot of ground where the aſs ſtood.

It was a commiſſary ſent to me from the poſt-office, with a reſcript in his hand, for the payment of ſome ſix livres odd ſous.

Upon

Upon what account? ſaid I.——'Tis upon the part of the King, replied the commiſſary, heaving up both his ſhoulders.

——My good friend, quoth I,—as ſure as I am I,—and you are you,——

——And who are you? ſaid he.

——Don't puzzle me, ſaid I.

CHAP. XXXIV.

— BUT it is an indubitable verity, continued I, addreſſing myſelf to the commiſſary, changing only the form of my aſſeveration,—that I owe the King of France nothing but my good-will; for he is a very honeſt man, and I wiſh him all health and paſtime in the world.

Pardonnez moi,—replied the commiſſary; you are indebted to him ſix livres four ſous for the next poſt from hence to St. Fons, in your route to Avignon;—which being a poſt royal, you pay double for the horſes and poſtillion,—otherwiſe 'twould have amounted to no more than three livres two ſous.

——But I don't go by land, ſaid I.

——You may, if you pleaſe, replied the commiſſary.

——Your moſt obedient ſervant,—ſaid I, making him a low bow.——

The commiſſary, with all the ſincerity of grave good breeding,—made me one as low again.—I never was more diſconcerted with a bow in my life.

——The

——The Devil take the ſerious character of theſe people! quoth I—(aſide)—they underſtand no more of *irony* than this——

The compariſon was ſtanding cloſe by with his panniers,—but ſomething ſealed up my lips;—I could not pronounce the name.

—Sir, ſaid I, collecting myſelf,—it is not my intention to take poſt.

——But you may,—ſaid he, perſiſting in his firſt reply;—you may take poſt, if you chuſe.

——And I may take ſalt to my pickled herring, ſaid I, if I chuſe.

—But I do not chuſe.

——But you muſt pay for it whether you do or no.

——Ay! for the ſalt, ſaid I (I know)

——And for the poſt too, added he.——Defend me! cried I.

——I travel by water;—I am going down the Rhône this very afternoon;—my baggage is in the boat,—and I have actually paid nine livres for my paſſage.

C'eſt tout egal,—'tis all one, ſaid he.

——*Bon Dieu!* what, pay for the way I go! and for the way I do *not* go!

——*C'eſt tout egal*, replied the commiſſary.

——The Devil it is! ſaid I;—but I will go to ten thouſand Baſtiles firſt.

O England! England! thou land of liberty, and climate of good ſenſe! thou tendereſt of mothers, and gentleſt of nurſes! cried I, kneeling upon one knee as I was beginning my apoſtrophe,—

When

When the director of Madame Le Blanc's conſcience coming in at that inſtant, and ſeeing a perſon in black, with a face as pale as aſhes, at his devotions,—looking ſtill paler by the contraſt and diſtreſs of his drapery,—aſk'd if I ſtood in want of the aids of the church?

——I go by *water*, ſaid I;—and here's another will be for making me pay for going by *oil!*

CHAP. XXXV.

AS I perceived the commiſſary of the poſt-office would have his ſix livres four ſous, I had nothing elſe for it, but to ſay ſome ſmart thing upon the occaſion, worth the money:

And ſo I ſet off thus:—

And pray, Mr. Commiſſary, by what law of courteſy is a defenceleſs ſtranger to be uſed juſt the reverſe from what you uſe a Frenchman in this matter?

——By no means, ſaid he.

——Excuſe me, ſaid I;—for you have begun, Sir, with tearing off my breeches,—and now you want my pocket.

Whereas,—had you firſt taken my pocket, as you do with your own people,—and then left me bare a—'d after,—I had been a beaſt to have complain'd.

As it is,—

—'Tis contrary to the *law of nature*,

—'Tis contrary to *reaſon*,

—'Tis contrary to the *Goſpel*.

——But

——But not to this,—ſaid he—putting a printed paper into my hand :—

PAR LE ROY.

——'Tis a pithy prolegomenon, quoth I ;—and ſo read on — — — —

— — — — — — —

— — — — — — —

— — — — — — —

— — — — — — —

—By all which it appears, quoth I, having read it over a little too rapidly, that if a man ſets out in a poſt-chaiſe from Paris,—he muſt go on travelling in one all the days of his life,—or pay for it.—— Excuſe me, ſaid the commiſſary, the ſpirit of the ordinance is this :—That if you ſet out with an intention of running poſt from Paris to Avignon, &c. you ſhall not change that intention, or mode of travelling, without firſt ſatisfying the fermiers for two poſts further than the place you repent at ;—and 'tis founded, continued he, upon this, That the *Revenues* are not to fall ſhort through your *fickleneſs*.

——O by Heavens! cried I,—if fickleneſs is taxable in France,—we have nothing to do but to make the beſt peace with you we can.

And ſo the Peace was made ;

—And if it is a bad one,—as Triſtram Shandy laid the corner-ſtone of it,—nobody but Triſtram Shandy ought to be hanged.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THOUGH I was ſenſible I had ſaid as many clever things to the commiſſary as came to ſix livres four ſous, yet I was determined to note down the impoſition amongſt my remarks before I retired from the place; ſo putting my hand into my coat pocket for my remarks—(which, by the bye, may be a caution to travellers to take a little more care of *their* remarks for the future)—" my remarks were *ſtolen.*"—Never did ſorry traveller make ſuch a pother and racket about his remarks as I did about mine, upon the occaſion.

Heaven! earth! ſea! fire! cried I, calling in every thing to my aid but what I ſhould,—my remarks are ſtolen!—What ſhall I do?—Mr. Commiſſary! pray did I drop any remarks as I ſtood beſide you?——

You dropp'd a good many very ſingular ones, replied he.——Pugh! ſaid I, thoſe were but a few, not worth above ſix livres two ſous;—but theſe are a large parcel.——He ſhook his head. ——Monſieur Le Blanc! Madame Le Blanc! did you ſee any papers of mine?—You, maid of the houſe, run up ſtairs!—François, run up after her!

—I muſt have my remarks;—they were the beſt remarks, cried I, that ever were made—the wiſeſt,—the wittieſt.—What ſhall I do?—Which way ſhall I turn myſelf?

Sancho Pança, when he loſt his aſs's *furniture*, did not exclaim more bitterly.

CHAP. XXXVII.

WHEN the firſt tranſport was ovér, and the regiſters of the brain were beginning to get a little out of the confuſion into which this jumble of croſs accidents had caſt them,—it then preſently occurr'd to me, that I had left my remarks in the pocket of the chaiſe;—and that in ſelling my chaiſe, I had ſold my remarks along with it, to the chaiſe-vamper.

I leave this void ſpace, that the reader may ſwear into it any oath he is moſt unaccuſtomed to.—For my own part, if ever I ſwore a *whole* oath into a vacancy in my life, I think it was into that—* * * * * * * * *, ſaid I;—and ſo my remarks through France, which were as full of wit as an egg is full of meat,—and as well worth four hundred guineas as the ſaid egg is worth a penny,—have I been ſelling here to a chaiſe-vamper,—for four Louis d'Ors;—and giving him a poſt-chaiſe (by Heaven!) worth ſix into the bargain; had it been to Dodſley, or Becket, or any creditable bookſeller, who was either leaving off buſineſs, and wanted a poſt-chaiſe,—or who was beginning it—and wanted my remarks, and two or three guineas along with them,—I could have borne it; but to a chaiſe-vamper!—Shew me to him this moment, François, ſaid I.——The *valet de place* put on his hat, and led the way;—and I pull'd off mine as I paſs'd the commiſſary, and followed him.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

WHEN we arrived at the chaiſe-vamper's houſe, both the houſe and the ſhop were ſhut up; it was the eighth of September, the nativity of the bleſſed Virgin Mary, mother of God.

—Tantarra-ra-tan-tivi,—the whole world was going out a May-poling,—friſking here,—capering there,—nobody cared a button for me or my remarks; ſo I ſat me down upon a bench by the door, philoſophizing upon my condition. By a better fate than uſually attends me, I had not waited half an hour, when the miſtreſs came in to take the papilliotes from off her hair, before ſhe went to the May-poles.

The French women, by the bye, love May-poles, *à la folie*;—that is, as much as their matins.—Give 'em but a May-pole, whether in May, June, July, or September,—they never count the times,—down it goes,—'tis meat, drink, waſhing, and lodging to 'em;—and had we but the policy, an' pleaſe your Worſhips (as wood is a little ſcarce in France) to ſend them but plenty of May-poles,——

The women would ſet them up; and when they had done, they would dance round them (and the men for company) till they were all blind.

The wife of the chaiſe-vamper ſtepp'd in, I told you, to take the papilliotes from off her hair,—the toilet ſtands ſtill for no man,—ſo ſhe jerk'd off her cap, to begin with them, as ſhe open'd the door; in doing which, one of them fell upon the ground:—I inſtantly ſaw it was my own writing.

O Seigneur! cried I,—you have got all my remarks upon your head, Madam!——*J'en ſuis bien mortifiée*, ſaid ſhe.——'Tis well, thinks I, they have ſtuck there,—for could they have gone deeper, they would have made ſuch confuſion in a French woman's noddle,—ſhe had better have gone with it unfrizzled to the day of eternity.

Tenez, ſaid ſhe;—ſo without any idea of the nature of my ſuffering, ſhe took them from her curls, and put them gravely, one by one, into my hat;—one was twiſted this way,—another twiſted that.——Aye! by my faith, and when they are publiſhed, quoth I,—

They will be worſe twiſted ſtill.

CHAP. XXXIX.

AND now for Lippius's clock! ſaid I, with the air of a man who had got through all his difficulties;—nothing can prevent us ſeeing that, and the Chineſe hiſtory, &c.——Except the time, ſaid François;—for 'tis almoſt eleven.——Then we muſt ſpeed the faſter, ſaid I, ſtriding it away to the cathedral.

I cannot ſay, in my heart, that it gave me any concern in being told by one of the minor canons, as I was entering the weſt door,—That Lippius's great clock was all out of joints, and had not gone for ſome years.—It will give me the more time, thought I, to peruſe the Chineſe hiſtory; and beſides, I ſhall be able to give the world a better

account of the clock in its decay, than I could have done in its flouriſhing condition.

—And ſo away I poſted to the college of the Jeſuits.

Now it is with the project of getting a peep at the Hiſtory of China, in Chineſe characters,—as with many others I could mention, which ſtrike the fancy only at a diſtance; for as I came nearer and nearer to the point,—my blood cool'd,—the freak gradually went off, till at length I would not have given a cherry-ſtone to have it gratified.—The truth was, my time was ſhort, and my heart was at the Tomb of the Lovers.—I wiſh to God, ſaid I, as I got the rapper in my hand, that the key of the library may be but loſt. It fell out as well,—*For all the Jeſuits had got the cholic*;—and to that degree, as never was known in the memory of the oldeſt practitioner.

CHAP. XL.

AS I knew the geography of the Tomb of the Lovers, as well as if I had lived twenty years in Lyons; namely, that it was upon the turning of my right hand, juſt without the gate, leading to the Fauxbourg de Vaiſe,—I diſpatched François to the boat, that I might pay the homage I ſo long ow'd it, without a witneſs of my weakneſs;—I walk'd with all imaginable joy towards the place. —When I ſaw the gate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me.

—Tender and faithful ſpirits! cried I, addreſſing myſelf to Amandus and Amanda,—long,—long have I tarried to drop this tear upon your tomb.—I come,—I come—

When I came,—there was no tomb to drop it upon.

What would I have given for my uncle Toby to have whiſtled *Lillebullero!*

CHAP. XLI.

NO matter how, or in what mood,—but I flew from the Tomb of the Lovers,—or rather I did not fly *from* it—(for there was no ſuch thing exiſting) and juſt got time enough to the boat to ſave my paſſage;—and ere I had ſailed a hundred yards, the Rhône and the Saôn met together, and carried me down merrily betwixt them.

But I have deſcribed this voyage down the Rhône before I made it.

—So now I am at Avignon; and as there is nothing to ſee but the old houſe in which the Duke of Ormond reſided, and nothing to ſtop me but a ſhort remark upon the place, in three minutes you will ſee me croſſing the bridge upon a mule, with François upon a horſe with my portmanteau behind him, and the owner of both, ſtriding the way before us, with a long gun upon his ſhoulder, and a ſword under his arm, leſt peradventure we ſhould run away with his cattle. Had you ſeen my breeches in entering Avignon,—though you'd have

ſeen

ſeen them better, I think, as I mounted,—you would not have thought the precaution amiſs, or found in your heart to have taken it in dudgeon: for my own part, I took it moſt kindly; and determined to make him a preſent of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himſelf at all points againſt them.

Before I go further, let me get rid of my remark upon Avignon, which is this:—That I think it wrong, merely becauſe a man's hat has been blown off his head, by chance, the firſt night he comes to Avignon,—that he ſhould therefore ſay "Avignon "is more ſubject to high winds than any town in all "France:" for which reaſon, I laid no ſtreſs upon the accident till I had enquired of the maſter of the inn about it; who telling me ſeriouſly it was ſo;—and hearing, moreover, the windineſs of Avignon ſpoken of in the country about as a proverb,—I ſet it down merely to aſk the learned what can be the cauſe;—the conſequence I ſaw,—for they are all Dukes, Marquiſſes, and Counts there,—the deuce a Baron in all Avignon;—ſo that there is ſcarce any talking to them on a windy day.

Prithee, friend, ſaid I, take hold of my mule for a moment;—for I wanted to pull off one of my jack-boots, which hurt my heel:—the man was ſtanding quite idle at the door of the inn; and as I had taken it into my head he was ſomeway concerned about the houſe or ſtable, I put the bridle into his hand,—ſo begun with my boot.—When I

had finiſhed the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him,—

But Monſieur le Marquis had walked in.

CHAP. XLII.

I HAD now the whole ſouth of France, from the banks of the Rhône to thoſe of the Garonne, to traverſe upon my mule at my own leiſure,—*at my own leiſure*,—for I had left Death, the Lord knows,—and he only,—how far behind me!—— "I have followed many a man through France, "quoth he;—but never at this mettleſome rate." ——Still he followed,—and ſtill I fled him,—but I fled him cheerfully;—ſtill he purſued,—but, like one who purſued his prey without hope,—as he lagg'd, every ſtep he loſt ſoftened his looks.—Why ſhould I fly him at this rate?

So, notwithſtanding all the commiſſary of the poſt-office had ſaid, I changed the *mode* of my travelling once more; and, after ſo precipitate and rattling a courſe as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I ſhould traverſe the rich plains of Languedoc upon his back, as ſlowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleaſing to a traveller,—or more terrible to travel-writers, than a large rich plain, eſpecially if it is without great rivers or bridges; and preſents nothing to the eye but one unvaried picture of plenty: for after they have once told you, that 'tis delicious, or (delightful as the caſe happens);—that the ſoil was grateful, and that

that Nature pours out all her abundance, &c. . . . . they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with,—and which is of little or no uſe to them, but to carry them to ſome town; and that town, perhaps of little more, but a new place to ſtart from to the next plain,—and ſo on.

This is moſt terrible work;—judge if I don't manage my plains better.

CHAP. XLIII.

I HAD not gone above two leagues and a half, before the man with his gun began to look at his priming.

I had three ſeveral times loiter'd *terribly* behind; half a mile at leaſt every time: once in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums for the fairs of Baucaria and Tarafcone:—I did not underſtand the principles.——

The ſecond time, I cannot ſo properly ſay I ſtopp'd,—for meeting a couple of Franciſcans ſtraitened more for time than myſelf, and not being able to get to the bottom of what I was about,—I had turned back with them.——

The third, was an affair of trade with a goſſip, for a hand-baſket of Provence figs for four ſous: this would have been tranſacted at once, but for a caſe of conſcience at the cloſe of it; for when the figs were paid for, it turn'd out, that there were two dozen of eggs covered over with vine leaves at the bottom of the baſket:—as I had no intention of buying eggs,—I made no ſort of claim of them:—

as for the ſpace they had occupied, what ſignified it! I had figs enow for my money.——

But it was my intention to have the baſket;—it was the goſſip's intention to keep it, without which, ſhe could do nothing with her eggs;—and unleſs I had the baſket, I could do as little with my figs, which were too ripe already, and ſome of 'em burſt at the ſide: this brought on a ſhort contention, which terminated in ſundry propoſals what we ſhould both do.——

How we diſpoſed of our eggs and figs, I defy you or the Devil himſelf, had he not been there (which I am perſuaded he was) to form the leaſt probable conjecture.—You will read the whole of it,—not this year, for I am haſtening to the ſtory of my uncle Toby's amours;—but you will read it in the collection of thoſe which have aroſe out of the journey acroſs this plain;—and which, therefore, I call my

PLAIN STORIES.

How far my pen has been fatigued, like thoſe of other travellers, in this journey of it, over ſo barren a track,—the world muſt judge; but the traces of it, which are now all ſet o' vibrating together this moment, tell me 'tis the moſt fruitful and buſy period of my life; for as I had made no convention with my man with the gun, as to time,—by ſtopping and talking to every ſoul I met, who was not in a full trot,—joining all parties before me,—waiting for every ſoul behind,—hailing all thoſe who were coming through croſs-roads, arreſting all kinds of beggars,

beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, friars,—not paſſing by a woman in a mulberry-tree without commending her legs, and tempting her into converſation with a pinch of ſnuff:—In ſhort, by ſeizing every handle, of what ſize or ſhape ſoever, which chance held out to me in this journey,—I turned my *plain* into a *city*.—I was always in company, and with great variety too; and as my mule loved ſociety as much as myſelf, and had ſome propoſals always on his part to offer to every beaſt he met,—I am confident we could have paſſed through Pall-Mall or St. James's Street, for a month together, with fewer adventures,—and ſeen leſs of human nature.

O! there is that ſprightly frankneſs, which at once unpins every plait of a Languedocian's dreſs,—that whatever is beneath it, it looks ſo like the ſimplicity which poets ſung of in better days!—I will delude my fancy, and believe it is ſo.

'Twas in the road betwixt Niſmes and Lunel, where there is the beſt Muſcatto wine in all France, and which, by the bye, belongs to the honeſt canons of Montpellier;—and foul befal the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

The ſun was ſet;—they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afreſh,—and the ſwains were preparing for a carouſal;—my mule made a dead point.—'Tis the fife and tabourin, ſaid I.——I'm frighten'd to death, quoth he.——They are running at the ring of pleaſure, ſaid I, giving him a prick.——By Saint Boogar, and all the ſaints at the backſide of the door of purgatory,

purgatory, ſaid he—(making the ſame reſolution with the Abbeſs of Andoüillets) I'll not go a ſtep further.——'Tis very well, Sir, ſaid I.—I never will argue a point with one of your family as long as I live; ſo leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and t'other into that,—I'll take a dance, ſaid I;—ſo ſtay you here.

A ſun-burnt daughter of Labour roſe up from the group to meet me, as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was a dark cheſnut, approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a ſingle treſs.——

We want a cavalier, ſaid ſhe, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them.——And a cavalier ye ſhall have, ſaid I, taking hold of both of them.

Hadſt thou, Nannette, been array'd like a *Ducheſſe!*

But that curſed ſlit in thy petticoat!

Nannette car'd not for it.——

We could not have done without you, ſaid ſhe, letting go one hand, with ſelf-taught politeneſs, and leading me up with the other.——

A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompenſed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his own accord, ran ſweetly over the prelude, as he ſat upon the bank.——Tie me up this treſs inſtantly, ſaid Nannette, putting a piece of ſtring into my hand.——It taught me to forget I was a ſtranger.—The whole knot fell down.—We had been ſeven years acquainted.

The youth ſtruck the note upon the tabourin, his pipe followed, and off we bounded,—" the deuce " take that ſlit!"

The

The ſiſter of the youth, who had ſtolen her voice from Heaven, ſung alternately with her brother;—'twas a Gaſcoigne roundelay.

VIVA LA JOIA!

FIDON LA TRISTESSA!

The nymphs join'd in uniſon, and their ſwains an octave below them.——

I would have given a crown to have had it ſew'd up.—Nannette would not have given a ſous,—*Viva la joia* was in her lips:—*Viva la joia* was in her eyes.—A tranſient ſpark of amity ſhot acroſs the ſpace betwixt us.—She look'd amiable!—Why could I not live, and end my days thus? Juſt Diſpoſer of our joys and ſorrows, cried I, why could not a man ſit down in the lap of content here,—and dance, and ſing, and ſay his prayers, and go to Heaven with this nut-brown maid? Capriciouſly did ſhe bend her head on one ſide, and dance up inſidious.—Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I; ſo changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from Lunel to Montpellier;—from thence to Peſçnas, Beziers.—I danced it along through Narbonne, Carcaſſon, and Caſtle Naudairy, till at laſt I danced myſelf into Perdrillo's pavilion; where, pulling out a paper of black lines, that I might go on ſtraight forwards, without digreſſion or parentheſis in my uncle Toby's amours,——

I begun thus:—

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Non enim excursus hic ejus, sed opus ipsum est.

PLIN. Lib. v. Epist. 6.

VOL. VIII. ORIG. EDIT.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

—BUT ſoftly,—for in theſe ſportive plains, and under this genial ſun, where at this inſtant all fleſh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and every ſtep that's taken, the judgment is ſurpriſed by the imagination, I defy, nothwithſtanding all that has been ſaid upon *ſtraight lines* *, in ſundry pages of my book,—I defy the beſt cabbage-planter that ever exiſted, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account (except that he will have more to anſwer for in the one caſe than in the other) —I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in ſtraight lines, and ſtoical diſtances, eſpecially if ſlits in petticoats, are unſew'd up,—without ever and anon ſtraddling out, or ſidling into ſome baſtardly di-

* *Vide* vol. ii. towards the end.

greſſion.

greſſion.—In Freeze-land, Fog-land, and ſome other lands I wot of,—it may be done!—

But in this clear climate of fantaſy and perſpiration, where every idea, ſenſible and inſenſible, gets vent,—in this land, my dear Eugenius,—in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I now ſit, unſkrewing my inkhorn to write my uncle Toby's amours, and with all the meanders of Julia's track in queſt of her Diego, in full view of my ſtudy-window,—if thou comeſt not and takeſt me by the hand,——

What a work it is likely to turn out!

Let us begin it.

CHAP. II.

IT is with Love as with Cuckoldom:——but now I am talking of beginning a book, and have long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which, if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live (whereas the *compariſon* may be imparted to him any hour in the day)—I'll juſt mention it, and begin in good earneſt.

The thing is this:—

That of all the ſeveral ways of beginning a book which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the beſt.—I'm ſure it is the moſt religious,—for I begin with writing the firſt ſentence,—and truſting to Almighty God for the ſecond.

'Twould

'Twould cure an author for ever of the fuſs and folly of opening his ſtreet-door, and calling in his neighbours, and friends, and kinsfolk, with the Devil and all his imps, with their hammers, and engines, &c. only to obſerve how one ſentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wiſh you ſaw me half ſtarting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I graſp the elbow of it, I look up,—catching the idea even ſometimes before it half-way reaches me!

—I believe, in my conſcience, I intercept many a thought which heaven intended for another man.

Pope and his Portrait* are fools to me:—no martyr is ever ſo full of faith or fire,—I wiſh I could ſay of good work too;—but I have no

Zeal or Anger,—or
Anger or Zeal;—

and, till gods and men agree together to call it by the ſame name,—the arranteſt *Tartuffe* in ſcience, in politics,—or in religion, ſhall never kindle a ſpark within me, or have a worſe word, or a more unkind greeting, than what he will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. III.

——BON jour!—good-morrow!—ſo you have got your cloke on betimes!—but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly;—'tis

* *Vide* Pope's Portrait.

better

better to be well mounted than go o' foot;—and obſtructions in the glands are dangerous.—And how goes it with thy concubine,—thy wife,—and thy little ones o' both ſides? and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady,—your ſiſter, aunt, uncle, and couſins?—I hope they have got the better of their colds, coughs, claps, tooth-aches, fevers, ſtranguaries, ſciaticas, ſwellings, and ſore eyes.

——What a devil of an apothecary! to take ſo much blood,—give ſuch a vile purge,—puke,—poultice,—plaſter,—night-draught,—clyſter,—bliſter?——And why ſo many grains of calomel? *Santa Maria!* and ſuch a doſe of opium! periclitating, pardi! the whole family of ye, from head to tail!——By my great-aunt Dinah's old black velvet maſk! I think there was no occaſion for it.

Now this being a little bald about the chin, by frequently putting off and on, *before* ſhe was got with child by the coachman,—not one of our family would wear it after. To cover the *maſk* afreſh, was more than the maſk was worth;—and to wear a maſk which was bald, or which could be half ſeen through, was as bad as having no maſk at all.

——This is the reaſon, may it pleaſe your Reverences, that in all our numerous family, for theſe four generations, we count no more than one Archbiſhop, a Welſh Judge, ſome three or four Aldermen, and a ſingle Mountebank.——

In the ſixteenth century, we boaſt of no leſs than a dozen alchymiſts.

CHAP. IV.

" IT is with Love as with Cuckoldom ;"—the ſuffering party is at leaſt the *third*, but, generally, the laſt in the houſe who knows any thing about the matter: this comes, as all the world knows, from having half a dozen words for one thing; and ſo long as what in this veſſel of the human frame is *Love*,—may be *Hatred* in that,—*Sentiment* half a yard higher,—and *Nonſenſe*,——No, Madam, —not there ; I mean at the part I am now pointing to with my forefinger,—how can we help ourſelves ?

Of all mortal, and immortal men too, if you pleaſe, who ever ſoliloquized upon this myſtic ſubject, my uncle Toby was the worſt fitted to have puſh'd his reſearches through ſuch a contention of feelings; and he had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worſe matters, to ſee what they would turn out,—had not Bridget's pre-notification of them to Suſannah, and Suſannah's repeated manifeſtos thereupon to all the world, made it neceſſary for my uncle Toby to look into the affair.

CHAP. V.

WHY weavers, gardeners, and gladiators,—or a man with a pined leg (proceeding from ſome ailment in the *foot)*—ſhould ever have had ſome tender nymph breaking her heart in ſecret for them, are points well and duly ſettled and accounted for, by ancient and modern phyſiologiſts.

A water-drinker, provided he is a profeſſed one, and does it without fraud or covin, is preciſely in the ſame predicament: not that, at firſt ſight,

there is any conſequence, or ſhow of logic in it, "That a rill of cold water dribbling through my "inward parts, ſhould light up a torch in my Jenny's—"

——The propoſition does not ſtrike one: on the contrary, it ſeems to run oppoſite to the natural workings of cauſes and effects;—

——But it ſhows the weakneſs and imbecility of human reaſon.

——"And in perfect good health with it?"

——"The moſt perfect, Madam, that Friendſhip herſelf could wiſh me.—"

——"And drink nothing!—nothing but "water?"

——Impetuous fluid! the moment thou preſſeſt againſt the flood-gates of the brain,—ſee how they give way!

——In ſwims *Curioſity*, beckoning to her damſels to follow;—they dive into the center of the current.

Fancy ſits muſing upon the bank, and, with her eyes following the ſtream, turns ſtraws and bulruſhes into maſts and bowſprits.—And *Deſire*, with veſt held up to the knee in one hand, ſnatches at them, as they ſwim by her, with the other.

O ye water-drinkers! is it then by this deluſive fountain, that ye have ſo often governed and turn'd this world about like a mill-wheel,—grinding the faces of the impotent,—bepowdering their ribs,—bepeppering their noſes, and changing ſometimes even the very frame and face of nature!

——If I was you, quoth Yorick, I would drink more water, Eugenius.——And, if I was you, Yorick, replied Eugenius, ſo would I.

Which

Which ſhows they had both read Longinus.

For my own part, I am reſolved never to read any book but my own, as long as I live.

CHAP. VI.

I WISH my uncle Toby had been a water-drinker; for then the thing had been accounted for, That the firſt moment Widow Wadman ſaw him, ſhe felt ſomething ſtirring within her in his favour;—ſomething!—ſomething.

—Something, perhaps, more than friendſhip, —leſs than love;—ſomething,—no matter what, —no matter where;—I would not give a ſingle hair of my mule's tail, and be obliged to pluck it off myſelf (indeed, the villain has not many to ſpare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain) to be let by your Worſhips into the ſecret.

But the truth is, my uncle Toby was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mix'd, nor anyhow, nor anywhere, except fortuitouſly upon ſome advanced poſts, where better liquor was not to be had,—or during the time he was under cure; when, the ſurgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them ſooner into contact, —my uncle Toby drank it for quietneſs ſake.

Now, as all the world knows that no effect in nature can be produced without a cauſe, and as it is as well known that my uncle Toby was neither a weaver, a gardener, nor a gladiator,—unleſs, as a captain, you will needs have him one,—but then he was only a captain of foot,—and, beſides the

whole is an equivocation.—There is nothing left for us to ſuppoſe, but that my uncle Toby's leg,—but that will avail us little in the preſent hypotheſis, unleſs it had proceeded from ſome ailment *in the foot*,—whereas his leg was not emaciated from any diſorder in his foot,—for my uncle Toby's leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little ſtiff and awkward, from a total diſuſe of it for the three years he lay confined at my father's houſe in town; but it was plump and muſcular, and, in all other reſpects, as good and promiſing a leg as the other.

I declare, I do not recollect any one opinion or paſſage of my life, where my underſtanding was more at a loſs to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I had been writing, to the ſervice of the chapter following it, than in the preſent caſe: one would think I took a pleaſure in running into difficulties of this kind, merely to make freſh experiments of getting out of 'em.—Inconſiderate ſoul that thou art! What! are not the unavoidable diſtreſſes with which, as an author and a man, thou art hemm'd in on every ſide of thee;—are they, Triſtram, not ſufficient, but thou muſt entangle thyſelf ſtill more?

Is it not enough that thou art in debt, and that thou haſt ten cart-loads of thy fifth and ſixth volumes* ſtill,—ſtill unſold, and art almoſt at thy wit's ends how to get them off thy hands?

To this hour art thou not tormented with the vile aſthma that thou gatteſt in ſkating againſt the wind in Flanders? and it is but two months ago that, in

* Alluding to the first edition.

a fit

a fit of laughter, on ſeeing a cardinal make water like a quiriſter (with both hands) thou brakeſt a veſſel in thy lungs, whereby, in two hours, thou loſt as many quarts of blood; and, hadſt thou loſt as much more, did not the faculty tell thee,—it would have amounted to a gallon?——

CHAP. VII.

——BUT, for Heaven's ſake, let us not talk of quarts or gallons,— let us take the ſtory ſtraight before us; it is ſo nice and intricate a one, it will ſcarce bear the tranſpoſition of a ſingle tittle; and, ſomehow or other, you have got me thruſt almoſt into the middle of it.

—I beg we may take more care.

CHAP. VIII.

MY uncle Toby and the Corporal had poſted down with ſo much heat and precipitation, to take poſſeſſion of the ſpot of ground we have ſo often ſpoke of, in order to open their campaign as early as the reſt of the allies; that they had forgot one of the moſt neceſſary articles of the whole affair; it was neither a pioneer's ſpade, a pick-axe, or a ſhovel;—

It was a bed to lie on: ſo that as Shandy-Hall was at that time unfurniſhed; and the little inn where poor Le Fevre died, not yet built,—my uncle Toby was conſtrained to accept of a bed at Mrs. Wadman's, for a night or two, till Corporal Trim (who, to the character of an excellent valet, groom, cook, ſempſter, ſurgeon, and engineer, ſuperadded that of an excellent upholſterer too) with the help

of a carpenter and a couple of taylors, conſtructed one in my uncle Toby's houſe.

A daughter of Eve, for ſuch was Widow Wadman, and 'tis all the character I intend to give of her,—"*That ſhe was a perfect woman,*—" had better be fifty leagues off,—or in her warm bed, or playing with a caſe-knife,—or any thing you pleaſe,—than make a man the object of her attention, when the houſe and all the furniture is her own.

There is nothing in it out of doors and in broad day-light, where a woman has a power, phyſically ſpeaking, of viewing a man in more lights than one;—but here, for her ſoul, ſhe can ſee him in no light without mixing ſomething of her own goods and chattels along with him,—till, by reiterated acts of ſuch combinations, he gets foiſted into her inventory,——

And then good night.

But this is not matter of *Syſtem;* for I have delivered that above:—nor is it matter of *Breviary;*—for I make no man's creed but my own:—nor matter of *Fact*,—at leaſt that I know of; but 'tis matter copulative, and introductory to what follows.

CHAP. IX.

I DO not ſpeak it with regard to the coarſeneſs or cleanneſs of them,—or the ſtrength of their guſſets;—but pray, Do not night-ſhifts differ from day-ſhifts as much in this particular, as in any thing elſe in the world, That they ſo far exceed the others in length, that, when you are laid down in them, they

fall almoſt as much below the feet as the day-ſhifts fall ſhort of them?

Widow Wadman's night-ſhifts (as was the mode, I ſuppoſe, in King William's and Queen Anne's reigns) were cut, however, after this faſhion; and, if the faſhion is changed (for in Italy they are come to nothing)—ſo much the worſe for the public; they were two Flemiſh ells and a half in length; ſo that, allowing a moderate woman two ells, ſhe had half an ell to ſpare, to do what ſhe would with.

Now, from one little indulgence gained after another, in the many bleak and Decemberly nights of a ſeven years' widowhood, things had inſenſibly come to this paſs, and, for the two laſt years, had got eſtabliſh'd into one of the ordinances of the bed-chamber,—That as ſoon as Mrs. Wadman was put to bed, and had got her legs ſtretched down to the bottom of it, of which ſhe always gave Bridget notice,—Bridget, with all ſuitable decorum, having firſt open'd the bed-clothes at the feet, took hold of the half-ell of cloth we are ſpeaking of, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to its furtheſt extenſion, and then contracted it again ſide-long by four or five even plaits, ſhe took a large corking-pin out of her ſleeve, and, with the point directed towards her, pinn'd the plaits all faſt together, a little above the hem; which done, ſhe tuck'd all in tight at the feet, and wiſh'd her miſtreſs a good-night.

This was conſtant, and without any other variation than this; that, on ſhivering and tempeſtuous nights, when Bridget untuck'd the feet of the bed,

&c. to do this, ſhe conſulted no thermometer but that of her own paſſions; and ſo performed it ſtanding,—kneeling,—or ſquatting, according to the different degrees of faith, hope, and charity, ſhe was in, and bore towards her miſtreſs that night. In every other reſpect, the etiquette was ſacred, and might have vied with the moſt mechanical one of the moſt inflexible bed-chamber in Chriſtendom.

The firſt night, as ſoon as the Corporal had conducted my uncle Toby up ſtairs, which was about ten,—Mrs. Wadman threw herſelf into her arm-chair, and croſſing her left knee with her right, which formed a reſting-place for her elbow, ſhe reclin'd her cheek upon the palm of her hand, and, leaning forwards, ruminated till midnight upon both ſides of the queſtion.

The ſecond night ſhe went to her bureau, and, having ordered Bridget to bring her up a couple of freſh candles and leave them upon the table, ſhe took out her marriage-ſettlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third night (which was the laſt of my uncle Toby's ſtay) when Bridget had pull'd down the night-ſhift, and was aſſaying to ſtick in the corking-pin,—

——With a kick of both heels at once, but at the ſame time the moſt natural kick that could be kick'd in her ſituation;—for, ſuppoſing * * * * * * * * * * to be the ſun in its meridian, it was a north-eaſt kick; ſhe kick'd the pin out of her fingers,—the etiquette which hung upon it, down,—down it fell to the ground, and was ſhiver'd into a thouſand atoms.

From

From all which, it was plain that Widow Wadman was in love with my uncle Toby.

CHAP. X.

MY uncle Toby's head at that time was full of other matters, ſo that it was not till the demolition of Dunkirk, when all the other civilities of Europe were ſettled, that he found leiſure to return this.

This made an armiſtice (that is, ſpeaking with regard to my uncle Toby,—but, with reſpect to Mrs. Wadman, a vacancy)—of almoſt eleven years. But in all caſes of this nature, as it is the ſecond blow, happen at what diſtance of time it will, which makes the fray,—I chooſe, for that reaſon, to call theſe the amours of my uncle Toby with Mrs. Wadman, rather than the amours of Mrs. Wadman with my uncle Toby.

This is not a diſtinction without a difference.

It is not like the affair of *an old hat cock'd*,—and *a cock'd old hat*, about which your Reverences have ſo often been at odds with one another;—but there is a difference here in the nature of things;—

And, let me tell you gentry, a wide one too.

CHAP. XI.

NOW, as Widow Wadman did love my uncle Toby,—and my uncle Toby did not love Widow Wadman, there was nothing for Widow Wadman to

to do, but to go on and love my uncle Toby,—or let it alone.

Widow Wadman would do neither the one nor the other.

——Gracious Heaven!—but I forget I am a little of her temper myſelf: for whenever it ſo falls out, which it ſometimes does, about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddeſs is ſo much this, and that, and t'other, that I cannot eat my breakfaſt for her,—and that ſhe careth not three halfpence whether I eat my breakfaſt or not,—

——Curſe on her! and ſo I ſend her to Tartary, and from Tartary to Terra del Fuego, and ſo on to the Devil. In ſhort, there is not an infernal niche where I do not take her divinityſhip and ſtick it.

But as the heart is tender, and the paſſions in theſe tides ebb and flow ten times in a minute, I inſtantly bring her back again; and, as I do all things in extremes, I place her in the very center of the milky way.—Brighteſt of ſtars! thou wilt ſhed thy influence upon ſome one.

——The deuce take her and her influence too:—for, at that word, I loſe all patience:—much good may it do him!—By all that is hirſute and gaſhly! I cry, taking off my furr'd cap, and twiſting it round my finger,—I would not give ſixpence for a dozen ſuch!

—But 'tis an excellent cap too (putting it upon my head, and preſſing it cloſe to my ears)—and warm,—and ſoft; eſpecially if you ſtroke it the right

right way;—but, alas! that will never be my luck:—ſo here my philoſophy is ſhipwreck'd again.)

——No; I ſhall never have a finger in the pye (ſo here I break my metaphor.)

Cruſt and crumb,

Inſide and out,

Top and bottom;—I deteſt it, I hate it, I repudiate it;—I am ſick at the ſight of it:—

'Tis all pepper,
garlic,
ſtaragen,
ſalt, and
Devil's dung.—By the great arch-cook of cooks, who does nothing, I think, from morning to night, but ſit down by the fire-ſide and invent inflammatory diſhes for us, I would not touch it for the world.

——O Triſtram! Triſtram! cried Jenny.

O Jenny! Jenny! replied I, and ſo went on with the twelfth chapter.

CHAP. XII.

——"NOT touch it for the world," did I ſay? Lord, how I have heated my imagination with this metaphor!

CHAP. XIII.

WHICH ſhows, let your Reverences and Worſhips ſay what you will of it (for, as for *thinking*,—all who do think,—think pretty much alike both upon it

it and other matters)—Love is certainly, at leaſt alphabetically ſpeaking, one of the moſt

A gitating,
B ewitching,
C onfounded,
D eviliſh affairs of life;——the moſt
E xtravagant,
F utilitous,
G aligaſkiniſh,
H andy-dandyiſh,
I racundulous (there is no K to it) and
L yrical of all human paſſions: at the ſame time, the moſt
M iſgiving,
N innyhammering,
O bſtipating,
P ragmatical,
S tridulous,

R idiculous,—though, by the bye, the R ſhould have gone firſt:—but, in ſhort, 'tis of ſuch a nature, as my father once told my uncle Toby, upon the cloſe of a long diſſertation upon the ſubject:—"You can ſcarce," ſaid he, "combine two "ideas together upon it, brother Toby, without "an hypallage;"——What's that? cried my uncle Toby.

——The cart before the horſe, replied my father.

——And what is he to do there? cried my uncle Toby.

——Nothing, quoth my father, but to get in,—or let it alone.

Now

Now Widow Wadman, as I told you before, would do neither the one nor the other.

She ſtood, however, ready harneſſed and capariſoned at all points, to watch accidents.

CHAP. XIV.

THE Fates, who certainly all foreknew of theſe amours of Widow Wadman and my uncle Toby, had, from the firſt creation of matter and motion (and with more courteſy than they uſually do things of this kind) eſtabliſhed ſuch a chain of cauſes and effects hanging ſo faſt to one another, that it was ſcarce poſſible for my uncle Toby to have dwelt in any other houſe in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in Chriſtendom but the very houſe and garden which join'd and lay parallel to Mrs. Wadman's: this, with the advantage of a thickſet arbour in Mrs. Wadman's garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my uncle Toby's, put all the occaſions into her hands which Love-militancy wanted: ſhe could obſerve my uncle Toby's motions, and was miſtreſs likewiſe of his councils of war; and as his unſuſpecting heart had given leave to the Corporal, through the mediation of Bridget, to make her a wicker-gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the ſentry-box; and ſometimes, out of gratitude, to make an attack, and endeavour to blow my uncle Toby up in the very ſentry-box itſelf.

CHAP. XV.

IT is a great pity;—but 'tis certain, from every day's obſervation of man, that he may be ſet on fire, like a candle, at either end,—provided there is a ſufficient wick ſtanding out; if there is not,—there's an end of the affair; and if there is,—by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame in that caſe has the misfortune generally to put out itſelf,—there's an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it which way I would be burnt myſelf,—for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beaſt,—I would oblige a houſe-wife conſtantly to light me at the top; for then I ſhould burn down decently to the ſocket; that is, from my head to my heart, from my heart to my liver, from my liver to my bowels, and ſo on by the meſenteric veins and arteries, through all the turns and lateral inſertions of the inteſtines and their tunicles to the blind gut.—

I beſeech you, Doctor Slop, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting him as he mentioned the *blind gut*, in a diſcourſe with my father the night my mother was brought to bed of me,—I beſeech you, quoth my uncle Toby, to tell me which is the blind gut; for, old as I am, I vow I do not know to this day where it lies.

——The *blind gut*, anſwered Doctor Slop, lies betwixt the *Ilion* and *Colon*.

——In a man? ſaid my father.

——'Tis

——'Tis preciſely the ſame, cried Doctor Slop, in a woman.

——That's more than I know, quoth my father.

CHAP. XVI.

——AND ſo, to make ſure of both ſyſtems, Mrs. Wadman predetermined to light my uncle Toby neither at this end nor that; but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if poſſible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber-rooms of military furniture, including both of horſe and foot, from the great arſenal of Venice to the Tower of London (excluſive) if Mrs. Wadman had been rummaging for ſeven years together, and with Bridget to help her, ſhe could not have found any one *blind* or *mantelet* ſo fit for her purpoſe as that which the expediency of my uncle Toby's affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.

I believe I have told you,—but I don't know,—poſſibly I have;—be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of thoſe many things which a man had better do over again than diſpute about it,—That whatever town or fortreſs the Corporal was at work upon, during the courſe of their campaign, my uncle Toby always took care, on the inſide of his ſentry-box, which was towards his left hand, to have a plan of the place, faſten'd up with two or three pins at the top, but looſe at the bottom, for the

the conveniency of holding it up to the eye, &c. . . . as occaſions required? ſo that when an attack was reſolved upon, Mrs. Wadman had nothing more to do, when ſhe had got advanced to the door of the ſentry-box, but to extend her right hand; and edging in her left foot at the ſame movement, to take hold of the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with out-ſtretched neck meeting it half-way,—to advance it towards her; on which my uncle Toby's paſſions were ſure to catch fire,—for he would inſtantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left hand, and with the end of his pipe in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point,—the world will naturally enter into the reaſons of Mrs. Wadman's next ſtroke of generalſhip;—which was, to take my uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe out of his hand as ſoon as ſhe poſſibly could; which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more diſtinctly at ſome redoubt or breaſtwork in the map, ſhe would effect before my uncle Toby (poor ſoul!) had well march'd above half a dozen toiſes with it.

—It obliged my uncle Toby to make uſe of his fore-finger.

The difference it made in the attack was this:—That in going upon it, as in the firſt caſe, with the end of her fore-finger againſt the end of my uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe, ſhe might have travelled with it along the lines, from Dan to Beerſheba, had my uncle Toby's lines reached ſo far, without any effect: for as there was no arterial or vital heat in the

the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no ſentiment,—it could neither give fire by pulſation,—nor receive it by ſympathy;—'twas nothing but ſmoke.

Whereas, in following my uncle Toby's fore-finger with hers, cloſe through all the little turns and indentings of his works,—preſſing ſometimes againſt the ſide of it,—then treading upon its nail,—then tripping it up,—then touching it here,—then there, and ſo on,—it ſet ſomething at leaſt in motion.

This, tho' ſlight ſkirmiſhing, and at a diſtance from the main body, yet drew on the reſt; for here, the map uſually falling with the back of it cloſe to the ſide of the ſentry box, my uncle Toby, in the ſimplicity of his ſoul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. Wadman, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place hers cloſe beſide it. This at once opened a communication, large enough for any ſentiment to paſs or repaſs, which a perſon ſkill'd in the elementary and practical part of love-making has occaſion for.—

By bringing up her fore-finger parallel (as before) to my uncle Toby's,—it unavoidably brought the thumb into action;—and the fore-finger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear uncle Toby! was never now in its right place,—Mrs. Wadman had it ever to take up, or, with the gentleſt puſhings, protuſions, and equivocal compreſſions, that a hand

to be removed is capable of receiving,—to get it preſs'd a hair breadth of one ſide out of her way.

Whilſt this was doing, how could ſhe forget to make him ſenſible that it was her leg (and no one's elſe) at the bottom of the ſentry-box, which ſlightly preſs'd againſt the calf of his!—So that my uncle Toby being thus attack'd, and ſore puſh'd on both his wings,—was it a wonder, if now and then, it put his centre into diſorder?

——The deuce take it! ſaid my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVII.

THESE attacks of Mrs. Wadman, you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other like the attacks which hiſtory is full of, and from the ſame reaſons. A general looker-on would ſcarce allow them to be attacks at all;—or if he did, would confound them altogether;—but I write not to them. It will be time enough to be a little more exact in my deſcriptions of them as I come up to them, which will not be for ſome chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that in a bundle of original papers and drawings, which my father took care to roll up by themſelves, there is a plan of Bouchain in perfect preſervation (and ſhall be kept ſo—whilſt I have power to preſerve any thing); upon the lower corner of which, on the right hand ſide, there are ſtill remaining the marks of a ſnuffy finger and thumb; which, there is all the reaſon in the world to imagine, were Mrs. Wadman's;

Wadman's; for the oppoſite ſide of the margin, which I ſuppoſe to have been my uncle Toby's, is abſolutely clean. This ſeems an authenticated record of one of theſe attacks; for there are *veſtigia* of the two punctures partly grown up, but ſtill viſible on the oppoſite corner of the map, which are, unqueſtionably, the very holes through which it has been pricked up in the ſentry-box.—

By all that is prieſtly! I value this precious relic, with its *ſtigmata* and *pricks*, more than all the relics of the Romiſh church;—always excepting when I am writing upon theſe matters, the pricks which entered the fleſh of St. Radagunda in the Deſert; which, in your road from *Feſſe* to *Cluny*, the nuns of that name will ſhew you for love.

CHAP. XVIII.

I THINK, an' pleaſe your Honour, quoth Trim, the fortifications are quite deſtroyed;—and the baſon is upon a level with the mole.——I think ſo too,—replied my uncle Toby, with a ſigh half ſuppreſs'd;—but ſtep into the parlour, Trim, for the ſtipulation;—it lies upon the table.

——It has lain there theſe ſix weeks, replied the Corporal; till this very morning that the old woman kindled the fire with it.

——Then, ſaid my uncle Toby, there is no further occaſion for our ſervices.——The more, an' pleaſe your Honour, the pity, ſaid the Corporal; in uttering which, he caſt his ſpade into the wheel-

barrow, which was beſide him, with an air the moſt expreſſive of diſconſolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pick-axe, his pioneer's ſhovel, his picquets, and other little military ſtores, in order to carry them off the field,—when an heigho! from the ſentry-box, which being made of thin ſlit deal, reverberated the ſound more ſorrowfully to his ear, forbade him.

—No, ſaid the Corporal to himſelf, I'll do it before his Honour riſes to-morrow morning; ſo taking his ſpade out of the wheel-barrow again, with a little earth in it, as if to level ſomething at the foot of the glacis,—but with a real intent to approach nearer to his maſter, in order to divert him, —he looſen'd a ſod or two,—pared their edges with his ſpade, and having given them a gentle blow or two with the back of it, he ſat himſelf down cloſe by my uncle Toby's feet, and began as follows:—

CHAP. XIX.

IT was a thouſand pities;—though I believe, an' pleaſe your Honour, I am going to ſay but a fooliſh kind of a thing for a ſoldier,——

A ſoldier, cried my uncle Toby, interrupting the Corporal, is no more exempt from ſaying a fooliſh thing, Trim, than a man of letters.——But not ſo often, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the Corporal. ——My uncle Toby gave a nod.

——It was a thouſand pities then, ſaid the Corporal,

poral, caſting his eye upon Dunkirk and the Mole, as Servius Sulpicius, in returning out of Aſia (when he ſailed from Ægina towards Megara) did upon Corinth and Pyræus,—

" It was a thouſand pities, an' pleaſe your Honour, to deſtroy theſe works,—and a thouſand pities to have let them ſtand."

——Thou art right, Trim, in both caſes, ſaid my uncle Toby.——This, continued the Corporal, is the reaſon, that from the beginning of their demolition to the end,—I have never once whiſtled, or ſung, or laugh'd, or cry'd, or talk'd of paſt-done deeds, or told your Honour one ſtory, good or bad.

——Thou haſt many excellencies, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby; and I hold it not the leaſt of them, as thou happeneſt to be a ſtory-teller, that of the number thou haſt told me, either to amuſe me in my painful hours, or divert me in my grave ones,—thou haſt ſeldom told me a bad one.

——Becauſe, an' pleaſe your Honour, except one of a *King of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles*, —they are all true; for they are about myſelf.

——I do not like the ſubject the worſe, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, on that ſcore. But, prithee, what is this ſtory? Thou haſt excited my curioſity.

——I'll tell it your Honour, quoth the Corporal, directly.——Provided, ſaid my uncle Toby, looking earneſtly towards Dunkirk and the Mole again,—provided it is not a merry one: to ſuch, Trim, a man ſhould ever bring one half of the

entertainment along with him; and the diſpoſition I am in at preſent,—would wrong both thee, Trim, and thy ſtory.——It is not a merry one by any means, replied the Corporal.——Nor would I have it altogether a grave one, added my uncle Toby.——It is neither the one nor the other, replied the Corporal; but will ſuit your Honour exactly.——Then I'll thank thee for it with all my heart, cried my uncle Toby; ſo prithee begin it, Trim.

The Corporal made his reverence; and though it is not ſo eaſy a matter as the world imagines, to pull off a lank Montero-cap with grace,—or a whit leſs difficult, in my conceptions, when a man is ſitting ſquat upon the ground, to make a bow ſo teeming with reſpect as the Corporal was wont; yet, by ſuffering the palm of his right hand, which was towards his maſter, to ſlip backwards upon the graſs, a little beyond his body, in order to allow it the greater ſweep,—and by an unforced compreſſion, at the ſame time, of his cap with the thumb and the two fore-fingers of his left, by which the diameter of the cap became reduced; ſo that it might be ſaid rather to be inſenſibly ſqueez'd,—than pull'd off with a flatus,—the Corporal acquitted himſelf of both in a better manner than the poſture of his affairs promiſed; and having *hemmed* twice, to find in what key his ſtory would beſt go, and beſt ſuit his maſter's humour,—he exchanged a ſingle look of kindneſs with him, and ſet off thus:—

THE

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES.

There was a certain King of Bo——he——

As the Corporal was entering the confines of Bohemia, my uncle Toby obliged him to halt for a ſingle moment. He had ſet out bare-headed; having, ſince he pull'd off his Montero-cap in the latter-end of the laſt chapter, left it lying beſide him on the ground.

—The eye of Goodneſs eſpieth all things; ſo that before the Corporal had well got thro' the firſt five words of his ſtory, had my uncle Toby twice touch'd his Montero-cap with the end of his cane, interrogatively;—as much as to ſay, Why don't you put it on, Trim?——Trim took it up with the moſt reſpectful flowneſs, and caſting a glance of humiliation as he did it, upon the embroidery of the fore-part, which being diſmally tarniſh'd and fray'd, moreover, in ſome of the principal leaves and boldeſt parts of the pattern, he laid it down again between his two feet, in order to moralize upon the ſubject.

——'Tis every word of it but too true, cried my uncle Toby, that thou art about to obſerve:—

"*Nothing in this world, Trim, is made to laſt* "*for ever.*"

——But when tokens, dear Tom, of thy love and remembrance wear out, ſaid Trim, what ſhall we ſay?

——There is no occaſion, Trim, quoth my

uncle Toby, to ſay any thing elſe; and was a man to puzzle his brains till Doomſday, I believe, Trim, it would be impoſſible.

The Corporal perceiving my uncle Toby was in the right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of man to think of extracting a purer moral from his cap, without further attempting it, he put it on; and paſſing his hand acroſs his forehead to rub out a penſive wrinkle, which the text and doctrine between them had engender'd, he return'd, with the ſame look and tone of voice, to his ſtory of the King of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

There was a certain King of Bohemia; but in whoſe reign, except his own, I am not able to inform your Honour.——

I do not deſire it of thee, Trim, by any means, cried my uncle Toby.

——It was a little before the time, an' pleaſe your Honour, when giants were beginning to leave off breeding:—but in what year of our Lord that was,——

——I would not give a halfpenny to know, ſaid my uncle Toby.

——Only, an' pleaſe your Honour, it makes a ſtory look the better in the face.

——'Tis thy own, Trim, ſo ornament it after thy own faſhion; and take any date, continued my uncle Toby, looking pleaſantly upon him;—take

any date in the whole world thou chuſeſt, and put it to,—thou art heartily welcome.——

The Corporal bowed; for of every century, and of every year of that century, from the firſt creation of the world down to Noah's flood; and from Noah's flood to the birth of Abraham; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the Iſraelites out of Egypt;—and throughout all the Dynaſties, Olympiads, Urbeconditas, and other memorable epochas of the different nations of the world, down to the coming of Chriſt, and from thence to the very moment in which the Corporal was telling his ſtory,—had my uncle Toby ſubjected this vaſt empire of time, and all its abyſſes at his feet; but as *Modeſty* ſcarce touches with a finger what *Liberality* offers her with both hands open,—the Corporal contented himſelf with the very *worſt year* of the whole bunch; which, to prevent your Honours of the Majority and Minority from tearing the very fleſh off your bones in conteſtation, 'Whether that year is not always the laſt caſt-year of the laſt-caſt almanack?'—I tell you plainly it was; but from a different reaſon than you wot of.

—It was the year next him;—which being the year of our Lord ſeventeen hundred and twelve, when the Duke of Ormond was playing the Devil in Flanders,—the Corporal took it, and ſet out with it afreſh on his expedition to Bohemia.

THE

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

In the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and twelve, there was, an' pleaſe your Honour,——

——To tell thee truly, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, any other date would have pleaſed me much better, not only on account of the ſad ſtain upon our hiſtory that year, in marching off our troops, and refuſing to cover the ſiege of Queſnoi, though Fagel was carrying on the works with ſuch incredible vigour,—but likewiſe on the ſcore, Trim, of thy own ſtory; becauſe if there are,—and which, from what thou haſt dropt, I partly ſuſpect to be the fact,—if there are giants in it,——

——There is but one, an' pleaſe your Honour.

——'Tis as bad as twenty, replied my uncle Toby;—thou ſhould'ſt have carried him back ſome ſeven or eight hundred years out of harm's way, both of critics and other people; and therefore I would adviſe thee, if ever thou telleſt it again,——

——If I live, an' pleaſe your Honour, but once to get through it, I will never tell it again, quoth Trim, either to man, woman, or child.——Poo—poo! ſaid my uncle Toby;—but with accents of ſuch ſweet encouragement did he utter it, that the Corporal went on with his ſtory with more alacrity than ever.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

There was, an' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid the Corporal, raiſing his voice and rubbing the palms of

of his two hands cheerly together as he began, a certain King of Bohemia,——

——Leave out the date entirely, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaning forwards, and laying his hand gently upon the Corporal's ſhoulder to temper the interruption,—leave it out entirely, Trim; a ſtory paſſes very well without theſe niceties, unleſs one is pretty ſure of 'em.——Sure of 'em! ſaid the Corporal, ſhaking his head.

——Right, anſwered my uncle Toby; it is not eaſy, Trim, for one, bred up as thou and I have been to arms, who ſeldom looks further forward than to the end of his muſket, or backwards beyond his knapſack, to know much about this matter.——God bleſs your Honour! ſaid the Corporal, won by the *manner* of my uncle Toby's reaſoning, as much as by the reaſoning itſelf, he has ſomething elſe to do; if not in action, or a march, or upon duty in his garriſon,—he has his firelock, an' pleaſe your Honour, to furbiſh,—his accoutrements to take care of,—his regimentals to mend,—himſelf to ſhave and keep clean, ſo as to appear always like what he is upon the parade; what buſineſs, added the Corporal triumphantly, has a ſoldier, an' pleaſe your Honour, to know any thing at all of *geography?*

——Thou would'ſt have ſaid *chronology*, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby; for as for geography, 'tis of abſolute uſe to him; he muſt be acquainted intimately with every country and its boundaries where his profeſſion carries him; he ſhould know every town and city, and village and hamlet, with the canals,

canals, the roads, and hollow-ways which lead up to them. There is not a river, or a rivulet he paſſes, Trim, but he ſhould be able, at firſt ſight, to tell thee what is its name,—in what mountains it takes its riſe,—what is its courſe,—how far it is navigable,—where fordable,—where not;—he ſhould know the fertility of every valley, as well as the hind who ploughs it; and be able to deſcribe, or, if it is required, to give thee an exact map of all the plains and defiles, the forts, the acclivities, the woods and moraſſes, thro' and by which his army is to march; he ſhould know their produce, their plants, their minerals, their waters, their animals, their ſeaſons, their climates, their heats and colds, their inhabitants, their cuſtoms, their language, their policy, and even their religion.

Is it elſe to be conceived, Corporal, continued my uncle Toby, riſing up in his ſentry-box as he began to warm in this part of his diſcourſe,—how Marlborough could have marched his army from the Banks of the Maes to Belburg; from Belburg to Kerpenord—(here the Corporal could ſit no longer)—from Kerpenord, Trim, to Kalſaken; from Kalſaken to Newdorf; from Newdorf to Landenbourg; from Landenbourg to Mildenheim; from Mildenheim to Elchingen; from Elchingen to Gingen; from Gingen to Balmerchoffen; from Balmerchoffen to Skellenburg, where he broke in upon the enemy's works, forced his paſſage over the Danube, croſs'd the Lech,—puſh'd on his troops into the heart of the empire, marching at the head of them through Fribourg, Hokenwert, and

and Schonevelt, to the plains of Blenheim and Hochſtet?——Great as he was, Corporal, he could not have advanced a ſtep, or made one ſingle day's march without the aids of Geography.—As for Chronology, I own, Trim, continued my uncle Toby, ſitting down again coolly in his ſentry-box, that, of all others, it ſeems a ſcience which the ſoldier might beſt ſpare, was it not for the lights which that ſcience muſt one day give him, in determining the invention of powder; the furious execution of which, renverſing every thing like thunder before it, has become a new æra to us of military improvements, changing ſo totally the nature of attacks and defences, both by ſea and land, and awakening ſo much art and ſkill in doing it, that the world cannot be too exact in aſcertaining the preciſe time of its diſcovery, or too inquiſitive in knowing what great man was the diſcoverer, and what occaſions gave birth to it.

I am far from controverting, continued my uncle Toby, what hiſtorians agree in, that in the year of our Lord 1380, under the reign of Wencelaus, ſon of Charles the Fourth,—a certain prieſt, whoſe name was Schwartz, ſhew'd the uſe of powder to the Venetians, in their wars againſt the Genoeſe; but 'tis certain he was not the firſt; becauſe, if we are to believe Don Pedro, the biſhop of Leon,—How came prieſts and biſhops, an' pleaſe your Honour, to trouble their heads ſo much about gun-powder?——God knows, ſaid my uncle Toby,——his providence brings good out of every thing——and he avers, in his chronicle of King Alphonſus,

Alphonſus, who reduced Toledo, That in the year 1343, which was full thirty-ſeven years before that time, the ſecret of powder was well known, and employed with ſucceſs, both by Moors and Chriſtians, not only in their ſea-combats, at that period, but in many of their moſt memorable ſieges in Spain and Barbary;—and all the world knows, that Friar Bacon had wrote expreſsly about it, and had generouſly given the world a receipt to make it by, above a hundred and fifty years before even Schwartz was born:—and that the Chineſe, added my uncle Toby, embarraſs us, and all accounts of it, ſtill more by boaſting of the invention ſome hundreds of years even before him.——

They are a pack of liars, I believe, cried Trim.——

They are ſomehow or other deceived, ſaid my uncle Toby, in this matter, as is plain to me from the preſent miſerable ſtate of military architecture amongſt them; which conſiſts of nothing more than a *foſſé* with a brick wall without flanks;—and for what they gave us as a baſtion at each angle of it, 'tis ſo barbarouſly conſtructed, that it looks for all the world,——Like one of my ſeven caſtles, an' pleaſe your Honour, quoth Trim.——

My uncle Toby, tho' in the utmoſt diſtreſs for a compariſon, moſt courteouſly refuſed Trim's offer,—till Trim, telling him he had half a dozen more in Bohemia, which he knew not how to get off his hands,—my uncle Toby was ſo touch'd with the pleaſantry of heart of the Corporal,—that he diſcontinued his diſſertation upon gun-powder,

—and

—and begged the Corporal forthwith to go on with his ſtory of the King of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

This *unfortunate* King of Bohemia, ſaid Trim, ——Was he unfortunate, then? cried my uncle Toby, for he had been ſo wrapt up in his diſſertation upon gun-powder, and other military affairs, that tho' he had deſired the Corporal to go on, yet the many interruptions he had given, dwelt not ſo ſtrong on his fancy as to account for the epithet. ——Was he *unfortunate*, then, Trim? ſaid my uncle Toby, pathetically.——The Corporal, wiſhing firſt the *word* and all its ſynonimas at the Devil, forthwith began to run back in his mind the principal events in the King of Bohemia's ſtory; from every one of which, it appearing that he was the moſt fortunate man that ever exiſted in the world,—it put the Corporal to a ſtand; for not caring to retract his epithet,—and leſs to explain it,—and leaſt of all to twiſt his tale (like men of lore) to ſerve a ſyſtem,—he looked up in my uncle Toby's face for aſſiſtance;—but ſeeing it was the very thing my uncle Toby ſat in expectation of himſelf,—after a *hum* and a *haw*, he went on——

The King of Bohemia, an' pleaſe your Honour, replied the Corporal, was *unfortunate*, as thus:—That taking great pleaſure and delight in navigation and all ſort of ſea-affairs;—and there *happening*

pening throughout the whole kingdom of Bohemia to be no ſea-port town whatever,—

—How the deuce ſhould there, Trim? cried my uncle Toby; for Bohemia being totally inland, it could have happen'd no otherwiſe.

—It might, ſaid Trim, if it had pleaſed God.——

My uncle Toby never ſpoke of the being and natural attributes of God, but with diffidence and heſitation.——

I believe not, replied my uncle Toby, after ſome pauſe;—for being inland, as I ſaid, and having Sileſia and Moravia to the eaſt; Luſatia and Upper Saxony to the north; Franconia to the weſt; and Bavaria to the ſouth,—Bohemia could not have been propell'd to the ſea without ceaſing to be Bohemia;—nor could the ſea, on the other hand, have come up to Bohemia, without overflowing a great part of Germany, and deſtroying millions of unfortunate inhabitants who could make no defence againſt it.——Scandalous, cried Trim. ——Which would beſpeak, added my uncle Toby, mildly, ſuch a want of compaſſion in him who is the father of it,—that, I think, Trim—, the thing could have happen'd no way.——

The Corporal made the bow of unfeign'd conviction, and went on.——

Now the King of Bohemia, with his Queen and courtiers, *happening* one fine ſummer's evening to walk out,——Aye, there the word *happening* is right, Trim, cried my uncle Toby; for the King of Bohemia and his Queen might have walked out or let

let it alone:—'twas a matter of contingency, which might happen or not, juſt as chance ordered it.——

King William was of an opinion, an' pleaſe your Honour, quoth Trim, that every thing was predeſtined for us in this world; inſomuch, that he would often ſay to his ſoldiers, that "every "ball had its billet."——He was a great man ſaid my uncle Toby.——And I believe, continued Trim, to this day, that the ſhot which diſabled me at the battle of Landen, was pointed at my knee for no other purpoſe but to take me out of his ſervice, and place me in your Honour's, where I ſhould be taken ſo much better care of in my old age.——It ſhall never, Trim, be conſtrued otherwiſe, ſaid my uncle Toby.—

The heart, both of the maſter and the man, were alike ſubject to ſudden overflowings;—a ſhort ſilence enſued.——

Beſides, ſaid the Corporal, reſuming the diſcourſe, —but in a gayer accent,—if it had not been for that ſingle ſhot, I had never, an' pleaſe your Honour, been in love.——

So thou waſt once in love, Trim? ſaid my uncle Toby, ſmiling.——

Souſe! replied the Corporal,—over head and ears! an' pleaſe your Honour.——Prithee, when? where?—and how came it to paſs?——I never heard one word of it before, quoth my uncle Toby. ——I dare ſay, anſwered Trim, that every drummer and ſerjeant's ſon in the regiment knew of it. ——'Tis high time I ſhould,—ſaid my uncle Toby.——

Your Honour remembers with concern, ſaid the Corporal, the total rout and confuſion of our camp and army at the affair of Landen; every one was left to ſhift for himſelf: and if it had not been for the regiments of Wyndham, Lumley, and Galway, which covered the retreat over the bridge of Neerſpeeken, the King himſelf could ſcarce have gained it;—he was preſs'd hard, as your Honour knows, on every ſide of him.——

Gallant mortal! cried my uncle Toby, caught with enthuſiaſm,—this moment, now that all is loſt, I ſee him galloping acroſs me, Corporal, to the left, to bring up the remains of the Engliſh horſe along with him, to ſupport the right, and tear the laurel from Luxembourg's brows, if yet 'tis poſſible:—I ſee him with the knot of his ſcarf juſt ſhot off, infuſing freſh ſpirits into poor Galway's regiment,—riding along the line;—then wheeling about, and charging Conti at the head of it.——Brave! brave, by Heaven! cried my uncle Toby;—he deſerves a crown——As richly, as a thief a halter, ſhouted Trim.

My uncle Toby knew the Corporal's loyalty—otherwiſe the compariſon was not at all to his mind;—it did not altogether ſtrike the Corporal's fancy when he had made it;—but it could not be recall'd; ſo he had nothing to do, but proceed.

As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of any thing but his own ſafety,——Though Talmaſh, ſaid my uncle Toby, brought off the foot with great prudence.——But I was left upon the field, ſaid the Corporal.——

Thou

Thou waſt ſo, poor fellow! replied my uncle Toby. ——So that it was noon the next day, continued the Corporal, before I was exchanged, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be conveyed to our hoſpital.——

There is no part of the body, an' pleaſe your Honour, where a wound occaſions more intolerable anguiſh than upon the knee.——

Except the groin, ſaid my uncle Toby.——An' pleaſe your Honour, replied the Corporal, the knee, in my opinion, muſt certainly be the moſt acute, there being ſo many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems all about it.——

It is for that reaſon, quoth my uncle Toby, that the groin is infinitely more ſenſible;—there being not only as many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems (for I know their names as little as thou doſt)—about it,—but moreover, * * * ——

Mrs. Wadman, who had been all the time in her arbour,—inſtantly ſtopp'd her breath, unpinn'd her mob at the chin, and ſtood up upon one leg.

The diſpute was maintained with amicable and equal force betwixt my uncle Toby and Trim for ſome time; till Trim at length recollecting that he had often cried at his maſter's ſufferings, but never ſhed a tear at his own,—was for giving up the point; which my uncle Toby would not allow.—— 'Tis a proof of nothing, Trim, ſaid he, but the generoſity of thy temper.

So that whether the pain of a wound in the groin *(cæteris paribus)* is greater than the pain of a wound in the knee,—or

Whether the pain of a wound in the knee is not greater than the pain of a wound in the groin,—are points which to this day remain unſettled.

CHAP. XX.

THE anguiſh of my knee, continued the Corporal, was exceſſive in itſelf; and the uneaſineſs of the cart, with the roughneſs of the roads, which were terribly cut up,—making bad ſtill worſe,—every ſtep was death to me: ſo that with the loſs of blood, and the want of care-taking of me, and a fever I felt coming on beſides,——(Poor ſoul! ſaid my uncle Toby.)——All together, an' pleaſe your Honour, was more than I could ſuſtain.

I was telling my ſufferings to a young woman at a peaſant's houſe, where our cart, which was the laſt of the line, had halted; they had help'd me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket and dropp'd it upon ſome ſugar; and ſeeing it had cheer'd me, ſhe had given it me a ſecond and a third time.—So I was telling her, an' pleaſe your Honour, the anguiſh I was in, and was ſaying it was ſo intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of the room,—and die,—than go on,—when, upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms.—She was a good ſoul! as your Honour, ſaid the Corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.——

I thought *love* had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle Toby.——

'Tis

'Tis the moſt ſerious thing, an' pleaſe your Honour (ſometimes) that is in the world.——

By the perſuaſion of the young woman, continued the Corporal, the cart with the wounded men ſet off without me; ſhe had aſſured them I ſhould expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myſelf,—I found myſelf in a ſtill quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peaſant and his wife. I was laid acroſs the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beſide me, holding the corner of her handkerchief dipp'd in vinegar to my noſe with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at firſt for the daughter of the peaſant (for it was no inn);—ſo had offer'd her a little purſe with eighteen florins, which my poor brother Tom (here Trim wip'd his eyes) had ſent me as a token, by a recruit, juſt before he ſet out for Liſbon.

I never told your Honour that piteous ſtory yet,—(Here Trim wiped his eyes a third time.)

The young woman call'd the old man and his wife into the room to ſhew them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed and what little neceſſaries I ſhould want, till I ſhould be in a condition to be got to the hoſpital.——Come then, ſaid ſhe, tying up the little purſe,—I'll be your banker;—but as that office alone will not keep me employ'd, I'll be your nurſe too.——

I thought by her manner of ſpeaking this, as well as by her dreſs, which I then began to conſider

more attentively,—that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peaſant.

She was in black down to her toes, with her hair concealed under a cambric border, laid cloſe to her forehead: ſhe was one of thoſe kind of nuns, an' pleaſe your Honour, of which your Honour knows there are a good many in Flanders, which they let go looſe.——By thy deſcription, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, I dare ſay ſhe was a young Beguine, of which there are none to be found anywhere but in the Spaniſh Netherlands,—except at Amſterdam:—they differ from nuns in this, that they can quit their cloiſter if they chooſe to marry; they viſit and take care of the ſick by profeſſion. I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature.——

She often told me, quoth Trim, ſhe did it for the love of Chriſt.—I did not like it.——I believe, Trim, we are both wrong, ſaid my uncle Toby:—we'll aſk Mr. Yorick about it to night, at my brother Shandy's;—ſo put me in mind, added my uncle Toby.——

The young Beguine, continued the Corporal, had ſcarce given herſelf time to tell me, "ſhe "would be my nurſe," when ſhe haſtily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare ſomething for me;—and in a ſhort time,—though I thought it a long one,—ſhe came back with flannels, &c. &c. and having fomented my knee ſoundly for a couple of hours, &c. and made me a baſon of thin gruel for my ſupper,—ſhe wiſh'd me reſt, and promiſed to be with me early in the morning.——

She wiſh'd me, an 'pleaſe your Honour, what was not to be had.—My fever ran very high that night;—her figure made ſad diſturbance within me;—I was every moment cutting the world in two,—to give her half of it;—and every moment was I crying, That I had nothing but a knapſack and eighteen florins to ſhare with her.—The whole night long was the fair Beguine, like an angel, cloſe by my bed-ſide, holding back my curtain, and offering me cordials;—and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promiſed, and giving them in reality.—In truth, ſhe was ſcarce ever from me; and ſo accuſtomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart ſickened, and I loſt colour when ſhe left the room; and yet, continued the Corporal, (making one of the ſtrangeſt reflections upon it in the world)—

"It was not love;"—for during the three weeks ſhe was almoſt conſtantly with me, fomenting my knee with her hand, night and day,—I can honeſtly ſay, an' pleaſe your Honour,—that * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * once.——

That was very odd, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.——

I think ſo too,—ſaid Mrs. Wadman.——

It never did, ſaid the Corporal.

CHAP. XXI.

——BUT, 'tis no marvel, continued the Corporal,—ſeeing my uncle Toby muſing upon it,—for

Love, an' pleaſe your Honour, is exactly like war, in this; that a ſoldier, though he has eſcaped three weeks complete o' Saturday night,—may nevertheleſs be ſhot through his heart on Sunday morning.—*It happened ſo here*, an' pleaſe your Honour, with this difference only,—that it was on Sunday in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a *ſiſſerara*.—It burſt upon me, an' pleaſe your Honour, like a bomb,—ſcarce giving me time to ſay, "God bleſs me."——

I thought, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, a man never fell in love ſo very ſuddenly.——

Yes, an pleaſe your Honour, if he is in the way of it,—replied Trim.——

I prithee, quoth my uncle Toby, inform me how this matter happened.——

With all pleaſure, ſaid the Corporal, making a bow.

CHAP. XXII.

I HAD eſcaped, continued the Corporal, all that time from falling in love, and had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predeſtined otherwiſe.—There is no reſiſting our fate.—It was on a Sunday, in the afternoon, as I told your Honour.

The old man and his wife had walked out.—

Every thing was ſtill and huſh as midnight about the houſe.

There

There was not ſo much as a duck or a duckling about the yard,——

When the fair Beguine came in to ſee me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well,—the inflammation had been gone off for ſome time; but it was ſucceeded with an itching both above and below my knee, ſo inſufferable, that I had not ſhut my eyes the whole night for it.——

Let me ſee it, ſaid ſhe, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it.—It only wants rubbing a little, ſaid the Beguine; ſo covering it with the bed-clothes, ſhe began with the fore-finger of her right hand to rub under my knee, guiding her fore-finger backwards and forwards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the dreſſing.

In five or ſix minutes I felt ſlightly the end of her ſecond finger,—and preſently it was laid flat with the other, and ſhe continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while; it then came into my head, that I ſhould fall in love;—I bluſh'd when I ſaw how white a hand ſhe had.—I ſhall never, an' pleaſe your Honour, behold another hand ſo white whilſt I live.——

Not in that place, ſaid my uncle Toby.——

Though it was the moſt ſerious deſpair in nature to the Corporal,—he could not forbear ſmiling.——

The young Beguine, continued the Corporal, perceiving it was of great ſervice to me,—from rubbing

rubbing for ſome time with two fingers,—proceeded to rub at length with three,—till by little and little ſhe brought down the fourth, and then rubb'd with her whole hand. I will never ſay another word, an' pleaſe your Honour, upon hands again;—but it was ſofter than ſattin.——

——Prithee, Trim, commend it as much as thou wilt, ſaid my uncle Toby; I ſhall hear thy ſtory with the more delight.——The Corporal thank'd his maſter moſt unfeignedly; but, having nothing to ſay upon the Beguine's hand but the ſame over again,—he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair Beguine, ſaid the Corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee,—till I fear'd her zeal would weary her.——"I "would do a thouſand times more," ſaid ſhe, "for the love of Chriſt."——In ſaying which, ſhe paſs'd her hand acroſs the flannel, to the part above my knee, which I had equally complain'd of, and rubb'd it alſo.

I perceiv'd then, I was beginning to be in love.—

As ſhe continued rub-rub-rubbing, I felt it ſpread from under her hand, an' pleaſe your Honour, to every part of my frame.

The more ſhe rubb'd, and the longer ſtrokes ſhe took, the more the fire kindled in my veins,—till at length, by two or three ſtrokes longer than the reſt, my paſſion roſe to the higheſt pitch.—I ſeiz'd her hand,——

And

And then thou clapped'ſt it to thy lips, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and madeſt a ſpeech.

Whether the Corporal's amour terminated preciſely in the way my uncle Toby deſcribed it, is not material; it is enough that it contained in it the eſſence of all the love-romances which ever have been wrote ſince the beginning of the world.

CHAP. XXIII.

AS ſoon as the Corporal had finiſhed the ſtory of his amour,—or, rather, my uncle Toby for him, —Mrs. Wadman ſilently ſallied forth from her arbour, replaced the pin in her mob, paſs'd the wicker-gate, and advanced ſlowly towards my uncle Toby's ſentry-box: the diſpoſition which Trim had made in my uncle Toby's mind, was too favourable a criſis to be let ſlipp'd.

—The attack was determin'd upon: it was facilitated ſtill more by my uncle Toby's having ordered the Corporal to wheel off the pioneer's ſhovel, the ſpade, the pick-axe, the picquets, and other military ſtores which lay ſcatter'd upon the ground where Dunkirk ſtood.—The Corporal had march'd; —the field was clear.

Now, conſider, Sir, what nonſenſe it is, either in fighting, or writing, or any thing elſe (whether in rhyme to it, or not) which a man has occaſion to do,—to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumſtances, deſerved regiſtering in letters of gold (I mean in the archives of Gotham)—

Gotham)—it was certainly the Plan of Mrs. Wadman's attack of my uncle Toby in his ſentry-box, *by Plan.*—Now, the plan hanging up in it at this juncture, being the Plan of Dunkirk,—and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it oppoſed every impreſſion ſhe could make: and beſides, could ſhe have gone upon it,—the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the ſentry-box, was ſo outdone by that of the fair Beguine's, in Trim's ſtory,—that juſt then, that particular attack, however ſucceſsful before,—became the moſt heartleſs attack that could be made.

O! let woman alone for this. Mrs. Wadman had ſcarce open'd the wicker-gate, when her genius ſported with the change of circumſtances.

She formed a new attack in a moment.

CHAP. XXIV.

——I AM half diſtracted, Captain Shandy, ſaid Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric-handkerchief to her left eye, as ſhe approach'd the door of my uncle Toby's ſentry-box; a mote,—or ſand,—or ſomething,—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine;—do look into it:—it is not in the white.—

In ſaying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herſelf cloſe in beſide my uncle Toby, and ſqueezing herſelf down upon the corner of his bench, ſhe gave him an opportunity of doing it without riſing up.——Do look into it, ſaid ſhe.

Honeſt

Honeſt ſoul! thou didſt look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child look'd into a raree-ſhow-box; and 'twere as much a ſin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I've nothing to ſay to it.

My uncle Toby never did: and I will anſwer for him, that he would have ſat quietly upon a ſofa from June to January (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian* Rhodope's beſide him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was, to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis ſurmounted. And

I ſee him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the aſhes falling out of it,—looking,—and looking,—then rubbing his eyes,—and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo look'd for a ſpot in the ſun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ,—Widow Wadman's left eye ſhines this moment as lucid as her right;—there is neither mote, nor ſand, nor duſt, nor chaff, nor ſpeck, nor particle of opake matter floating in it.—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively ſhooting out from every part of it, in all directions into thine.

* Rhodope Thracia tam inevitabili faſcino inſtructa, tam exactè oculis intuens attraxit, ut ſi in illam quis incidiſſet, fieri non poſſet, quin caperetur.—I know not who.

If

If thou lookeſt, uncle Toby, in ſearch of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone.

CHAP. XXV.

AN eye is, for all the world, exactly like a cannon, in this reſpect, That it is not ſo much the eye or the cannon, in themſelves, as it is the carriage of the eye—and the carriage of the cannon; by which both the one and the other are enabled to do ſo much execution. I don't think the compariſon a bad one: however, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for uſe as ornament, all I deſire in return, is, that whenever I ſpeak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

——I proteſt, Madam, ſaid my uncle Toby, I can ſee nothing whatever in your eye.

——It is not in the white, ſaid Mrs. Wadman.

——My uncle Toby look'd with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created; from your own, Madam, up to thoſe of Venus herſelf, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever ſtood in a head, there never was an eye of them all ſo fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repoſe, as the very eye at which he was looking;—it was not, Madam, a rolling eye,—a romping, or a wanton one;—nor was it an eye ſparkling, petulant, or imperious,—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that

that milk of human nature, of which my uncle Toby was made up;—but 'twas an eye full of gentle ſalutations,—and ſoft reſponſes,—ſpeaking,—not like the trumpet-ſtop of ſome ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarſe converſe, but whiſpering ſoft,—like the laſt low accents of an expiring ſaint,—"How can you live "comfortleſs, Captain Shandy, and alone, without "a boſom to lean your head on,—or truſt your "cares to?"

It was an eye——

But I ſhall be in love with it myſelf, if I ſay another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's buſineſs.

CHAP. XXVI.

THERE is nothing ſhews the characters of my father and my uncle Toby in a more entertaining light, than their different manner of deportment under the ſame accident;—for I call not love a misfortune; from a perſuaſion, that a man's heart is ever the better for it.—Great God! what muſt my uncle Toby's have been, when 'twas all benignity without it!——

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was very ſubject to this paſſion before he married;—but, from a little ſubacid kind of drolliſh impatience in his nature, whenever it befel him, he would never ſubmit to it like a Chriſtian; but would piſh, and huff, and bounce, and kick, and play the Devil,

Devil, and write the bittereſt Philippics againſt the eye that ever man wrote:—there is one in verſe upon ſomebody's eye or other, that for two or three nights together, had put him by his reſt; which, in his firſt tranſport of reſentment againſt it, he begins thus:—

"A Devil 'tis—and miſchief ſuch doth work
"As never yet did Pagan, Jew, or Turk.*"

In ſhort, during the whole paroxyſm, my father was all abuſe and foul language, approaching rather towards malediction;—only he did not do it with as much method as Ernulphus;—he was too impetuous; nor with Ernulphus's policy;—for tho' my father, with the moſt intolerant ſpirit, would curſe both this and that, and every thing under Heaven, which was either aiding or abetting to his love,—yet he never concluded his chapter of curſes upon it, without curſing himſelf in at the bargain, as one of the moſt egregious fools and coxcombs he would ſay, that ever was let looſe in the world.

My uncle Toby, on the contrary, took it like a lamb,—ſat ſtill, and let the poiſon work in his veins without reſiſtance:—in the ſharpeſt exacerbations of his wound (like that on his groin) he never dropt one fretful or diſcontented word,—he blamed neither heaven nor earth,—nor thought nor ſpoke an injurious thing of any body, nor any part of it; he ſat ſolitary and penſive with his pipe,—looking at his lame leg,—then whiffing out a

*This will be printed with my father's Life of Socrates, &c.

ſentimental

ſentimental heigh-ho! which, mixing with the ſmoke, incommoded no one mortal.

He took it like a lamb, I ſay.

In truth, he had miſtook it at firſt; for, having taken a ride with my father that very morning, to ſave, if poſſible, a beautiful wood, which the dean and chapter were hewing down to give to the poor*; which ſaid wood being in full view of my uncle Toby's houſe, and of ſingular ſervice to him in his deſcription of the battle of Wynnendale,—by trotting on too haſtily to ſave it, upon an uneaſy ſaddle, worſe horſe, &c. &c. . . it had ſo happened, that the ſerous part of the blood had got betwixt the two ſkins, in the nethermoſt part of my uncle Toby, —the firſt ſhootings of which (as my uncle Toby had no experience of love) he had taken for a part of the paſſion, till the bliſter breaking in the one caſe, and the other remaining, my uncle Toby was preſently convinced that his wound was not a ſkin-deep wound, but that it had gone to his heart.

CHAP. XXVII.

THE world is aſhamed of being virtuous.—My uncle Toby knew little of the world; and therefore, when he felt he was in love with Widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a myſtery of, than if Mrs. Wadman had given him a cut with a gap'd knife

* Mr. Shandy muſt mean the poor in ſpirit! inaſmuch as they divided the money amongſt themſelves.

acroſs his finger. Had it been otherwiſe,—yet, as he ever look'd upon Trim as a humble friend, and ſaw freſh reaſons every day of his life to treat him as ſuch,—it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

" I am in love, Corporal!" quoth my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXVIII.

IN love!—ſaid the Corporal,—your Honour was very well the day before yeſterday, when I was telling your Honour the ſtory of the King of Bohemia.——Bohemia! ſaid my uncle Toby - - - - muſing a long time - - - What became of that ſtory, Trim?

——We loſt it, an' pleaſe your Honour, ſomehow betwixt us;—but your Honour was as free from love then, as I am.——'Twas juſt whilſt thou went'ſt off with the wheel-barrow,—with Mrs. Wadman, quoth my uncle Toby.—She has left a ball here, added my uncle Toby, pointing to his breaſt.

——She can no more, an' pleaſe your Honour, ſtand a ſiege, than ſhe can fly, cried the Corporal.

But as we are neighbours, Trim, the beſt way, I think, is to let her know it civilly firſt, quoth my uncle Toby.

Now, if I might preſume, ſaid the Corporal, to differ from your Honour,——

Why elſe do I talk to thee, Trim? ſaid my uncle Toby, mildly.

——Then I would begin, an' pleaſe your Honour,

nour, with making a good thundering attack upon her, in return,—and telling her civilly afterwards; —for if ſhe knows any thing of your Honour's being in love, beforehand—— L—d help her!—ſhe knows no more at preſent of it, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,—than the child unborn.

Precious ſouls!—

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all its circumſtances, to Mrs. Bridget, twenty-four hours before; and was, at that very moment, ſitting in council with her, touching ſome ſlight miſgivings with regard to the iſſue of the affairs, which the Devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head, —before he would allow half time to get quietly through her *Te Deum*.

I am terribly afraid, ſaid Widow Wadman, in caſe I ſhould marry him, Bridget,—that the poor Captain will not enjoy his health, with the monſtrous wound upon his groin.

——It may not, Madam, be ſo very large, replied Bridget, as you think;—and I believe, beſides, added ſhe,—that 'tis dried up.

——I could like to know,—merely for his ſake, ſaid Mrs. Wadman.

——We'll know the long and the broad of it in ten days, anſwered Mrs. Bridget; for whilſt the Captain is paying his addreſſes to you,—I'm confident Mr. Trim will be for making love to me;—and I'll let him as much as he will, added Bridget, to get it all out of him.

The meaſures were taken at once;—and my uncle Toby and the Corporal went on with theirs.

Now, quoth the Corporal, ſetting his left hand a-kimbo, and giving ſuch a flouriſh with his right, as juſt promiſed ſucceſs,—and no more,—if your Honour will give me leave to lay down the plan of this attack,——

Thou wilt pleaſe me by it, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, exceedingly;—and as I foreſee thou muſt act in it as my *aid-de-camp*, here's a crown, Corporal, to begin with, to ſteep thy commiſſion.

——Then, an' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid the Corporal (making a bow firſt for his commiſſion)—we will begin with getting your Honour's laced clothes out of the great campaign-trunk, to be well air'd, and have the blue and gold taken up at the ſleeves;—and I'll put your white ramallie-wig freſh into pipes;—and ſend for a taylor to have your Honour's thin ſcarlet breeches turn'd.——

I had better take the red pluſh ones, quoth my uncle Toby.——They will be too clumſy, ſaid the Corporal.

CHAP. XXIX.

——THOU wilt get a bruſh and a little chalk to my ſword.——'Twill be only in your Honour's way, replied Trim.

CHAP. XXX.

—BUT your Honour's two razors ſhall be new ſet:—and I will get my Montero-cap furbiſh'd up, and

and put on poor Lieutenant Le Fevre's regimental coat, which your Honour gave me to wear for his ſake;—and as ſoon as your Honour is clean ſhaved, —and has got your clean ſhirt on, with your blue and gold or your fine ſcarlet,—ſometimes one and ſometimes t'other,—and every thing is ready for the attack,—we'll march up boldly, as if 'twas to the face of a baſtion; and whilſt your Honour engages Mrs. Wadman in the parlour, to the right,—I'll attack Mrs. Bridget in the kitchen, to the left; and having ſeiz'd the paſs, I'll anſwer for it, ſaid the Corporal, ſnapping his fingers over his head,—that the day is our own.

——I wiſh I may but manage it right, ſaid my uncle Toby;—but I declare, Corporal, I had rather march up to the very edge of a trench.

——A woman is quite a different thing, ſaid the Corporal.

——I ſuppoſe ſo, quoth my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXXI.

IF any thing in this world which my father ſaid, could have provoked my uncle Toby, during the time he was in love, it was the perverſe uſe my father was always making of an expreſſion of Hilarion, the hermit; who, in ſpeaking of his abſtinence, his watchings, flagellations, and other inſtrumental parts of his religion,—would ſay,—though with more facetiouſneſs than became an hermit, "That they were the means he uſed to "make his *aſs* (meaning his body) leave off kicking."

It pleaſed my father well; it was not only a laconic way of expreſſing,—but of libelling, at the ſame time, the deſires and appetites of the lower part of us; ſo that for many years of my father's life, 'twas his conſtant mode of expreſſion;—he never uſed the word *paſſions* once,—but *aſs* always, inſtead of them;—ſo that he might be ſaid truly to have been upon the bones, or the back of his own aſs, or elſe of ſome other man's, during all that time.

I muſt here obſerve to you the difference betwixt

My father's Ass and

My Hobby-Horse, —in order to keep characters as ſeparate as may be, in our fancies as we go along.

For my Hobby-Horſe, if you recollect a little, is no way a vicious beaſt; he has ſcarce one hair or lineament of the aſs about him.—'Tis the ſporting little filly-folly which carries you out for the preſent hour,—a maggot, a butterfly, a picture, a fiddle-ſtick,—an uncle Toby's ſiege, or an *any thing* which a man makes a ſhift to get aſtride on, to canter it away from the cares and ſolicitudes of life.—'Tis as uſeful a beaſt as is in the whole creation;—nor do I really ſee how the world could do without it.

—But for my father's aſs.—Oh! mount him,—mount him,—mount him,—(that's three times, is it not?)—mount him not:—'tis a beaſt concupiſcent;—and foul befal the man who does not hinder him from kicking.

CHAP. XXXII.

WELL, dear brother Toby, ſaid my father, upon his firſt ſeeing him after he fell in love,—and how goes it with your Aſs?

Now, my uncle Toby thinking more of the *part* where he had had the bliſter, than of Hilarion's metaphor,—and our preconceptions having (you know) as great a power over the ſounds of words as the ſhapes of things, he had imagined that my father, who was not very ceremonious in his choice of words, had enquired after the part by its proper name: ſo, notwithſtanding my mother, Doctor Slop, and Mr. Yorick, were ſitting in the parlour, he thought it rather civil to conform to the term my father had made uſe of than not. When a man is hemm'd in by two indecorums, and muſt commit one of 'em,—I always obſerve,—let him chooſe which he will, the world will blame him;—ſo I ſhould not be aſtoniſh'd if it blames my uncle Toby.

My A—, quoth my uncle Toby, is much better, brother Shandy.—My father had formed great expectations from his Aſs in this onſet; and would have brought him on again; but Doctor Slop ſetting up an intemperate laugh,—and my mother crying out L— bleſs us!—it drove my father's Aſs off the field;—and the laugh then becoming general,—there was no bringing him back to the charge for ſome time:—

And ſo the diſcourſe went on without him.

Every body, ſaid my mother, ſays you are in love, brother Toby;—and we hope it is true.

——I am as much in love, ſiſter, I believe, replied my uncle Toby, as any man uſually is.——Humph! ſaid my father.——And when did you know it? quoth my mother.

——When the bliſter broke, replied my uncle Toby.

My uncle Toby's reply put my father into good temper,—ſo he charg'd o' foot.

CHAP. XXXIII.

AS the ancients agree, brother Toby, ſaid my father, that there are two different and diſtinct kinds of *love*, according to the different parts which are affected by it,—the brain or liver,—I think when a man is in love, it behoves him a little to conſider which of the two he is fallen into.

——What ſignifies it, brother Shandy, replied my uncle Toby, which of the two it is, provided it will but make a man marry, and love his wife, and get a few children?

——A few children! cried my father, riſing out of his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as he forced his way betwixt her's and Doctor Slop's,—a few children! cried my father, repeating my uncle Toby's words as he walk'd to and fro.

Not, my dear brother Toby, cried my father, recovering himſelf all at once, and coming cloſe up to the back of my uncle Toby's chair,—not that I ſhould be ſorry hadſt thou a ſcore;—on the con-

trary, I ſhould rejoice,—and be as kind, Toby, to every one of them as a father.——

My uncle Toby ſtole his hand, unperceived, behind his chair, to give my father's a ſqueeze.——

Nay, moreover, continued he, keeping hold of my uncle Toby's hand,—ſo much doſt thou poſſeſs, my dear Toby, of the milk of human nature, and ſo little of its aſperities,—'tis piteous the world is not peopled by creatures which reſemble thee! and was I an Aſiatic monarch, added my father, heating himſelf with his new project,—I would oblige thee, provided it would not impair thy ſtrength,—or dry up thy radical moiſture too faſt,—or weaken thy memory or fancy, brother Toby, which theſe gymnics inordinately taken are apt to do,—elſe, dear Toby, I would procure thee the moſt beautiful women in my empire, and I would oblige thee, *nolens volens*, to beget for me one ſubject every *month*.

As my father pronounced the laſt word of the ſentence,—my mother took a pinch of ſnuff.—

Now I would not, quoth my uncle Toby, get a child, *nolens volens*, that is, whether I would or no, to pleaſe the greateſt prince upon earth.—

And 'twould be cruel in me, brother Toby, to compel thee, ſaid my father;—but 'tis a caſe put to ſhew thee, that it is not thy begetting a child,—in caſe thou ſhould'ſt be able,—but the ſyſtem of Love and Marriage thou goeſt upon, which I would ſet thee right in.——

There is at leaſt, ſaid Yorick, a great deal of reaſon and plain ſenſe in Captain Shandy's opinion of

of love; and 'tis amongſt the ill-ſpent hours of my life, which I have to anſwer for, that I have read ſo many flouriſhing poets and rhetoricians in my time, from whom I never could extract ſo much.——

I wiſh, Yorick, ſaid my father, you had read Plato; for there you would have learnt that there are two *loves*.——I know there were two *religions*, replied Yorick, amongſt the ancients:—one for the vulgar,—and another for the learned;—but I think *one love* might have ſerved both of them very well.——

It could not, replied my father,—and for the ſame reaſons; for, of theſe loves, according to Ficinus's comment upon Velaſius, the one is rational,—

The other is *natural*;—

the firſt ancient,—without mother,—where Venus had nothing to do; the ſecond begotten of Jupiter and Dione.——

Pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, what has a man who believes in God to do with this?—— My father could not ſtop to anſwer, for fear of breaking the thread of his diſcourſe.—

This latter, continued he, partakes wholly of the nature of Venus.

The firſt, which is the golden chain let down from Heaven, excites to love heroic, which comprehends in it, and excites to, the deſire of philoſophy and truth;—the ſecond, excites to *deſire*, ſimply.——

I think the procreation of children as beneficial to the world, ſaid Yorick, as the finding out the longitude.

To

To be ſure, ſaid my mother, *love* keeps peace in the world.——

In the *houſe*,—my dear, I own.——

It repleniſhes the earth, ſaid my mother.——

But it keeps Heaven empty,—my dear, replied my father.——

'Tis Virginity, cried Slop, triumphantly, which fills paradiſe.——

Well puſh'd, nun! quoth my father.——

CHAP. XXXIV.

MY father had ſuch a ſkirmiſhing, cutting kind of a ſlaſhing way with him in his diſputations, thruſting and ripping, and giving every one a ſtroke to remember him by in his turn,—that if there were twenty people in company,—in leſs than half an hour he was ſure to have every one of 'em againſt him.

What did not a little contribute to leave him thus without an ally, was, that if there was any one poſt more untenable than the reſt, he would be ſure to throw himſelf into it; and, to do him juſtice, when he was once there, he would defend it ſo gallantly, that 'twould have been a concern, either to a brave man or a good-natured one, to have ſeen him driven out.

Yorick, for this reaſon, though he would often attack him,—yet could never bear to do it with all his force.

Doctor Slop's *Virginity*, in the cloſe of the laſt chapter, had got him for once on the right ſide of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the

the convents in Chriſtendom about Slop's ears when Corporal Trim came into the parlour to inform my uncle Toby, that his thin ſcarlet breeches, in which the attack was to be made upon Mrs. Wadman, would not do; for that the taylor, in ripping them up, in order to turn them, had found they had been turn'd before.——Then turn them again, brother, ſaid my father, rapidly, for there will be many a turning of 'em yet before all's done in the affair.——They are as rotten as dirt, ſaid the Corporal.——Then by all means, ſaid my father, beſpeak a new pair, brother;—for though I know, continued my father, turning himſelf to the company, that Widow Wadman has been deeply in love with my brother Toby for many years, and has uſed every art and circumvention of woman to outwit him into the ſame paſſion, yet now that ſhe has caught him,—her fever will be paſt its height.

She has gain'd her point.

In this caſe, continued my father, which Plato, I am perſuaded, never thought of,—Love, you ſee, is not ſo much a *ſentiment* as a *ſituation*, into which a man enters, as my brother Toby would do into a *corps*,—no matter whether he loves the ſervice or no;—being once in it,—he acts as if he did; and takes every ſtep to ſhew himſelf a man of proweſs.——

The hypotheſis, like the reſt of my father's, was plauſible enough, and my uncle Toby had but a ſingle word to object to it,—in which Trim ſtood ready to ſecond him;—but my father had not drawn his concluſion.——

For

For this reaſon, continued my father (ſtating the caſe over again)—notwithſtanding all the world knows that Mrs. Wadman *affects* my brother Toby;—and my brother Toby contrarywiſe *affects* Mrs. Wadman, and no obſtacle in nature to forbid the muſic ſtriking up this very night, yet will I anſwer for it, that this ſelf-ſame tune will not be play'd this twelvemonth.——

We have taken our meaſures badly, quoth my uncle Toby, looking up interrogatively in Trim's face.——

I would lay my Montero-cap, ſaid Trim.——Now Trim's Montero-cap, as I once told you, was his conſtant wager; and having furbiſh'd it up that very night, in order to go upon the attack,—it made the odds look more conſiderable.——I would lay, an' pleaſe your Honour, my Montero-cap to a ſhilling,—was it proper, continued Trim (making a bow) to offer a wager before your Honours.——

There is nothing improper in it, ſaid my father,—'tis a mode of expreſſion; for in ſaying thou would'ſt lay thy Montero-cap to a ſhilling,—all thou meaneſt is this,—that thou believeſt,——

Now, What doſt thou believe?——

That Widow Wadman, an' pleaſe your Worſhip, cannot hold it out ten days.——

And whence, cried Slop, jeeringly, haſt thou all this knowledge of woman, friend?——

By falling in love with a popiſh clergywoman, ſaid Trim.——

'Twas a Beguine, ſaid my uncle Toby.——

Doctor Slop was too much in wrath to liſten to the

the diſtinction; and my father taking that very criſis to fall in helter-ſkelter upon the whole order of Nuns and Beguines, a ſet of filly, fuſty, baggages,—Slop could not ſtand it;—and my uncle Toby having ſome meaſures to take about his breeches,—and Yorick about his fourth general diviſion,—in order for their ſeveral attacks next day,—the company broke up; and my father being left alone, and having half an hour upon his hands betwixt that and bed-time, he called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote my uncle Toby the following letter of inſtructions:

My dear brother Toby,

What I am going to ſay to thee, is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to them; and perhaps it is as well for thee,—tho' not ſo well for me,—that thou haſt occaſion for a letter of inſtructions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

Had it been the good pleaſure of Him who diſpoſes of our lots, and thou no ſufferer by the knowledge, I had been well content that thou ſhould'ſt have dipp'd the pen this moment into the ink, inſtead of myſelf; but that not being the caſe,—— Mrs. Shandy being now cloſe beſide me, preparing for bed,—I have thrown together, without order, and juſt as they have come into my mind, ſuch hints and documents as I deem may be of uſe to thee, intending in this, to give thee a token of my love; not doubting, my dear Toby, of the manner in which it will be accepted.

In the firſt place, with regard to all which concerns

cerns religion in the affair,—though I perceive, from a glow in my cheek, that I bluſh as I begin to ſpeak to thee upon the ſubject, as well knowing, notwithſtanding thy unaffected ſecreſy, how few of its offices thou neglecteſt,—yet I would remind thee of one (during the continuance of thy courtſhip) in a particular manner, which I would not have omitted; and that is, never to go forth upon the enterpriſe, whether it be in the morning or the afternoon, without firſt recommending thyſelf to the protection of Almighty God, that he may defend thee from the evil one.

Shave the whole top of thy crown clean once at leaſt every four or five days, but oftener if convenient; leſt, in taking off thy wig before her, thro' abſence of mind, ſhe ſhould be able to diſcover how much has been cut away by Time:—how much by Trim.

'Twere better to keep ideas of baldneſs out of her fancy.

Always carry it in thy mind, and act upon it as a ſure maxim, Toby,——

"That women are timid;" and 'tis well they are,—elſe there would be no dealing with them.

Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too looſe about thy thighs, like the trunk-hoſe of our anceſtors:

A juſt medium prevents all concluſions.

Whatever thou haſt to ſay, be it more or leſs, forget not to utter it in a low ſoft tone of voice;—ſilence, and whatever approaches it, weaves dreams of midnight ſecreſy into the brain: for this cauſe,

if

if thou canſt help it, never throw down the tongs and poker.

Avoid all kinds of pleaſantry and facetiouſneſs in thy diſcourſe with her, and do whatever lies in thy power, at the ſame time, to keep from her all books and writings which tend thereto: there are ſome devotional tracts, which if thou canſt entice her to read over,—it will be well; but ſuffer her not to look into Rabelais, or Scarron, or Don Quixote:

They are all books which excite laughter; and thou knoweſt, dear Toby, that there is no paſſion ſo ſerious as luſt.

Stick a pin in the boſom of thy ſhirt, before thou entereſt her parlour.

And if thou art permitted to ſit upon the ſame ſofa with her, and ſhe gives thee occaſion to lay thy hand upon her's,—beware of taking it;—thou canſt not lay thy hand on her's, but ſhe will find the temper of thine.—Leave that and as many other things as thou can'ſt, quite undetermined; by ſo doing, thou wilt have her curioſity on thy ſide; and if ſhe is not conquered by that, and thy *aſs* continues ſtill kicking, which there is great reaſon to ſuppoſe, —thou muſt begin, with firſt loſing a few ounces of blood below the ears, according to the practice of the ancient Scythians, who cured the moſt intemperate fits of the appetite by that means.

Avicenna, after this, is for having the part anointed with the ſyrup of hellebore, uſing proper evacuations and purges;—and I believe rightly.—But thou muſt eat little or no goat's fleſh, nor red deer;—

deer;—nor even ſoal's fleſh by any means;—and carefully abſtain,—that is, as much as thou canſt, from peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers, and water-hens.

As for thy drink, I need not tell thee, it muſt be the infuſion of *Vervain* and the herb *Hanea*, of which Ælian relates ſuch effects;—but if thy ſtomach palls with it,—diſcontinue it from time to time,—taking cucumbers, melons, purſlaine, water-lilies, woodbine, and lettuce in the ſtead of them.

There is nothing further for thee which occurs to me at preſent,——

Unleſs the breaking out of a freſh war.—So wiſhing every thing, dear Toby, for the beſt,

I reſt thy affectionate brother,

WALTER SHANDY.

CHAP. XXXV.

WHILST my father was writing his letter of inſtructions, my uncle Toby and the Corporal were buſy in preparing every thing for the attack. As the turning of the thin ſcarlet breeches was laid aſide (at leaſt for the preſent) there was nothing which ſhould put it off beyond the next morning; ſo, accordingly, it was reſolved upon for eleven o'clock.

Come, my dear, ſaid my father to my mother, 'twill be but like a brother and ſiſter, if you and I take a walk down to my brother Toby's,—to countenance him in this attack of his.

My uncle Toby and the Corporal had both been accoutred ſome time, when my father and mother enter'd, and the clock ſtriking eleven, were that moment in motion to ſally forth;—but the account of this is worth more than to be wove into the fag end of the eighth * volume of ſuch a work as this.—My father had no time but to put the letter of inſtructions into my uncle Toby's coat-pockets, and join with my mother in wiſhing his attack proſperous.

I could like, ſaid my mother, to look through the key-hole, out of *curioſity*.——Call it by its right name, my dear, quoth my father,—

And look through the key-hole as long as you will.

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

Satchwell. Del^t J. Witnell. Sculp.

Vol. 3. page

Si quid urbaniusculè lusum à nobis, per Musas et Charitatem et omnium poetarum Numina, Oro te, ne me malè capias.

VOL. IX. ORIG. EDIT.

A

DEDICATION

TO

A GREAT MAN.

HAVING, *a priori*, intended to dedicate The Amours of my Uncle Toby to Mr.***,—I ſee more reaſons, *a poſteriori*, for doing it to Lord *******.

I ſhould lament from my ſoul, if this expoſed me to the jealouſy of their Reverences; becauſe, *a poſteriori*, in Court Latin, ſignifies the kiſſing hands for preferment, or any thing elſe, in order to get it.

My opinion of Lord ******* is neither better nor worſe than it was of Mr. ***. Honours, like impreſſions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of baſe metal; but gold and ſilver will paſs all the world over, without any other recommendation than their own weight.

The ſame good-will that made me think of offering up half an hour's amuſement to Mr. *** when out of place,—operates more forcibly at preſent, as half an hour's amuſement will be more ſerviceable and refreſhing after labour and ſorrow, than after a philoſophical repaſt.

Nothing is ſo perfectly *amuſement* as a total change of ideas; no ideas are ſo totally different as thoſe of Miniſters and innocent Lovers: for which reaſon, when I come to talk of Stateſmen and Patriots, and ſet ſuch marks upon them as will prevent confuſion and miſtakes concerning them for the future,—I propoſe to dedicate that Volume to ſome gentle Shepherd,

Whoſe thoughts proud Science never taught to ſtray,
Far as the Stateſman's walk or Patriot-way;
Yet *ſimple Nature* to his hopes had given,
Out of a cloud-cap'd hill, a humbler heaven;
Some *untam'd* World in depth of woods embrac'd—
Some happier Iſland in the wat'ry waſte—
And where, admitted to that equal ſky,
His *faithful Dog* ſhall bear him company.

In a word, by thus introducing an entire new ſet of objects to his imagination, I ſhall unavoidably give a *Diverſion* to his paſſionate and love-ſick contemplations. In the mean time,

I am

THE AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

I CALL all the powers of time and chance, which ſeverally check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witneſs, that I could never yet get fairly to my uncle Toby's amours, till this very moment, that my mother's *curioſity*, as ſhe ſtated the affair,—or a different impulſe in her, as my father would have it,—wiſhed her to take a peep at them through the key-hole.

"Call it, my dear, by its right name, "quoth my father, "and look through the key-hole as long as you will."

Nothing but the fermentation of that little ſubacid humour, which I have often ſpoken of, in my father's habit, could have vented ſuch an inſinuation;—he was, however, frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; ſo that he had ſcarce got to the laſt word of this ungracious retort, when his conſcience ſmote him.

My mother was then conjugally ſwinging with her left arm twiſted under his right, in ſuch wiſe, that the inſide of her hand reſted upon the back of his;—ſhe raiſed her fingers, and let them fall,—it could ſcarce be call'd a tap; or, if it was a tap,—'twould have puzzled a caſuiſt to ſay, whether 'twas a tap of remonſtrance or a tap of confeſſion: my father, who was all ſenſibilities from head to foot, claſs'd it right;—Conſcience redoubled her blow,—he turn'd his face ſuddenly the other way, and my mother, ſuppoſing his body was about to turn with it, in order to move homewards, by a croſs-movement of her right leg, keeping her left as its centre, brought herſelf ſo far in front, that, as he turned his head, he met her eye:—Confuſion again! he ſaw a thouſand reaſons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himſelf:—a thin, blue, chill, pellucid chryſtal, with all its humours ſo at reſt, the leaſt mote or ſpeck of deſire might have been ſeen at the bottom of it, had it exiſted;—it did not:—and how I happen to be ſo lewd myſelf, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes,—Heaven above knows;—my mother, Madam, was ſo at no time, either by nature, by inſtitution, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments both of the day and night alike; nor did ſhe ſuperinduce the leaſt heat into her humours from the manual effervеſcencies of devotional tracts, which, having little or no meaning in them, nature is oftentimes obliged to find one;

one; and, as for my father's example! 'twas ſo far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that 'twas the whole buſineſs of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head;—Nature had done her part to have ſpared him this trouble; and, what was not a little inconſiſtent, my father knew it.—And here am I ſitting, this 12th day of Auguſt, 1766, in a purple jerkin and yellow pair of ſlippers, without either wig or cap on, a moſt tragi-comical completion of his prediction, "That "I ſhould neither think nor act like any other "man's child, upon that very account."

The miſtake of my father, was, in attacking my mother's motive inſtead of the act itſelf; for, certainly, key-holes were made for other purpoſes; and, conſidering the act as an act which interfered with a true propoſition, and denied a key-hole to be what it was,—it became a violation of nature; and was ſo far, you ſee, criminal.

It is for this reaſon, an' pleaſe your Reverences, that key-holes are the occaſions of more ſin and wickedneſs than all the other holes in this world put together:

——Which leads me to my uncle Toby's amours.

CHAP. II.

THOUGH the Corporal had been as good as his word in putting my uncle Toby's great ramallie-wig into pipes, yet the time was too ſhort

to produce any great effects from it: it had lain many years squeezed up in the corner of his old campaign-trunk; and as bad forms are not so easy to be got the better of, and the use of candle-ends not so well understood, it was not so pliable a business as one would have wished. The Corporal, with cheery eye and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a score times, to inspire it, if possible, with a better air:—had *Spleen* given a look at it, 'twould have cost her ladyship a smile;—it curl'd every where but where the Corporal would have it; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as soon have raised the dead.

Such it was,—or, rather, such would it have seem'd upon any other brow; but the sweet look of goodness which sat upon my uncle Toby's assimilated every thing around it so sovereignly to itself, and Nature had, moreover, wrote *Gentleman* with so fair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarnish'd gold-lac'd hat and huge cockade of flimsy taffety became him; and, though not worth a button in themselves, yet the moment my uncle Toby put them on, they became serious objects, and, altogether, seem'd to have been picked up by the hand of Science to set him off to advantage.

Nothing in this world could have co-operated more powerfully towards this, than my uncle Toby's blue and gold,—*had not Quantity, in some measure, been necessary to Grace.* In a period of fifteen or sixteen years since they had been made,

made, by a total inactivity in my uncle Toby's life (for he ſeldom went further than the bowling-green) —his blue and gold had become ſo miſerably too ſtrait for him, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty the Corporal was able to get him into them; the taking them up at the ſleeves was of no advantage: they were laced, however, down the back, and at the ſeams of the ſides, &c. in the mode of King William's reign; and, to ſhorten all deſcription, they ſhone ſo bright againſt the ſun that morning, and had ſo metallic and doughty an air with them, that, had my uncle Toby thought of attacking in armour, nothing could have ſo well impoſed upon his imagination.

As for the thin ſcarlet breeches, they had been unripp'd by the taylor between the legs, and left at *ſixes and ſevens.*

——Yes, Madam; but let us govern our fancies. It is enough they were held impracticable the night before; and, as there was no alternative in my uncle Toby's wardrobe, he ſallied forth in the red pluſh.

The Corporal had array'd himſelf in poor Le Fevre's regimental coat; and with his hair tuck'd up under his Montero-cap, which he had furbiſh'd up for the occaſion, march'd three paces diſtant from his maſter: a whiff of military pride had puff'd out his ſhirt at the wriſt; and upon that, in a black leather thong clipp'd into a taſſel beyond the knot, hung the Corporal's ſtick.—My uncle Toby carried his cane like a pike.

——It looks well at leaſt, quoth my father to himſelf.

CHAP. III.

MY uncle Toby turned his head more than once behind him, to ſee how he was ſupported by the Corporal; and the Corporal, as oft as he did it, gave a ſlight flouriſh with his ſtick,—but not vapouringly; and with the ſweeteſt accent of moſt reſpectful encouragement, bid his Honour "never fear."

Now, my uncle Toby did fear, and grievouſly too; he knew not (as my father had reproach'd him) ſo much as the right end of a woman from the wrong, and therefore, was never altogether at his eaſe near any one of them,—unleſs in ſorrow or diſtreſs; then infinite was his pity; nor would the moſt courteous knight of romance have gone further, at leaſt upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye; and yet, excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs. Wadman, he had never looked ſtedfaſtly into one; and would often tell my father, in the ſimplicity of his heart, that it was almoſt (if not about) as bad as talking bawdy.

——And ſuppoſe it is? my father would ſay.

CHAP. IV.

SHE cannot, quoth my uncle Toby, halting, when they had march'd up to within twenty paces of Mrs. Wadman's door,—ſhe cannot, Corporal, take it amiſs.

——She will take it, an' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid the Corporal, juſt as the Jew's widow at Liſbon took it of my brother Tom.

——And

——And how was that? quoth my uncle Toby, facing quite about to the Corporal.

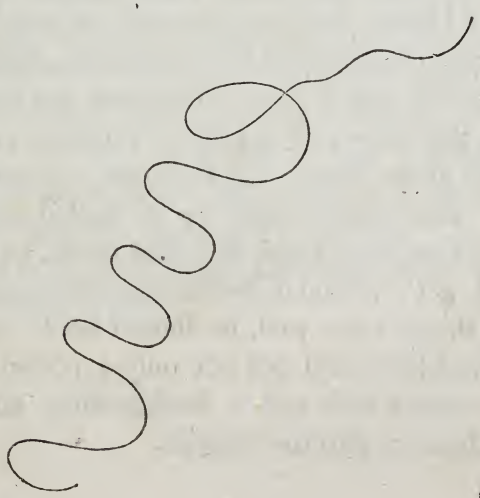
——Your Honour, replied the Corporal, knows of Tom's misfortunes; but this affair has nothing to do with them any further than this, That if Tom had not married the widow,—or had it pleaſed God, after their marriage, that they had but put pork into their ſauſages, the honeſt ſoul had never been taken out of his warm bed, and dragg'd to the Inquiſition: —'tis a curſed place, added the Corporal, ſhaking his head; when once a poor creature is in, he is in, an' pleaſe your Honour, for ever.

——'Tis very true, ſaid my uncle Toby, looking gravely at Mrs. Wadman's houſe as he ſpoke.

——Nothing, continued the Corporal, can be ſo ſad as confinement for life,—or ſo ſweet, an' pleaſe your Honour, as liberty.

——Nothing, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, muſing.

——Whilſt a man is free, cried the Corporal, giving a flouriſh with his ſtick thus:——



A thou-

A thouſand of my father's moſt ſubtle ſyllogiſms could not have ſaid more for celibacy.

My uncle Toby look'd earneſtly towards his cottage and his bowling-green.

The Corporal had unwarily conjured up the Spirit of calculation with his wand; and he had nothing to do but to conjure him down again with his ſtory; and in this form of exorciſm, moſt unecclefiaſtically did the Corporal do it.

CHAP. V.

AS Tom's place, an' pleaſe your Honour, was eaſy, and the weather warm, it put him upon thinking ſeriouſly of ſettling himſelf in the world; and, as it fell out about that time, that a Jew, who kept a ſauſage-ſhop in the ſame ſtreet, had the ill-luck to die of a ſtrangury, and leave his widow in poſſeſſion of a rouſing trade,—Tom thought (as every body in Liſbon was doing the beſt he could deviſe for himſelf) there could be no harm in offering her his ſervice to carry it on; ſo without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of ſauſages at her ſhop,—Tom ſet out,—counting the matter thus within himſelf as he walk'd along:—That, let the worſt come of it that could, he ſhould, at leaſt, get a pound of ſauſages for their worth;—but, if things went well, he ſhould be ſet up; inaſmuch as he ſhould get not only a pound of ſauſages,—but a wife and a ſauſage-ſhop, an' pleaſe your Honour, into the bargain.

Every

Every ſervant in the family, from high to low, wiſh'd Tom ſucceſs; and I can fancy, an' pleaſe your Honour, I ſee him this moment with his white dimity waiſtcoat and breeches, and a hat a little o' one ſide, paſſing jollily along the ſtreet, ſwinging his ſtick, with a ſmile and a cheerful word for every body he met.—But, alas! Tom! thou ſmileſt no more, cried the Corporal, looking on one ſide of him upon the ground, as if he apoſtrophiſed him in his dungeon.

——Poor fellow! ſaid my uncle Toby, feelingly.

——He was an honeſt, light-hearted lad, an' pleaſe your Honour, as ever blood warm'd.

——Then he reſembled thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, rapidly.

The Corporal bluſh'd down to his fingers ends,—a tear of ſentimental baſhfulneſs,—another of gratitude to my uncle Toby,—and a tear of ſorrow for his brother's misfortunes, ſtarted into his eye, and ran ſweetly down his cheek together.—My uncle Toby's kindled as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breaſt of Trim's coat (which had been that of Le Fevre's) as if to eaſe his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling,—he ſtood ſilent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the Corporal, making a bow, went on with his ſtory of his brother and the Jew's widow.

CHAP. VI.

WHEN Tom, an' pleaſe your Honour, got to the ſhop, there was nobody in it but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers ſlightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies,—not killing them.——'Tis a pretty picture! ſaid my uncle Toby;—ſhe had ſuffered perſecution, Trim, and had learnt mercy.

——She was good, an' pleaſe your Honour, from nature, as well as from hardſhips; and there are circumſtances in the ſtory of that poor friendleſs ſlut, that would melt a heart of ſtone, ſaid Trim; and ſome diſmal winter's evening, when your Honour is in the humour, they ſhall be told you with the reſt of Tom's ſtory, for it makes a part of it.

——Then do not forget, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

——A negro has a ſoul! an' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid the Corporal (doubtingly).

——I am not much verſed, Corporal, quoth my uncle Toby, in things of that kind; but I ſuppoſe, God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.

——It would be putting one ſadly over the head of another, quoth the Corporal.

——It would ſo, ſaid my uncle Toby.——Why then, an' pleaſe your Honour, is a black wench to be uſed worſe than a white one?

——I can give no reaſon, ſaid my uncle Toby.

——Only, cried the Corporal, ſhaking his head, becauſe ſhe has no one to ſtand up for her.

——'Tis

——'Tis that very thing, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby,—which recommends her to protection,—and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands *now*;—where it may be hereafter, Heaven knows!—but be it where it will, the brave, Trim, will not uſe it unkindly.

——God forbid! ſaid the Corporal.

——Amen, reſponded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart.

The Corporal returned to his ſtory, and went on,—but with an embarraſſment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend; for by the many ſudden tranſitions all along, from one kind and cordial paſſion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had loſt the ſportable key of his voice, which gave ſenſe and ſpirit to his tale: he attempted twice to reſume it, but could not pleaſe himſelf; ſo giving a ſtout *hem!* to rally back the retreating ſpirits, and aiding nature at the ſame time, with his left arm a-kimbo on one ſide, and with his right a little extended, ſupporting her on the other,—the Corporal got as near the note as he could; and in that attitude continued his ſtory:—

CHAP. VII.

AS Tom, an' pleaſe your Honour, had no buſineſs at that time with the Mooriſh girl, he paſſed on into the room beyond, to talk to the Jew's widow

dow about love,—and his pound of ſauſages; and being, as I have told your Honour, an open cheery-hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the ſame time, placed it cloſe to her at the table, and ſat down.

There is nothing ſo awkward as courting a woman, an' pleaſe your Honour, whilſt ſhe is making ſauſages.—So Tom began a diſcourſe upon them: Firſt, gravely,—"As how they were made;—with "what meats, herbs, and ſpices:"—then, a little gayly,—as, "With what ſkins,—and if they never "burſt?—Whether the largeſt were not the beſt?" and ſo on,—taking care only as he went along, to ſeaſon what he had to ſay upon ſauſages, rather under than over,—that he might have room to act in.——.

It was owing to the neglect of that very precaution, ſaid my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon Trim's ſhoulder, that Count De la Motte loſt the battle of Wynendale: he preſſed too ſpeedily into the wood: which if he had not done, Liſle had not fallen into our hands, nor Ghent and Bruges; which both followed her example.—It was ſo late in the year, continued my uncle Toby, and ſo terrible a ſeaſon came on, that if things had not fallen out as they did, our troops muſt have periſh'd in the open field.

——Why, therefore, may not battles, an' pleaſe your Honour, as well as marriages, be made in Heaven?——My uncle Toby muſed.——Religion inclined him to ſay one thing, and his high idea

idea of military ſkill tempted him to ſay another; ſo, not being able to frame a reply exactly to his mind,—my uncle Toby ſaid nothing at all; and the Corporal finiſhed his ſtory.

As Tom perceived, an' pleaſe your Honour, that he gained ground, and that all he had ſaid upon the ſubject of ſauſages was kindly taken, he went on to help her a little in making them.—Firſt, by taking hold of the ring of the ſauſage whilſt ſhe ſtroked the forced meat down with her hand;—then by cutting the ſtrings into proper lengths, and holding them in his hand, whilſt ſhe took them out, one by one;—then by putting them acroſs her mouth, that ſhe might take them out as ſhe wanted them,—and ſo on from little to more, till at laſt he adventured to tie the ſauſage himſelf, whilſt ſhe held the ſnout.

——Now a widow, an' pleaſe your Honour, always chuſes a ſecond huſband as unlike the firſt as ſhe can: ſo the affair was more than half ſettled in her mind before Tom mentioned it.

She made a feint however of defending herſelf, by ſnatching up a ſauſage.——Tom inſtantly laid hold of another.—

But ſeeing Tom's had more griſtle in it,—

She ſigned the capitulation,—and Tom ſealed it; and there was an end of the matter.

CHAP. VIII.

ALL womankind, continued Trim (commenting upon his ſtory) from the higheſt to the loweſt, an'

pleaſe your Honour, love jokes; the difficulty is to know how they chuſe to have them cut; and there is no knowing that but by trying, as we do with our artillery in the field, by raiſing or letting down their breeches, till we hit the mark.

——I like the compariſon, ſaid my uncle Toby, better than the thing itſelf.

——Becauſe your Honour, quoth the Corporal, loves glory more than pleaſure.

——I hope, Trim, anſwered my uncle Toby, I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms tends ſo apparently to the good and quiet of the world,—and particularly that branch of it which we have practiſed together in our bowling-green, has no object but to ſhorten the ſtrides of *Ambition*, and intrench the lives and fortunes of the *few* from the plunderings of the *many*;—whenever that drum beats in our ears, I truſt, Corporal, we ſhall neither of us want ſo much humanity and fellow-feeling as to face about and march.

In pronouncing this, uncle Toby faced about, and march'd firmly as at the head of his company;—and the faithful Corporal, ſhouldering his ſtick, and ſtriking his hand upon his coat-ſkirt as he took his firſt ſtep,—march'd cloſe behind him down the avenue.

—— Now what can their two noddles be about? cried my father to my mother.—By all that's ſtrange, they are beſieging Mrs. Wadman in form, and are marching round her houſe to mark out the lines of circumvallation!

——I dare ſay, quoth my mother,——But ſtop, dear

dear Sir,—for what my mother dared to ſay upon the occaſion,—and what my father did ſay upon it, —with her replies and his rejoinders, ſhall be read, peruſed, paraphraſed, commented, and deſcanted upon,—or to ſay it all in a word, ſhall be thumb'd over by Poſterity in a chapter apart;—I ſay, by Poſterity,—and care not, if I repeat the word again,—for what has this book done more than the Legation of Moſes, or the Tale of a Tub, that it may not ſwim down the gutter of Time along with them?

I will not argue the matter: Time waſtes too faſt: every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity Life follows my pen; the days and hours of it more precious,—my dear Jenny,—than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more; —every thing preſſes on,—whilſt thou art twiſting that lock;—ſee! it grows grey; and every time I kiſs thy hand to bid adieu, and every abſence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal ſeparation which we are ſhortly to make.—

Heaven have mercy upon us both!

CHAP. IX.

NOW, for what the world thinks of that ejaculation,—I would not give a groat.

CHAP. X.

MY mother had gone with her left arm twiſted in my father's right, till they had got to the fatal angle of the old garden-wall, where Doctor Slop was overthrown by Obadiah on the coach-horſe. As this was directly oppoſite to the front of Mrs. Wadman's houſe, when my father came to it, he gave a look acroſs; and ſeeing my uncle Toby and the Corporal within ten paces of the door, he turn'd about,—"Let us juſt ſtop a moment," quoth my father, "and ſee with what ceremonies my brother "Toby and his man Trim make their firſt entry;—"it will not detain us," added my father, "a ſingle "minute."

——No matter if it be ten minutes, quoth my mother.

——It will not detain us half a one, ſaid my father.

The Corporal was juſt then ſetting in with the ſtory of his brother Tom and the Jew's widow: the ſtory went on,—and on;—it had epiſodes in it,—it came back and went on,—and on again; there was no end of it:—the reader found it very long.

G— help my father! he *piſh'd* fifty times at every new attitude, and gave the Corporal's ſtick, with all its flouriſhings and danglings, to as many Devils as choſe to accept of them.

When iſſues of events like theſe my father is waiting for, are hanging in the ſcales of fate, the mind has the advantage of changing the principle of

T. Stothard del.ᵗ. W. Bromley sculp.ᵗ.

Tristram Shandy, Ch. 10.

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of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to ſee it out.

Curioſity governs the *firſt moment*; and the ſecond moment is all economy to juſtify the expence of the firſt;—and for the third, fourth, fifth, and ſixth moments, and ſo on to the day of judgment,—'tis a point of *Honour*.

I need not be told, that the ethic writers have aſſigned this all to Patience; but that *Virtue*, methinks, has extent of dominion ſufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few diſmantled caſtles which *Honour* has left him upon the earth.

My father ſtood it out as well as he could with theſe three auxiliaries, to the end of Trim's ſtory; and from thence to the end of my uncle Toby's panegyric upon arms, in the chapter following it; when ſeeing that, inſtead of marching up to Mrs. Wadman's door, they both faced about and march'd down the avenue diametrically oppoſite to his expectation,—he broke out at once with that little ſubacid ſoreneſs of humour, which, in certain ſituations, diſtinguiſhed his character from that of all other men.

CHAP. XI.

"NOW what can their two noddles be about?" cried my father, - - &c. - - - -

——I dare ſay, ſaid my mother, they are making fortifications.

——Not on Mrs. Wadman's premiſes! cried my father, ſtepping back.

——I ſuppoſe not, quoth my mother.

——I wiſh, ſaid my father, raiſing his voice, the whole ſcience of fortification at the Devil, with all its trumpery of ſaps, mines, blinds, gabions, fauſſe-brays, and cuvettes.

——They are fooliſh things, ſaid my mother.

Now ſhe had a way, which, by the bye, I would this moment give away my purple jerkin, and my yellow ſlippers into the bargain, if ſome of your Reverences would imitate,—and that was, never to refuſe her aſſent and conſent to any propoſition my father laid before her, merely becauſe ſhe did not underſtand it, or had no ideas of the principal word or term of art upon which the tenet or propoſition rolled. She contented herſelf with doing all that her godfathers and godmothers promiſed for her,—but no more; and ſo would go on uſing a hard word for twenty years together,—and replying to it too, if it was a verb, in all its moods and tenſes, without giving herſelf any trouble to enquire about it.

This was an eternal ſource of miſery to my father, and broke the neck, at the firſt ſetting out, of more good dialogues between them, than could have done the moſt petulant contradiction;—the few which ſurvived were the better for the *cuvettes*.

"They are fooliſh things," ſaid my mother.

——Particularly the *cuvettes*, replied my father.

'Tis enough;—he taſted the ſweet of triumph,—and went on.

—Not that they are, properly ſpeaking, Mrs.

Wadman's premiſes, ſaid my father, partly correcting himſelf,—becauſe ſhe is but tenant for life.

——That makes a great difference—ſaid my mother.

In a fool's head, replied my father.

——Unleſs ſhe ſhould happen to have a child, ſaid my mother.

——But ſhe muſt perſuade my brother Toby firſt to ger her one.

——To be ſure, Mr. Shandy, quoth my mother.

——Tho' if it comes to perſuaſion,—ſaid my father,—Lord have mercy upon them!

——Amen, ſaid my mother, *piano.*

——Amen, cried my father, *fortiſſimò.*

——Amen, ſaid my mother again,—but with ſuch a ſighing cadence of perſonal pity at the end of it, as diſcomfited every fibre about my father:—he inſtantly took out his almanack;—but before he could untie it, Yorick's congregation coming out of church, became a full anſwer to one half of his buſineſs with it,—and my mother telling him it was a ſacrament day,—left him as little in doubt, as to the other part.—He put his almanack into his pocket.

The firſt Lord of the Treaſury, thinking of *ways and means*, could not have returned home with a more embarraſſed look.

CHAP. XII.

UPON looking back from the end of the laſt chapter, and ſurveying the texture of what has been wrote, it is neceſſary, that upon this page and the five following, a good quantity of heterogeneous matter be inſerted, to keep up that juſt balance betwixt wiſdom and folly, without which a book would not hold together a ſingle year; nor is it a poor creeping digreſſion (which, but for the name of a man, might continue as well going on in the King's highway) which will do the buſineſs.—No; if it is to be a digreſſion, it muſt be a good friſky one, and upon a friſky ſubject too, where neither the horſe nor his rider are to be caught but by rebound.

The only difficulty is, raiſing powers ſuitable to the nature of the ſervice: *Fancy* is capricious,—*Wit* muſt not be ſearched for,—and *Pleaſantry* (good-natured ſlut as ſhe is) will not come in at a call, was an empire to be laid at her feet.

—The beſt way for a man, is, to ſay his prayers.

Only, if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects, as well ghoſtly as bodily,—for that purpoſe, he will find himſelf rather worſe after he has ſaid them than before;—for other purpoſes, better.

For my own part, there is not a way, either moral or mechanical, under Heaven, that I could think of, which I have not taken with myſelf in this caſe: ſometimes by addreſſing myſelf directly to the ſoul herſelf, and arguing the point over and

over

over again with her, upon the extent of her own faculties.

—I never could make them an inch the wider.

Then by changing my ſyſtem, and trying what could be made of it upon the body, by temperance, ſoberneſs, and chaſtity. Theſe are good, quoth I, in themſelves,—they are good, abſolutely; —they are good, relatively;—they are good for health,—they are good for happineſs in this world, —they are good for happineſs in the next.

In ſhort, they were good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they were good for nothing, but to leave the ſoul juſt as Heaven made it. As for the theological virtues of Faith and Hope, they give it courage; but then, that ſnivelling virtue of Meekneſs (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again; ſo you are exactly where you ſtarted.

Now, in all common and ordinary caſes, there is nothing which I have found to anſwer ſo well as this.——

Certainly, if there is any dependence upon Logic, and that I am not blinded by ſelf-love, there muſt be ſomething of true genius about me, merely upon this ſymptom of it, That I do not know what Envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I inſtantly make it public; willing that all mankind ſhould write as well as myſelf:

—Which they certainly will, when they think as little.

CHAP. XIII.

NOW, in ordinary caſes, that is, when I am only ſtupid, and the thoughts riſe heavily and paſs gummous through my pen,——

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot take a plumb-lift out of it *for my ſoul;* ſo muſt be obliged to go on writing like a Dutch commentator to the end of the chapter, unleſs ſomething be done,—

I never ſtand conferring with pen and ink one moment; for if a pinch of ſnuff, or a ſtride or two acroſs the room will not do the buſineſs for me,—I take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without further ceremony, except that of firſt lathering my beard, I ſhave it off; taking care only, if I do leave a hair, that it be not a grey one; this done, I change my ſhirt, put on a better coat,—ſend for my laſt wig,—put my topaz-ring upon my finger; and, in a word, dreſs myſelf from one end to the other of me, after my beſt faſhion.

Now the Devil in Hell muſt be in it, if this does not do: for conſider, Sir, as every man chuſes to be preſent at the ſhaving of his own beard (though there is no rule without an exception) and unavoidably ſits over-againſt himſelf the whole time it is doing, in caſe he has a hand in it,—the Situation, like all others, has notions of her own to put into the brain.

I maintain

I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man are ſeven years more terſe and juvenile for one ſingle operation; and if they did not run a riſk of being quite ſhaved away, might be carried up, by continual ſhavings, to the higheſt pitch of ſublimity.—How Homer could write with ſo long a beard, I don't know;—and as it makes againſt my hypotheſis, I as little care:—but let us return to the Toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonenſis makes this entirely an affair of the body (εξωλεριχη πραξις) as he calls it,—but he is deceived: the ſoul and body are joint-ſharers in every thing they get: a man cannot dreſs, but his ideas get cloth'd at the ſame time: and if he dreſſes like a gentleman, every one of them ſtands preſented to his imagination, genteelized along with him;—ſo that he has nothing to do but take his pen, and write like himſelf.

For this cauſe, when your Honours and Reverences would know whether I write clean, and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my Laundreſs's bill as my book: there was one ſingle month, in which I can make it appear, that I dirtied one-and-thirty ſhirts with clean writing; and after all, was more abuſed, curſed, criticis'd, and confounded, and had more myſtic heads ſhaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than in all the other months of that year put together.

But their Honours and Reverences had not ſeen my bills.

CHAP. XIV.

AS I never had any intention of beginning the Digreſſion, I am making all this preparation for, till I come to the 15th chapter,—I have this chapter to put to whatever uſe I think proper.—I have twenty this moment ready for it.—I could write my chapter of *Button-holes* in it,——

Or my chapter of *Piſhes*, which ſhould follow them,——

Or my chapter of *Knots*, in caſe their Reverences have done with them:—they might lead me into miſchief. The ſafeſt way is to follow the track of the learned, and raiſe objections againſt what I have been writing, though I declare beforehand, I know no more than my heels how to anſwer them.

And firſt, it may be ſaid, there is a pelting kind of *Therſitical* ſatire, as black as the very ink 'tis wrote with—(and by the bye, whoever ſays ſo, is indebted to the Muſter-maſter General of the Grecian army, for ſuffering the name of ſo ugly and foul-mouth'd a man as Therſites to continue upon his roll,—for it has furniſh'd him with an epithet) —in theſe productions he will urge, all the perſonal waſhings and ſcrubbings upon earth do a ſinking genius no ſort of good,—but juſt the contrary, inaſmuch as the dirtier the fellow is, the better generally he ſucceeds in it.

To this I have no other anſwer,—at leaſt ready, —but that the Archbiſhop of Benevento wrote his *naſty* Romance of the Galatea, as all the world

knows, in a purple coat, waiſtcoat, and purple pair of breeches; and that the penance ſet him of writing a commentary upon the book of the Revelations, as ſevere as it was look'd upon by one part of the world, was far from being deem'd ſo by the other, upon the ſingle account of that *Inveſtment.*

Another objection to all this remedy, is its want of univerſality; foraſmuch as the ſhaving part of it, upon which ſo much ſtreſs is laid, by an unalterable law of nature excludes one half of the ſpecies entirely from its uſe,—all I can ſay is, that female writers, whether of England, or of France, muſt e'en go without it.

As for the Spaniſh ladies,—I am in no ſort of diſtreſs.

CHAP. XV.

THE fifteenth chapter is come at laſt; and brings nothing with it but a ſad ſignature of "How "our pleaſures ſlip from under us in this world!"

For in talking of my digreſſion,—I declare before Heaven, I have made it! What a ſtrange creature is mortal man! ſaid ſhe.

——'Tis very true, ſaid I;—but 'twere better to get all theſe things out of our heads, and return to my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVI.

WHEN my uncle Toby and the Corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their buſineſs lay the other way; ſo they faced about, and marched up ſtraight to Mrs. Wadman's door.

I warrant your Honour, ſaid the Corporal, touching his Montero-cap with his hand as he paſſed him, in order to give a knock at the door.——My uncle Toby, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful ſervant, ſaid nothing good or bad: the truth was, he had not altogether marſhall'd his ideas; he wiſh'd for another conference, and, as the Corporal was mounting up the three ſteps before the door, he *hem'd* twice; a portion of my uncle Toby's moſt modeſt ſpirits fled, at each expulſion, towards the Corporal; he ſtood with the rapper of the door ſuſpended for a full minute in his hand, he ſcarce knew why. Bridget ſtood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumb'd with expectation; and Mrs. Wadman, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, ſat breathleſs behind the window curtain of her bedchamber, watching their approach.

——Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby;—but, as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and Trim let fall the rapper.

My uncle Toby, perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knock'd on the head by it, whiſtled Lillabullero.

CHAP. XVII.

AS Mrs. Bridget's finger and thumb were upon the latch, the Corporal did not knock as often as perchance your Honour's taylor.—I might have taken my example ſomething nearer home; for I owe mine ſome five-and-twenty pounds at leaſt, and wonder at the man's patience.

——But this is nothing at all to the world: only 'tis a curſed thing to be in debt; and there ſeems to be a fatality in the exchequers of ſome poor princes, particularly thoſe of our houſe, which no economy can bind down in irons. For my own part, I'm perſuaded there is not any one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate, great or ſmall, upon earth, more deſirous in his heart of keeping ſtraight with the world than I am,—or who takes more likely means for it. I never give above half a guinea,—nor walk with boots,—nor cheapen tooth-picks, nor lay out a ſhilling upon a band-box, the year round; and, for the ſix months I'm in the country, I'm upon ſo ſmall a ſcale, that, with all the good temper in the world, I outdo Rouſſeau a bar length!—for I keep neither man or boy, nor horſe, nor cow, nor dog, nor cat, nor any thing that can eat or drink, except a thin poor piece of a veſtal (to keep my fire in) and who has generally as bad an appetite as myſelf:—but, if you think this makes a philoſopher of me,—I would not, my good people, give a ruſh for your judgments.

True philoſophy;—but there is no treating the ſubject whilſt my uncle is whiſtling Lillabullero.

——Let us go into the houſe.

CHAP. XVIII.

CHAP. XIX.

CHAP. XX.

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——You ſhall ſee the very place, Madam, ſaid my uncle Toby.

Mrs. Wadman bluſh'd,—look'd towards the door,—turn'd pale,—bluſh'd ſlightly again,—recover'd her natural colour,—bluſh'd worſe than ever; which, for the ſake of the unlearned reader, I tranſlate thus:

" *L—d! I cannot look at it!—*
" *What would the world ſay if I look'd at it?*
" *I ſhould drop down if I look'd at it!*
" *I wiſh I could look at it.*
" *There can be no ſin in looking at it.*
——" *I will look at it.*"

Whilſt all this was running through Mrs. Wadman's imagination, my uncle Toby had riſen from the ſofa, and got to the other ſide of the parlour-door, to give Trim an order about it in the paſſage——

* * * * * * * *
* * *——I believe it is in the garret, ſaid my uncle Toby.——I ſaw it there, an' pleaſe

your Honour, this morning, anſwered Trim.——Then prithee ſtep directly for it Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and bring it into the parlour.

The Corporal did not approve of the orders; but moſt cheerfully obeyed them. The firſt was not an act of his will,—the ſecond was; ſo he put on his Montero-cap, and went as faſt as his lame knee would let him. My uncle Toby returned into the parlour, and ſat himſelf down again upon the ſofa.

——You ſhall lay your finger upon the place, ſaid my uncle Toby.——I will not touch it, however, quoth Mrs. Wadman to herſelf.

This requires a ſecond tranſlation:—it ſhews what little knowledge is got by mere words;—we muſt go up to the firſt ſprings.

Now, in order to clear up the miſt which hangs upon theſe three pages, I muſt endeavour to be as clear as poſſible myſelf.

Rub your hands thrice acroſs your foreheads,—blow your noſes,—cleanſe your emunctories,—ſneeze, my good people;—God bleſs you.

Now, give me all the help you can.

CHAP. XXI.

AS there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in,—as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a huſband, ſhe firſt ſets about and carefully weighs, then ſeparates and diſtinguiſhes, in her mind, which of all that number of ends is

hers; then, by diſcourſe, enquiry, argumentation, and inference, ſhe inveſtigates and finds out whether ſhe has got hold of the right one;—and, if ſhe has,—then, by pulling it gently this way and that way, ſhe further forms a judgment, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which Slawkenbergius impreſſes this upon his reader's fancy, in the beginning of his third Decade, is ſo ludicrous, that the honour I bear the ſex will not ſuffer me to quote it,—otherwiſe, it is not deſtitute of humour.

"She firſt, ſaith Slawkenbergius, ſtops the aſs; and holding his halter in her left hand (leſt he ſhould get away) ſhe thruſts her right hand into the very bottom of his pannier, to ſearch for it.——For what?——You'll not know the ſooner, quoth Slawkenbergius, for interrupting me.

"I have nothing, good Lady, but empty bottles, ſays the aſs.

——"I'm loaded with tripes," ſays the ſecond.

——And thou art little better, quoth ſhe to the third; for nothing is there in thy panniers but trunk-hoſe and pantofles;—and ſo to the fourth and fifth, going on, one by one, thro' the whole ſtring, till coming to the aſs which carries it, ſhe turns the pannier upſide down, looks at it,—conſiders it,—ſamples it,—meaſures it,—ſtretches it,—wets it,—dries it,—then takes her teeth both to the warp and weft of it.

——Of what? for the love of Chriſt!

——I am determined, anſwered Slawkenbergius,

gius, that all the powers upon earth ſhall never wring that ſecret from my breaſt.

CHAP. XXII.

WE live in a world beſet on all ſides with myſteries and riddles,—and ſo 'tis no matter;——elſe it ſeems ſtrange, that Nature, who makes every thing ſo well to anſwer its deſtination, and ſeldom or never errs, unleſs for paſtime, in giving ſuch forms and aptitudes to whatever paſſes through her hands, that, whether ſhe deſigns for the plough, the caravan, the cart,—or whatever other creature ſhe models, be it but an aſs's foal, you are ſure to have the thing you wanted; and yet, at the ſame time, ſhould ſo eternally bungle it as ſhe does, in making ſo ſimple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay,—or that it is frequently ſpoil'd in the baking (by an exceſs of which a huſband may turn out too cruſty, you know, on one hand,—or not enough ſo, through defect of heat, on the other);—or whether this great artificer is not ſo attentive to the little Platonic exigencies *of that part* of the ſpecies, for whoſe uſe ſhe is fabricating *this*;—or that her Ladyſhip ſometimes ſcarce knows what ſort of a huſband will do.—I know not: we will diſcourſe about it after ſupper.

It is enough that neither the obſervation itſelf, nor the reaſoning upon it, are at all to the purpoſe,

—but rather againſt it; ſince, with regard to my uncle Toby's fitneſs for the marriage ſtate, nothing was ever better: ſhe had formed him of the beſt and kindlieſt clay, had temper'd it with her own milk, and breathed into it the ſweeteſt ſpirit;—ſhe had made him all gentle, generous, and humane;—ſhe had filled his heart with truſt and confidence, and diſpoſed every paſſage which led to it for the communication of the tendereſt offices;—ſhe had, moreover, conſidered the other cauſes for which matrimony was ordained——

And, accordingly, * * *

affair in ten days; and it was built upon one of the moſt conceſſible *poſtulata* in nature; namely, that, whilſt my uncle Toby was making love to her miſtreſs, the Corporal could find nothing better to do than to make love to her;—"*And I'll let him as much as he will,*" ſaid Bridget, "*to get it out of him.*"

Friendſhip has two garments, an outer and an under one. Bridget was ſerving her miſtreſs's intereſts in the one,—and doing the thing which moſt pleaſed herſelf in the other; ſo had as many ſtakes depending upon my uncle Toby's wound as the Devil himſelf.—Mrs. Wadman's had but one,—and as it poſſibly might be her laſt (without diſcouraging Mrs. Bridget, or diſcrediting her talents) was determined to play her cards herſelf.

She wanted not encouragement: a child might have look'd into his hand;—there was ſuch a plainneſs and ſimplicity in his playing out what trumps he had,—with ſuch an unmiſtruſting ignorance of the *ten ace*,—and ſo naked and defenceleſs did he ſit upon the ſame ſofa with Widow Wadman, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game of him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

CHAP. XXIV.

——AND the ſtory too, if you pleaſe; for though I have all along been haſtening towards this part of it, with ſo much earneſt deſire, as well

knowing it to be the choiceſt morſel of what I had to offer to the world, yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen and go on with the ſtory for me that will,—I ſee the difficulties of the deſcriptions I'm going to give,—and feel my want of powers.

It is one comfort, at leaſt to me, that I loſt ſome fourſcore ounces of blood this week, in a moſt uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; ſo that I have ſtill ſome hopes remaining it may be more in the ſerous or globular parts of the blood, than in the ſubtle *aura* of the brain:—be it which it will,—an Invocation can do no hurt;—and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked*, to inſpire or to inject me according as he ſees good.

THE INVOCATION.

Gentle Spirit of ſweeteſt humour, who erſt did ſit upon the eaſy pen of my beloved Cervantes! Thou who glided'ſt daily through his lattice, and turned'ſt the twilight of his priſon into noon-day brightneſs by thy preſence,—tinged'ſt his little urn of water with heaven-ſent nectar, and, all the time he wrote of Sancho and his maſter, didſt caſt thy myſtic mantle o'er his wither'd ſtump*, and wide extended it to all the evils of his life,—

—Turn in hither, I beſeech thee!—behold theſe breeches!—they are all I have in the world;—that piteous rent was given them at Lyons.

* He loſt his hand at the battle of Lepanto.

My

My ſhirts! ſee what a deadly ſchiſm has happen'd amongſt 'em;—for the laps are in Lombardy, and the reſt of 'em here.—I never had but ſix, and a cunning gipſy of a laundreſs at Milan cut me off the *fore*-laps of five.—To do her juſtice, ſhe did it with ſome conſideration,—for I was returning out of Italy.

And yet, notwithſtanding all this, and a piſtol tinder-box, which was, moreover, filch'd from me at Sienna, and twice that I paid five Pauls for two hard eggs, once at Raddicofini, and a ſecond time at Capua,—I do not think a journey through France and Italy, provided a man keeps his temper all the way, ſo bad a thing as ſome people would make you believe; there muſt be *ups* and *downs*, or how the deuce ſhould we get into vallies where Nature ſpreads ſo many tables of entertainment.—'Tis nonſenſe to imagine they will lend you their voitures to be ſhaken to pieces for nothing; and, unleſs you pay twelve ſous for greaſing your wheels, how ſhould the poor peaſant get butter to his bread?—We really expect too much,—and, for the livre or two above par for your ſupper and bed,—at the moſt they are but one ſhilling and ninepence halfpenny,—who would embroil their philoſophy for it? for Heaven's and for your own ſake, pay it,—pay it with both hands open, rather than leave *Diſappointment* ſitting drooping upon the eyes of your fair hoſteſs and her damſels in the gateway, at your departure;—and beſides, my dear Sir, you get a ſifterly kiſs of each of 'em worth a pound:—at leaſt I did;—

—For

—For my uncle Toby's amours running all the way in my head, they had the ſame effect upon me as if they had been my own.—I was in the moſt perfect ſtate of bounty and good-will, and felt the kindlieſt harmony vibrating within me; with every oſcillation of the chaiſe alike; ſo that, whether the roads were rough or ſmooth, it made no difference; every thing I ſaw or had to do with, touch'd upon ſome ſecret ſpring, either of ſentiment or rapture.

——They were the ſweeteſt notes I ever heard; and I inſtantly let down the fore-glaſs to hear them more diſtinctly.——'Tis Maria, ſaid the poſtillion, obſerving I was liſtening. Poor Maria, continued he (leaning his body on one ſide to let me ſee her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is ſitting upon a bank playing her veſpers upon her pipe, with her little goat beſide her.

The young fellow utter'd this with an accent and a look ſo perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I inſtantly made a vow I would give him a four-and-twenty ſous piece when I got to Moulins.——

——And who is *poor* Maria? ſaid I.

——The love and pity of all the villages around us, ſaid the poſtillion: it is but three years ago that the ſun did not ſhine upon ſo fair, ſo quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deſerve than to have her banns forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the pariſh who publiſh'd them.

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a ſhort pauſe, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again;—they were the ſame notes,—yet were

were ten times ſweeter.——It is the evening ſervice to the Virgin, ſaid the young man;—but who has taught her to play it, or how ſhe came by her pipe, no one knows: we think that Heaven has aſſiſted her in both; for, ever ſince ſhe has been unſettled in her mind, it ſeems her only conſolation; ſhe has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that *ſervice* upon it almoſt day and night.

The poſtillion delivered this with ſo much diſcretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphering ſomething in his face above his condition, and ſhould have ſifted out his hiſtory, had not poor Maria's taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of me.

We had got up by this time almoſt to the bank where Maria was ſitting: ſhe was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two treſſes, drawn up into a ſilk net, with a few olive leaves twiſted a little fantaſtically on one ſide;—ſhe was beautiful; and, if ever I felt the full force of an honeſt heart-ach, it was the moment I ſaw her.

——God help her! poor damſel! above a hundred maſſes, ſaid the poſtillion, have been ſaid, in the ſeveral pariſh-churches and convents around, for her,—but without effect: we have ſtill hopes, as ſhe is ſenſible for ſhort intervals, that the Virgin at laſt will reſtore her to herſelf; but her parents, who know her beſt, are hopeleſs upon that ſcore, and think her ſenſes are loſt for ever.

As the poſtillion ſpoke this, Maria made a cadence ſo melancholy, ſo tender and querulous, that I ſprung out of the chaiſe to help her, and found myſelf ſitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapſed from my enthuſiaſm.

Maria

Maria look'd wiſtfully for ſome time at me, and then at her goat,—and then at me,—and then at her goat again, and ſo on, alternately.

——Well, Maria, ſaid I ſoftly, what reſemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humbleſt conviction of what a *beaſt* man is,—that I aſked the queſtion; and that I would not have let fallen an unſeaſonable pleaſantry in the venerable preſence of Miſery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais ſcatter'd,—and yet I own my heart ſmote me, and that I ſo ſmarted at the very idea of it, that I ſwore I would ſet up for Wiſdom, and utter grave ſentences the reſt of my days;—and never,—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longeſt day I had to live.

As for writing nonſenſe to them,—I believe there was a reſerve;—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapleſs damſel!—ſome time, but not *now*, I may hear thy ſorrows from thy own lips,—but I was deceived; for that moment ſhe took her pipe and told me ſuch a tale of woe with it, that I roſe up, and with broken and irregular ſteps walk'd ſoftly to my chaiſe.

—What an excellent inn at Moulins!

CHAP. XXV.

WHEN we have got to the end of this chapter (but not before) we muſt all turn back to the two blank

blank chapters; on the account of which my honour has lain bleeding this half hour.—I ſtop it, by pulling off one of my yellow ſlippers, and throwing it, with all my violence, to the oppoſite ſide of my room, with a declaration at the heel of it,—

That whatever reſemblance it may bear to half the chapters which are written in the world, or, for aught I know, may be now writing in it,—that it was as caſual as the foam of Zeuxis his horſe; beſides, I look upon a chapter which has *only nothing in it*, with reſpect; and conſidering what worſe things there are in the world,—That it is no way a proper ſubject for ſatire.

—Why then was it left ſo? And here, without ſtaying for my reply, ſhall I be called as many blockheads, numſkulls, doddypoles, dunderheads, ninny-hammers, gooſecaps, joltheads, nincompoops, and ſh—t-a-beds,—and other unſavoury appellations, as ever the cake-bakers of Lerne caſt in the teeth of King Garangantan's ſhepherds:—and I'll let them do it, as Bridget ſaid, as much as they pleaſe; for how was it poſſible they ſhould foreſee the neceſſity I was under of writing the 25th chapter of my book before the 18th? &c.

—So I don't take it amiſs.—All I wiſh is, That it may be a leſſon to the world, "*to let people tell* "*their ſtories their own way.*"

The Eighteenth Chapter.

AS Mrs. Bridget opened the door before the Corporal had well given the rap, the interval betwixt that and my uncle Toby's introduction into the parlour was ſo ſhort, that Mrs. Wadman had but juſt time to get from behind the curtain,—lay a Bible upon the table, and advance a ſtep or two, towards the door to receive him.

My uncle Toby ſaluted Mrs. Wadman, after the manner in which women were ſaluted by men in the year of our Lord God one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirteen;—then facing about, he march'd up abreaſt with her to the ſofa, and in three plain words,—though not before he was ſat down,—nor after he was ſat down,—but as he was ſitting down, told her, "*he was in love*;" ſo that my uncle Toby ſtrained himſelf more in the declaration than he needed.

Mrs. Wadman naturally looked down upon a ſlit ſhe had been darning up in her apron, in expectation every moment that my uncle Toby would go on; but having no talents for amplification, and Love, moreover of all others, being a ſubject of which he was the leaſt a maſter,—when he had told Mrs. Wadman once that he loved her, he let it alone, and left the matter to work after its own way.

My father was always in raptures with this ſyſtem of my uncle Toby's, as he falſely called it, and would often ſay, That could his brother Toby to his proceſs have added but a pipe of tobacco,—he had

had wherewithal to have found his way, if there was faith in a Spaniſh proverb, towards the hearts of half the women upon the globe.

My uncle Toby never underſtood what my father meant; nor will I preſume to extract more from it than a condemnation of an error which the bulk of the world lie under;—but the French, every one of 'em to a man, who believe in it almoſt as much as the *real preſence*, " *That talking of* " *love, is making it.*"

—I would as ſoon ſet about making a black-pudding by the ſame receipt.

Let us go on:—Mrs. Wadman ſat in expectation my uncle Toby would do ſo, to almoſt the firſt pulſation of that minute, wherein ſilence on one ſide or the other generally becomes indecent: ſo edging herſelf a little more towards him, and raiſing up her eyes, ſub-bluſhing, as ſhe did it,—ſhe took up the gauntlet,—or the diſcourſe (if you like it better) and communed with my uncle Toby thus:—

The cares and diſquietudes of the marriage-ſtate, quoth Mrs. Wadman, are very great.——I ſuppoſe ſo, ſaid my uncle Toby.——And therefore when a perſon, continued Mrs. Wadman, is ſo much at his eaſe as you are,—ſo happy, Captain Shandy, in yourſelf, your friends, and your amuſements, —I wonder what reaſons can incline you to the ſtate!

——They are written, quoth my uncle Toby, in the Common-Prayer Book.

Thus far my uncle Toby went on warily, and kept within his depth, leaving Mrs. Wadman to ſail upon the gulf as ſhe pleaſed.

——As

——As for children, ſaid Mrs. Wadman, though a principal end, perhaps, of the inſtitution, and the natural wiſh, I ſuppoſe, of every parent,—yet do not we all find, they are certain ſorrows, and very uncertain comforts? and what is there, dear Sir, to pay one for the heart-achs?—what compenſation for the many tender and diſquieting apprehenſions of a ſuffering and defenceleſs mother who brings them into life?——I declare, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſmit with pity, I know of none; unleſs it be the pleaſure which it has pleaſed God——

——A fiddleſtick! quoth ſhe.

Chapter the Nineteenth.

NOW there are ſuch an infinitude of notes, tunes, cants, chants, airs, looks, and accents with which the word *fiddleſtick* may be pronounced in all ſuch caſes as this, every one of 'em impreſſing a ſenſe and meaning as different from the other as *dirt* from *cleanlineſs*,—that Caſuiſts (for it is an affair of conſcience upon that ſcore) reckon up no leſs than fourteen thouſand in which you may do either right or wrong.

Mrs. Wadman hit upon the *fiddleſtick* which ſummoned up all my uncle Toby's modeſt blood into his cheeks;—ſo feeling within himſelf that he had ſomehow or other got beyond his depth, he ſtopt ſhort; and without entering further either into the pains or pleaſures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and ſhare them along with her.

When

When my uncle Toby had ſaid this, he did not care to ſay it again; ſo caſting his eye upon the Bible which Mrs. Wadman had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear ſoul! upon a paſſage in it, of all others the moſt intereſting to him,—which was the ſiege of Jericho,—he ſet himſelf to read it over,—leaving his propoſal of marriage, as he had done his declaration of love, to work with her after its own way. Now it wrought neither as an aſtringent nor a looſener; nor like opium, nor bark, nor mercury, nor buckthorn, nor any one drug which nature had beſtowed upon the world;—in ſhort, it work'd not at all in her; and the cauſe of that was, that there was ſomething working there before.—Babbler that I am! I have anticipated what it was a dozen times; but there is fire ſtill in the ſubject.—*Allons!*

CHAP. XXVI.

IT is natural for a perfect ſtranger who is going from London to Edinburgh, to enquire, before he ſets out, how many miles to York? which is about the half-way:—nor does any body wonder, if he goes on and aſks about the corporation, &c.—

It was juſt as natural for Mrs. Wadman, whoſe firſt huſband was all his time afflicted with a Sciatica, to wiſh to know how far from the hip to the groin; and how far ſhe was likely to ſuffer more

or leſs in her feelings, in the one caſe than in the other.

She had accordingly read Drake's Anatomy from one end to the other. She had peeped into Wharton upon the Brain, and borrowed † Graaf upon the Bones and Muſcles; but could make nothing of it.

She had reaſon'd likewiſe from her own powers, —laid down theorems,—drawn conſequences, and come to no concluſion.

To clear up all, ſhe had twice aſked Doctor Slop, "If poor Captain Shandy was ever likely "to recover of his wound——?"

——He is recovered, Doctor Slop would ſay.——

What, quite?

——Quite, Madam.

——But what do you mean by a recovery? Mrs. Wadman would ſay.

Doctor Slop was the worſt man alive at definitions; and ſo Mrs. Wadman could get no knowledge. In ſhort, there was no way to extract it, but from my uncle Toby himſelf.

There is an accent of humanity in an enquiry of this kind, which lulls *Suſpicion* to reſt;—and I am half perſuaded the ſerpent got pretty near it, in his diſcourſe with Eve; for the propenſity in the ſex to be deceived could not be ſo great, that ſhe ſhould have boldneſs to hold chat with the

† This muſt be a miſtake in Mr. Shandy; for Graaf wrote upon the pancreatic juice, and the parts of generation.

Devil

Devil without it.—But there is an accent of humanity:—how ſhall I deſcribe it?—'tis an accent which covers the part with a garment, and gives the enquirer a right to be as particular with it as your body-ſurgeon.

" —Was it without remiſſion?

" —Was it more tolerable in bed?

" —Could he lie on both ſides alike with " it?

" —Was he able to mount a horſe?

" —Was motion bad for it?" *et cætera*, were ſo tenderly ſpoke to, and ſo directed towards my uncle Toby's heart, that every item of them ſunk ten times deeper into it than the evils themſelves;—but when Mrs. Wadman went round about by Namur to get at my uncle Toby's groin; and engaged him to attack the point of the advanced counterſcarp, and *pêle mêle* with the Dutch, to take the counter-guard of St. Roch ſword in hand,—and then, with tender notes playing upon his ear, led him, all bleeding, by the hand out of the trench, wiping her eye as he was carried to his tent,—Heaven! Earth! Sea!—all was lifted up,—the ſprings of nature roſe above their levels,—an angel of mercy ſat beſide him on the ſofa,—his heart glow'd with fire;—and had he been worth a thouſand, he had loſt every heart of them to Mrs. Wadman.

—And whereabouts, dear Sir, quoth Mrs. Wadman, a little categorically, did you receive this ſad blow?——In aſking this queſtion, Mrs. Wadman gave a ſlight glance towards the waiſt-

band of my uncle Toby's red plush breeches, expecting naturally, as the shortest reply to it, that my uncle Toby would lay his fore-finger upon the place.—It fell out otherwise,—for my uncle Toby having got his wound before the gate of St. Nicholas, in one of the traverses of the trench opposite to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of St. Roch,—he could, at any time, stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing when the stone struck him. This struck instantly upon my uncle Toby's sensorium;—and with it, struck his large map of the town and citadel of Namur, and its environs, which he had purchased and pasted down upon a board, by the Corporal's aid, during his long illness:—it had lain, with other military lumber, in the garret ever since; and accordingly the Corporal was detached to the garret to fetch it.

My uncle Toby measured off thirty toises, with Mrs. Wadman's sciſſars, from the returning angle before the gate of St. Nicholas; and with such a virgin modesty laid her finger upon the place, that the goddess of Decency, if then in being,—if not, 'twas her shade,—shook her head, and with a finger wavering across her eyes,—forbade her to explain the mistake.

Unhappy Mrs. Wadman!

—For nothing can make this chapter go off with spirit but an apostrophe to thee;—but my heart tells me, that in such a crisis an apostrophe is but an insult in disguise; and ere I would offer one to a woman in distress,—let the chapter go to the Devil;

Devil; provided any damn'd critic *in keeping* will be but at the trouble to take it with him.

CHAP. XXVII.

My uncle Toby's map is carried down into the kitchen.

CHAP. XXVIII.

—AND here is the Maes,—and this is the Sambre, ſaid the Corporal, pointing with his right hand extended a little towards the map, and his left upon Mrs. Bridget's ſhoulder,—but not the ſhoulder next him;—and this, ſaid he, is the town of Namur,—and this the citadel,—and there lay the French,—and here lay his Honour and myſelf;—and in this curſed trench, Mrs. Bridget, quoth the Corporal, taking her by the hand, did he receive the wound which cruſh'd him ſo miſerably *here*.—In pronouncing which, he ſlightly preſs'd the back of her hand towards the part he felt for,—and let it fall.

——We thought, Mr. Trim, it had been more in the middle, ſaid Mrs. Bridget.

——That would have undone us for ever, ſaid the Corporal.

——And left my poor miſtreſs undone too, ſaid Bridget.

The Corporal made no reply to the repartee, but by giving Mrs. Bridget a kiſs.

——Come, come, ſaid Bridget, holding the palm of her left hand parallel to the plane of the horizon, and ſliding the fingers of the other over it, in a way which could not have been done, had there been the leaſt wart or protuberance,——'Tis every ſyllable of it falſe, cried the Corporal, before ſhe had half finiſhed the ſentence.

——I know it to be fact, ſaid Bridget, from credible witneſſes.

——Upon my honour, ſaid the Corporal, laying his hand upon his heart, and bluſhing as he ſpoke, with honeſt reſentment,—'tis a ſtory, Mrs. Bridget, as falſe as Hell,——Not, ſaid Bridget, interrupting him, that either I or my miſtreſs care a halfpenny about it, whether it is ſo or no;—only that when one is married, one would chuſe to have ſuch a thing by one at leaſt,——

It was ſomewhat unfortunate for Mrs. Bridget, that ſhe had begun the attack with her manual exerciſe; for the Corporal inſtantly * *

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CHAP. XXIX.

IT was like the momentary conteſt in the moiſt eyelids of an April morning, " Whether Bridget " ſhould laugh or cry."

She ſnatch'd up a rolling-pin,—'twas ten to one ſhe had laugh'd.—

She

She laid it down,—ſhe cried: and had one ſingle tear of 'em but taſted of bitterneſs, full ſorrowful would the Corporal's heart have been that he had uſed the argument; but the Corporal underſtood the ſex, a *quart major to a terce* at leaſt, better than my uncle Toby, and accordingly he aſſailed Mrs. Bridget after this manner:—

I know, Mrs. Bridget, ſaid the Corporal, giving her a moſt reſpectful kiſs, that thou art good and modeſt by nature; and art withal ſo generous a girl in thyſelf, that, if I know thee rightly, thou would'ſt not wound an inſect, much leſs the honour of ſo gallant and worthy a ſoul as my maſter, waſt thou ſure to be made a Counteſs of; but thou haſt been ſet on, and deluded, dear Bridget, as is often a woman's caſe, "to pleaſe others more than themſelves——"

Bridget's eyes poured down at the ſenſations the Corporal excited.

—Tell me,—tell me, then, my dear Bridget, continued the Corporal, taking hold of her hand, which hung down dead by her ſide,—and giving a ſecond kiſs,—whoſe ſuſpicion has miſled thee?

Bridget ſobb'd a ſob or two,—then open'd her eyes;—the Corporal wiped 'em with the bottom of her apron;—ſhe then open'd her heart and told him all.

CHAP. XXX.

MY uncle Toby and the Corporal had gone on ſeparately with their operations the greateſt part of

the campaign, and as effectually cut off from all communication of what either the one or the other had been doing, as if they had been ſeparated from each other by the Maes or the Sambre.

My uncle Toby, on his ſide, had preſented himſelf every afternoon in his red and ſilver and blue and gold, alternately, and ſuſtained an infinity of attacks in them, without knowing them to be attacks;—and ſo had nothing to communicate.

The Corporal, on his ſide, in taking Bridget, by it gain'd conſiderable advantages,—and conſequently had much to communicate;—but what were the advantages,—as well as what was the manner by which he had ſeiz'd them, required ſo nice an hiſtorian, that the Corporal durſt not venture upon it; and, as ſenſible as he was of glory, would rather have been contented to have gone bare-headed and without laurels for ever, than torture his maſter's modeſty for a ſingle moment.

—Beſt of honeſt and gallant ſervants!—But I have apoſtrophiz'd thee, Trim, once before;—and could I apotheoſize thee alſo (that is to ſay) with good company,—I would do it *without ceremony* in the very next page.

CHAP. XXXI.

NOW my uncle Toby had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to himſelf, upon his fingers ends (beginning at his thumb) all Mrs. Wadman's perfections, one by one; and happening two or three times

times together, either by omitting ſome, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himſelf ſadly before he could get beyond his middle-finger,——Prithee, Trim, ſaid he, taking up his pipe again, bring me a pen and ink.——Trim brought paper alſo.

—Take a full ſheet, Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, making a ſign with his pipe at the ſame time to take a chair and ſit down cloſe by him at the table. The Corporal obeyed,—placed the paper directly before him,—took a pen, and dipp'd it in the ink.

—She has a thouſand virtues, Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby.

——Am I to ſet them down, an' pleaſe your Honour? quoth the Corporal.

——But they muſt be taken in their ranks, replied my uncle Toby; for of them all, Trim, that which wins me moſt, and which is a ſecurity for all the reſt, is the compaſſionate turn and ſingular humanity of her character.—I proteſt, added my uncle Toby, looking up, as he proteſted it, towards the top of the ceiling,—That was I her brother, Trim, a thouſand-fold, ſhe could not make more conſtant or more tender enquiries after my ſufferings,—though now no more.

The Corporal made no reply to my uncle Toby's proteſtation, but by a ſhort cough:—he dipp'd the pen a ſecond time into the ink-horn; and my uncle Toby, pointing with the end of his pipe as cloſe to the top of the ſheet at the left hand corner of it as he could get it,—the Corporal wrote down the word humanity, thus - - - - - - - - -

Humanity.

—Prithee, Corporal, ſaid my uncle Toby, as ſoon as Trim had done it,—how often does Mrs. Bridget enquire after the wound on the cap of thy knee, which thou received'ſt at the battle of Landen?

——She never, an' pleaſe your Honour, enquires after it at all.

——That, Corporal, ſaid my uncle Toby, with all the triumph the goodneſs of his nature would permit,—that ſhews the difference in the character of the miſtreſs and maid.—Had the fortune of war allotted the ſame miſchance to me, Mrs. Wadman would have enquired into every circumſtance relating to it a hundred times.——She would have enquired, an' pleaſe your Honour, ten times as often about your Honour's groin.——The pain, Trim, is equally excruciating,—and Compaſſion has as much to do with the one as the other.

——God bleſs your Honour! cried the Corporal,—what has a woman's compaſſion to do with a wound upon the cap of a man's knee? Had your Honour's been ſhot into ten thouſand ſplinters at the affair of Landen, Mrs. Wadman would have troubled her head as little about it as Bridget; becauſe, added the Corporal, lowering his voice, and ſpeaking very diſtinctly, as he aſſigned his reaſon,—

" The knee is ſuch a diſtance from the main " body,—whereas the groin, your Honour knows, " is upon the very *curtain* of the *place*."

My uncle Toby gave a long whiſtle;—but in a note which could ſcarce be heard acroſs the table.

The Corporal had advanced too far to retire;—in three words he told the reſt.

My

My uncle Toby laid down his pipe as gently upon the fender as if it had been ſpun from the unravellings of a ſpider's web.

——Let us go to my brother Shandy's, ſaid he.

CHAP. XXXII.

THERE will be juſt time, whilſt my uncle Toby and Trim are walking to my father's, to inform you that Mrs. Wadman had, ſome moons before this, made a confidant of my mother; and that Mrs. Bridget, who had the burden of her own, as well as her Miſtreſs's ſecret to carry, had got happily delivered of both to Suſannah, behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, ſhe ſaw nothing at all in it, to make the leaſt buſtle about;—but Suſannah was ſufficient by herſelf for all the ends and purpoſes you could poſſibly have, in exporting a family-ſecret; for ſhe inſtantly imparted it by ſigns to Jonathan;—and Jonathan by tokens to the cook, as ſhe was baſting a loin of mutton; the cook ſold it with ſome kitchen-fat to the poſtillion for a groat; who truck'd it with the dairy-maid for ſomething of about the ſame value;—and though whiſpered in the hay-loft, *Fame* caught the notes with her brazen trumpet, and ſounded them upon the houſe-top.—In a word, not an old woman in the village, or five miles round, who did not underſtand the difficulties of my uncle Toby's ſiege, and what were the ſecret articles which had delayed the ſurrender.

My

My father, whoſe way was to force every event in nature into an hypotheſis, by which means, never man crucified *Truth* at the rate he did,—had but juſt heard of the report as my uncle Toby ſet out; and catching fire ſuddenly at the treſpaſs done his brother by it, was demonſtrating to Yorick, notwithſtanding my mother was ſitting by,—not only, "That the Devil was in women, and that "the whole of the affair was luſt;" but that every evil and diſorder in the world, of what kind or nature ſoever, from the firſt fall of Adam, down to my uncle Toby's (incluſive) was owing, one way or other, to the ſame unruly appetite.

Yorick was juſt bringing my father's hypotheſis to ſome temper, when my uncle Toby entering the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveneſs in his looks, my father's eloquence rekindled againſt the paſſion;—and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth,—as ſoon as my uncle Toby was ſeated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner:—

CHAP. XXXIII.

—THAT proviſion ſhould be made for continuing the race of ſo great, ſo exalted, and godlike a being as man,—I am far from denying;—but philoſophy ſpeaks freely of every thing; and therefore I ſtill think, and do maintain it to be a pity, that it ſhould be done by means of a paſſion, which bends

bends down the faculties, and turns all the wiſdom, contemplations, and operations of the ſoul backwards;—a paſſion, my dear, continued my father, addreſſing himſelf to my mother, which couples and equals wiſe men with fools, and makes us come out of our caverns and hiding-places more like ſatyrs and four-footed beaſts than men.

I know it will be ſaid, continued my father, (availing himſelf of the *Prolepſis*) that in itſelf, and ſimply taken,—like hunger, or thirſt, or ſleep,—'tis an affair neither good nor bad,—nor ſhameful, nor otherwiſe.—Why then did the delicacy of Diogenes and Plato ſo recalcitrate againſt it? and wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reaſon is it, that all the parts thereof,—the congredients,—the preparations,—the inſtruments, and whatever ſerves thereto, are ſo held as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no language, tranſlation, or periphraſis whatever?

—The act of killing and deſtroying a man, continued my father, raiſing his voice,—and turning to my uncle Toby,—you ſee, is glorious,—and the weapons by which we do it are honourable;—we march with them upon our ſhoulders;—we ſtrut with them by our ſides;—we gild them;—we carve them;—we inlay them;—we enrich them;—nay, if it be but a *ſcoundrel* cannon, we caſt an ornament upon the breech of it.

—My uncle Toby laid down his pipe to intercede for a better epithet;—and Yorick was riſing up to batter the whole hypotheſis to pieces,——

When

When Obadiah broke into the middle of the room with a complaint, which cried out for an immediate hearing.

The caſe was this :—

My father, whether by ancient cuſtom of the manor, or as impropriator of the great tythes, was obliged to keep a Bull for the ſervice of the pariſh ; and Obadiah had led his cow upon a *pop-viſit* to him one day or other the preceding ſummer ;—I ſay, one day or other,—becauſe, as chance would have it, it was the day on which he was married to my father's houſe-maid ;—ſo one was a reckoning to the other. Therefore, when Obadiah's wife was brought to bed,—Obadiah thanked God.——

Now, ſaid Obadiah, I ſhall have a calf: ſo Obadiah went daily to viſit his cow.

She'll calve on Monday,—or Tueſday,—or Wedneſday at the fartheſt.

The cow did not calve ;—no,—ſhe'll not calve till next week ;—the cow put it off terribly,—till at the end of the ſixth week, Obadiah's ſuſpicions (like a good man's) fell upon the Bull.

Now the pariſh being very large, my father's Bull, to ſpeak the truth of him, was no way equal to the department ; he had, however, got himſelf, ſomehow or other, thruſt into employment,—and as he went through the buſineſs with a grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

——Moſt of the townſmen, an' pleaſe your Worſhip, quoth Obadiah, believe that 'tis all the Bull's fault.

——But

——But may not a cow be barren? replied my father, turning to Doctor Slop.

——It never happens, ſaid Doctor Slop; but the man's wife may have come before her time, naturally enough.—Prithee has the child hair upon his head? added Doctor Slop.

——It is as hairy as I am, ſaid Obadiah.—Obadiah had not been ſhaved for three weeks.

——Wheu - - u - - - - u - - - - - - - -, cried my father, beginning the ſentence with an exclamatory whiſtle;—and ſo, brother Toby, this poor Bull of mine, who is as good a Bull as ever p—ſs'd, and might have done for Europa herſelf in purer times,—had he but two legs leſs, might have been driven into Doctor's Commons and loſt his character;—which, to a Town-Bull, brother Toby, is the very ſame thing as his life.

——L—d! ſaid my mother, what is all this ſtory about?

——A *Cock* and a *Bull*, ſaid Yorick;—and one of the beſt of its kind I ever heard.

END OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

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A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

——THEY order, ſaid I, this matter better in France.

——You have been in France? ſaid my gentleman, turning quick upon me, with the moſt civil triumph in the world.——Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myſelf, That one-and-twenty miles ſailing, for 'tis abſolutely no further from Dover to Calais, ſhould give a man theſe rights:—I'll look into them: ſo giving up the argument,—I went ſtraight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen ſhirts and a black pair of ſilk breeches;—"the coat I have on," ſaid I, looking at the ſleeve, "will do,"—took a place in the Dover ſtage; and, the packet ſailing at nine the next morning,—by three I had got ſat down to my dinner upon a fricaſeed chicken, ſo inconteſtibly in France, that, had I died that night of an indigeſtion, the whole world could not have ſuſpended the effects of the * *droits d'aubaine;*—my ſhirts,

* All the effects of ſtrangers (Swiſs and Scots excepted) dying in France are ſeized, by virtue of this law, though the heir be upon the ſpot;—the profit of theſe contingencies being farmed, there is no redreſs.

and black pair of ſilk breeches,—portmanteau and all, muſt have gone to the King of France;—even the little picture which I have ſo long worn, and ſo often told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck!—Ungenerous! to ſeize upon the wreck of an unwary paſſenger, whom your ſubjects had beckoned to their coaſt!—by Heaven! Sire, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me 'tis the monarch of a people ſo civilized and courteous, and ſo renowned for ſentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reaſon with!——

But I have ſcarce ſet a foot in your dominions—

CALAIS.

WHEN I had finiſhed my dinner, and drank the King of France's health, to ſatisfy my mind that I bore him no ſpleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper,—I roſe up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—No, ſaid I, the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be miſled, like other people; but there is a mildneſs in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a ſuffuſion of a finer kind upon my cheek, more warm and friendly to man than what Burgundy (at leaſt of two livres a bottle, which was ſuch as I had been drinking) could have produced.

——Juſt God! ſaid I, kicking my portmanteau aſide,

aſide, what is there in this world's goods which ſhould ſharpen our ſpirits, and make ſo many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out ſo cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heavieſt of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purſe, and holding it airily and uncompreſs'd, looks round him, as if he fought for an object to ſhare it with.—In doing this I felt every veſſel in my frame dilate,—the arteries beat all cheerly together, and every power which ſuſtained life performed it with ſo little friction, that 'twould have confounded the moſt *phiſical precieuſe* in France: with all her materialiſm, ſhe could ſcarce have called me a machine.

I'm confident, ſaid I to myſelf, I ſhould have overſet her creed.

The acceſſion of that idea carried Nature, at that time, as high as ſhe could go;—I was at peace with the world before, and this finiſh'd the treaty with myſelf.

—Now, was I a king of France, cried I, what a moment for an orphan to have begg'd his father's portmanteau of me!

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD ſcarce uttered the words, when a poor Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the

room, to beg ſomething for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the ſport of contingencies —or one man may be generous, as another man is puiſſant; —*ſed non quoad hanc*,—or be it as it may,—for there is no regular reaſoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours, they may depend upon the ſame cauſes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themſelves; —'twould oft be no diſcredit to us to ſuppoſe it was ſo: I'm ſure, at leaſt for myſelf, that in many a caſe I ſhould be more highly ſatisfied to have it ſaid by the world —"I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither ſin nor ſhame," than have it paſs altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was ſo much of both.

—But be this as it may,—the moment I caſt my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous; and, accordingly, I put my purſe into my pocket, button'd it up, ſet myſelf a little more upon my center, and advanced up gravely to him. There was ſomething, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deſerved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonſure, a few ſcatter'd white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about ſeventy; but from his eyes, and that ſort of fire which was in them, which ſeemed more tempered by courteſy than years, could be no more than ſixty:—truth might lie between,—he was certainly ſixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, not-

notwithſtanding ſomething ſeem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of thoſe heads which Guido has often painted,—mild, pale, penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth;—it look'd forwards, but look'd as if it look'd at ſomething beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's ſhoulders, beſt knows; but it would have ſuited a Bramin, and, had I met it upon the plains of Indoſtan, I had reverenced it.

The reſt of his outline may be given in a few ſtrokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to deſign, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwiſe, but as character and expreſſion made it ſo: it was a thin, ſpare form, ſomething above the common ſize, if it loſt not the diſtinction by a bend forward in the figure,—but it was the attitude of Intreaty; and, as it now ſtands preſented to my imagination, it gained more than it loſt by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he ſtood ſtill; and laying his left hand upon his breaſt (a ſlender white ſtaff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got cloſe up to him, he introduced himſelf with the little ſtory of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order;—and did it with ſo ſimple a grace,—and ſuch an air of deprecation was there in the whole caſt of his look and figure,—I was bewitch'd not to have been ſtruck with it.—

—A better reaſon was, I had predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

——'TIS very true, ſaid I, replying to a caſt upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his addreſs;—'tis very true,—and Heaven be their reſource who have no other but the charity of the world! the ſtock of which, I fear, is no way ſufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a ſlight glance with his eye downwards upon the ſleeve of his tunic:—I felt the full force of the appeal;—I acknowledge it, ſaid I:—a coarſe habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet,—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with ſo little induſtry, that your order ſhould wiſh to procure them by preſſing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm!—the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languiſhes alſo for his ſhare of it; and had you been of the *order of Mercy*, inſtead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully ſhould it

have been opened to you, for the ranſom of the unfortunate.——The monk made me a bow.——But of all others, reſum'd I, the unfortunate of our own country, ſurely, have the firſt rights; and I have left thouſands in diſtreſs upon our own ſhore.——The monk gave a cordial wave with his head,—as much as to ſay, No doubt, there is miſery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent.——But we diſtinguiſh, ſaid I, laying my hand upon the ſleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal,—we diſtinguiſh, my good father, betwixt thoſe who wiſh only to eat the bread of their own labour—and thoſe who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life but to get through it in ſloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciſcan made no reply: a hectic of a moment paſs'd acroſs his cheek, but could not tarry:—Nature ſeemed to have had done with her reſentments in him; he ſhewed none:—but letting his ſtaff fall within his arm, he preſs'd both his hands with reſignation upon his breaſt, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

MY heart ſmote me the moment he ſhut the door.—Pſha! ſaid I, with an air of careleſſneſs, three ſeveral times,—but it would not do; every

ungracious ſyllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination: I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciſcan but to deny him; and that the puniſhment of that was enough to the diſappointed, without the addition of unkind language.—I conſidered his grey hairs:—his courteous figure ſeem'd to re-enter and gently aſk me what injury he had done me?—and why I could uſe him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate.—I have behaved very ill, ſaid I, within myſelf; but I have only juſt ſet out upon my travels, and ſhall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

WHEN a man is diſcontented with himſelf, it has one advantage, however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now, there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaiſe,—and Nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fitteſt for, I walked out into the coach-yard to buy or hire ſomething of that kind to my purpoſe: an old * *deſobligeant*, in the furtheſt corner of the court, hit my fancy at firſt ſight; ſo I inſtantly got into

* A chaiſe ſo called in France, from its holding but one perſon.

it,

it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monſieur Deſſein, the maſter of the hotel;—but Monſieur Deſſein being gone to veſpers, and not caring to face the Franciſcan, whom I ſaw on the oppoſite ſide of the court, in conference with a lady juſt arrived at the inn,—I drew the taffeta-curtain betwixt us, and, being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *deſobligeant*.

PREFACE

IN THE DESOBLIGEANT.

IT muſt have been obſerved by many a peripatetic philoſopher, That Nature has ſet up, by her own unqueſtionable authority, certain boundaries and fences to circumſcribe the diſcontent of man; ſhe has effected her purpoſe in the quieteſt and eaſieſt manner, by laying him under almoſt inſuperable obligations to work out his eaſe, and to ſuſtain his ſufferings at home. It is there only that ſhe has provided him with the moſt ſuitable objects to partake of his happineſs, and bear a part of that burden which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of ſhoulders. 'Tis true, we are endued with an imperfect power of ſpreading our happineſs ſometimes beyond *her* limits; but 'tis ſo ordered, that, from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies,

encies, and, from the difference in educations, cuſtoms, and habits, we lie under ſo many impediments in communicating our ſenſations out of our own ſphere, as often amount to a total impoſſibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of ſentimental commerce is always againſt the expatriated adventurer: he muſt buy, what he has little occaſion for, at their own price;—his converſation will ſeldom be taken in exchange for theirs without a large diſcount,—and this, by the bye, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers, for ſuch converſation as he can find, it requires no great ſpirit of divination to gueſs at his party.

This brings me to my point, and naturally leads me (if the ſee-ſaw of this *deſobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as final cauſes of travelling.

Your idle people that leave their native country, and go abroad for ſome reaſon or reaſons which may be derived from one of theſe general cauſes:—

Infirmity of body,
Imbecility of mind, or
Inevitable neceſſity.

The two firſt include all thoſe who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curioſity, vanity, or ſpleen, ſubdivided and combined *in infinitum.*

The third claſs includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more eſpecially thoſe travellers who ſet out upon their travels with the benefit of the clergy, either as delinquents, travelling under the direction of governors recommended by the magiſtrate;

magiſtrate;—or young gentlemen, tranſported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glaſgow.

There is a fourth claſs, but their number is ſo ſmall, that they would not deſerve a diſtinction, were it not neceſſary, in a work of this nature, to obſerve the greateſt preciſion and nicety, to avoid a confuſion of character: and theſe men I ſpeak of, are ſuch as croſs the ſeas, and ſojourn in a land of ſtrangers, with a view of ſaving money for various reaſons, and upon various pretences; but, as they might alſo ſave themſelves and others a great deal of unneceſſary trouble by ſaving their money at home, —and, as their reaſons for travelling are the leaſt complex of any other ſpecies of emigrants, I ſhall diſtinguiſh theſe gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus, the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following heads:—

Idle Travellers,
Inquiſitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers;

then follow

The Travellers of Neceſſity,
The Delinquent and Felonious Traveller,
The Unfortunate and Innocent Traveller,
The Simple Traveller,

And laſt of all (if you pleaſe) The Sentimental Traveller

Traveller (meaning thereby myſelf) who have travell'd, and of which I am now ſitting down to give an account,—as much out of *Neceſſity*, and the *beſoin de Voyager*, as any one in the claſs.

I am well aware, at the ſame time, as both my travels and obſervations will be altogether of a different caſt from any of my forerunners, that I might have inſiſted upon a whole niche entirely to myſelf;—but I ſhould break in upon the confines of the *Vain* Traveller, in wiſhing to draw attention towards me, till I have ſome better grounds for it than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle*. It is ſufficient for my reader, if he has been a Traveller himſelf, that with ſtudy and reflection hereupon, he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue;—it will be one ſtep towards knowing himſelf, as it is great odds but he retains ſome tincture and reſemblance of what he imbibed or carried out, to the preſent hour.

The man who firſt tranſplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (obſerve he was a Dutchman) never dreamt of drinking the ſame wine at the Cape that the ſame grape produced upon the French mountains,—he was too phlegmatic for that;—but, undoubtedly, he expected to drink ſome ſort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent,—he knew enough of this world to know that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his ſucceſs: however, he hoped for the beſt; and in theſe hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head,

and

and the depth of his diſcretion, *Mynheer* might poſſibly overſet both in his new vineyard; and, by diſcovering his nakedneſs, become a laughing-ſtock to his people.

Even ſo it fares with the poor Traveller, ſailing and poſting through the politer kingdoms of the globe, in purſuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by ſailing and poſting for that purpoſe; but whether uſeful knowledge and real improvements is all a lottery;—and, even where the adventurer is ſucceſsful, the acquired ſtock muſt be uſed with caution and ſobriety, to turn to any profit:—but, as the chances run prodigiouſly the other way, both as to the acquiſition and application, I am of opinion, That a man would act as wiſely, if he could prevail upon himſelf to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, eſpecially if he lives in a country that has no abſolute want of either;—and, indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time coſt me, when I have obſerved how many a foul ſtep the Inquiſitive Traveller has meaſured to ſee ſights and look into diſcoveries, all which, as Sancho Pança ſaid to Don Quixote, they might have ſeen dry-ſhod at home. It is an age ſo full of light, that there is ſcarce a country or corner of Europe, whoſe beams are not croſſed and interchanged with others.—Knowledge, in moſt of its branches, and in moſt affairs, is like muſic in an Italian ſtreet, whereof thoſe may partake who pay nothing.—But there is no nation under Heaven,—and God is my record (before whoſe tribunal I muſt

one

one day come and give an account of this work)—that I do not ſpeak it vauntingly,—But there is no nation under Heaven abounding with more variety of learning,—where the ſciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more ſurely won, than here,—where Art is encouraged, and will ſoon riſe high,—where Nature (take her altogether) has ſo little to anſwer for,—and, to cloſe all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with :—Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going?—

——We are only looking at this chaiſe, ſaid they.——Your moſt obedient ſervant, ſaid I, ſkipping out of it, and pulling off my hat.——We were wondering, ſaid one of them, who, I found, was an *Inquiſitive Traveller*,—what could occaſion its motion.—'Twas the agitation, ſaid I, coolly, of writing a preface.——I never heard, ſaid the other, who was a *Simple Traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *deſobligeant*.——It would have been better, ſaid I, in a *vis-a-vis*.

As an Engliſhman does not travel to ſee Engliſhmen, I retired to my room.

CALAIS.

I PERCEIVED that ſomething darken'd the paſſage more than myſelf, as I ſtepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually Monſ. Deſſein, the maſter of the hotel, who had juſt returned from veſpers, and, with his hat under his arm, was moſt complaiſantly following me, to put me in mind of my

my wants. I had wrote myſelf pretty well out of conceit with the *deſobligeant*; and Monſ. Deſſein ſpeaking of it with a ſhrug, as if it would no way ſuit me, it immediately ſtruck my fancy that it belonged to ſome *Innocent Traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Monſ. Deſſein's honour to make the moſt of. Four months had elapſed ſince it had finiſhed its career of Europe in the corner of Monſ. Deſſein's coach-yard: and having ſallied out from thence but a vampt-up buſineſs at the firſt, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures,—but by none ſo little as the ſtanding ſo many months unpitied in the corner of Monſ. Deſſein's coach-yard. Much, indeed, was not to be ſaid for it,—but ſomething might,—and, when a few words will reſcue Miſery out of her diſtreſs, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

—Now, was I the maſter of this hotel, ſaid I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Monſ. Deſſein's breaſt, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *deſobligeant*; it ſtands ſwinging reproaches at you every time you paſs by it.

Mon Dieu! ſaid Monſ. Deſſein,—I have no intereſt.——Except the intereſt, ſaid I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, Monſ. Deſſein, in their own ſenſations,—I'm perſuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himſelf, every rainy night, diſguiſe it as you will, muſt caſt a damp upon your ſpirits. You ſuffer, Monſ. Deſſein, as much as the machine.

I have

I have always obſerved, when there is as much *four* as *ſweet* in a compliment, that an Engliſhman is eternally at a loſs within himſelf whether to take it or let it alone; a Frenchman never is; Monſ. Deſſein made me a bow.

C'eſt bien vrai, ſaid he—But, in this caſe, I ſhould only exchange one diſquietude for another, and with loſs. Figure to yourſelf, my dear Sir, that in giving you a chaiſe which would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris,—figure to yourſelf how much I ſhould ſuffer, in giving an ill impreſſion of myſelf to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I muſt do, *d'un homme d'eſprit.*

The doſe was made up exactly after my own preſcription; ſo I could not help taking it,—and returning Monſ. Deſſein his bow, without more caſuiſtry we walk'd together towards his remiſe, to take a view of his magazine of chaiſes.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

IT muſt needs be a hoſtile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a ſorry poſt-chaiſe) cannot go forth with the ſeller thereof into the ſtreet, to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he inſtantly falls into the ſame frame of mind, and views his conventioniſt with the ſame ſort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde Park Corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being

being but a poor ſwordſman, and no way a match for Monſ. Deſſein, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, to which the ſituation is incident;—I looked at Monſieur Deſſein through and through,—eyed him as he walk'd along in profile,—then *en face*;—thought he looked like a Jew,—then a Turk,—diſliked his wig,—curſed him by my gods,—wiſhed him at the Devil!

—And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four Louis d'ors, which is the moſt I can be over reached in?—Baſe paſſion! ſaid I, turning myſelf about, as a man naturally does upon a ſudden reverſe of ſentiment,—baſe ungentle paſſion! thy hand is againſt every man, and every man's hand againſt thee.——Heaven forbid! ſaid ſhe, raiſing her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had ſeen in conference with the monk:—ſhe had followed us unperceived.——Heaven forbid, indeed! ſaid I, offering her my own;—ſhe had a black pair of ſilk gloves, open only at the thumb and two fore-fingers, ſo accepted it without reſerve,—and I led her up to the door of the remiſe.

Monſieur Deſſein had *diabled* the key above fifty times, before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand: we were as impatient as himſelf to have it open'd; and ſo attentive to the obſtacle, that I continued holding her hand almoſt without knowing it: ſo that Monſ. Deſſein left us together, with her hand in mine, and with our faces

turned towards the door of the remiſe, and ſaid he would be back in five minutes.

Now, a colloquy of five minutes, in ſuch a ſituation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the ſtreet. In the latter caſe, 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without;—when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank,—you draw purely from yourſelves. A ſilence of a ſingle moment, upon Monſ. Deſſein's leaving us, had been fatal to the ſituation,—ſhe had infallibly turned about;—ſo I began the converſation inſtantly.

—But what were the temptations (as I write not to apologize for the weakneſſes of my heart in this tour,—but to give an account of them)—ſhall be deſcribed with the ſame ſimplicity with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *deſobligeant*, becauſe I ſaw the monk in cloſe conference with a lady juſt arrived at the inn, I told him the truth,—but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much reſtrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suſpicion croſſed my brain, and ſaid, he was telling her what had paſſed: ſomething jarred

red upon it within me,—I wiſhed him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the underſtanding, it ſaves the judgment a world of pains.—I was certain ſhe was of a better order of beings;—however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impreſſion returned upon my encounter with her in the ſtreet; a guarded frankneſs with which ſhe gave me her hand, ſhewed, I thought, her good education and her good ſenſe; and, as I led her on, I felt a pleaſurable ductility about her, which ſpread a calmneſs over all my ſpirits.

——Good God! how a man might lead ſuch a creature as this round the world with him!

I had not yet ſeen her face,—'twas not material; for the drawing was inſtantly ſet about, and, long before we had got to the door of the remiſe, *Fancy* had finiſh'd the whole head, and pleaſed herſelf as much with its fitting her goddeſs, as if ſhe had dived into the Tiber for it;—but thou art a ſeduced, and a ſeducing ſlut; and albeit thou cheateſt us ſeven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with ſo many charms doſt thou do it, and thou deckeſt out thy pictures in the ſhapes of ſo many angels of light, 'tis a ſhame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the remiſe, ſhe withdrew her hand from acroſs her forehead, and let me ſee the original:—it was a face of about ſix-and-twenty,—of a clear tranſparent brown, ſimply ſet off without rouge or powder;—it was not critically handſome, but there was that in it which, in the

frame of mind I was in, attached me much more to it,—it was intereſting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widow'd look, and in that ſtate of its declenſion which had paſſed the two firſt paroxyſms of ſorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itſelf to its loſs;—but a thouſand other diſtreſſes might have traced the ſame lines; I wiſh'd to know what they had been,—and was ready to inquire (had the ſame *bon ton* of converſation permitted as in the days of Eſdras)—"*What aileth "thee? and why art thou diſquieted? and why "is thy underſtanding troubled?*"—In a word, I felt benevolence for her, and reſolv'd, ſome way or other, to throw in my mite of courteſy,—if not of ſervice.

Such were my temptations;—and in this diſpoſition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady, with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned cloſer to the door of the remiſe than what was abſolutely neceſſary.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

THIS certainly, fair lady, ſaid I, raiſing her hand up a little lightly as I began, muſt be one of Fortune's whimſical doings; to take two utter ſtrangers by their hands,—of different ſexes, and, perhaps, from different corners of the globe, and in one moment place them together in ſuch a cordial

dial ſituation as Friendſhip herſelf could ſcarce have achieved for them, had ſhe projected it for a month.—

——And your reflection upon it, ſhews how much, Monſieur, ſhe has embarraſſed you by the adventure.

When the ſituation is what we would wiſh, nothing is ſo ill-timed as to hint at the circumſtances which make it ſo.——You thank Fortune, continued ſhe;—you had reaſon,—the heart knew it, and was ſatisfied; and who but an Engliſh philoſopher would have ſent notice of it to the brain to reverſe the judgment?

In ſaying this ſhe diſengaged her hand, with a look which I thought a ſufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miſerable picture which I am going to give of the weakneſs of my heart, by owning that it ſuffered a pain, which worthier occaſions could not have inflicted.—I was mortified with the loſs of her hand; and the manner in which I had loſt it, carried neither oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt the pain of a peeviſh inferiority ſo miſerably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are ſhort upon theſe diſcomfitures. In a very few ſeconds ſhe laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finiſh her reply; ſo, ſome way or other, God knows how, I regained my ſituation.

——She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different converſation for the lady, thinking, from the ſpirit as well as

moral of this, that I had been miſtaken in her character; but, upon turning her face towards me, the ſpirit which had animated the reply was fled,—the muſcles relaxed, and I ſaw the ſame unprotected look of diſtreſs which firſt won me to her intereſt:—melancholy! to ſee ſuch ſprightlineſs the prey of ſorrow,—I pitied her from my ſoul; and, though it may ſeem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart,—I could have taken her into my arms, and cheriſhed her, though it was in the open ſtreet, without bluſhing.

The pulſations of the arteries along my fingers preſſing acroſs hers, told her what was paſſing within me. She looked down:—a ſilence of ſome moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I muſt have made ſome ſlight efforts towards a cloſer compreſſion of her hand, from a ſubtle ſenſation I felt in the palm of my own,—not as if ſhe was going to withdraw hers,—but as if ſhe thought about it;—and I had infallibly loſt it a ſecond time, had not inſtinct, more than reaſon, directed me to the laſt reſource in theſe dangers,—to hold it looſely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to releaſe it of myſelf: ſo ſhe let it continue till Monſ. Deſſein returned with the key; and, in the meantime, I ſet myſelf to conſider how I ſhould undo the ill impreſſions which the poor monk's ſtory, in caſe he had told it her, muſt have planted in her breaſt againſt me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within ſix paces of us as the idea of him croſs'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he ſhould break in upon us or no. —He ſtopp'd, however, as ſoon as he came up to us, with a world of frankneſs, and, having a horn ſnuff-box in his hand, he preſented it open to me. ——You ſhall taſte mine, ſaid I, pulling out my box (which was a ſmall tortoiſe one) and putting it into his hand.——'Tis moſt excellent, ſaid the monk.—Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all; and when you take a pinch out of it, ſometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once uſed you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk bluſh'd as red as ſcarlet, *Mon Dieu!* ſaid he, preſſing his hands together,—you never uſed me unkindly.——I ſhould think, ſaid the lady, he is not likely.——I bluſh'd in my turn; but from what movements I leave to the few who feel, to analyſe.—Excuſe me, Madam, replied I, —I treated him moſt unkindly; and from no provocations.——'Tis impoſſible, ſaid the lady.—— My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of aſſeveration which ſeemed not to belong to him,—the fault was in me, and in the indiſcretion of my zeal. ——The lady oppoſed it; and I joined with her,—

in maintaining it was impoſſible that a ſpirit ſo regulated as his could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered ſo ſweet and pleaſurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it. We remained ſilent, without any ſenſation of that fooliſh pain which takes place, when, in ſuch a circle, you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without ſaying a word. Whilſt this laſted, the monk rubb'd his horn-box upon the ſleeve of his tunic; and as ſoon as it had acquired a little air of brightneſs by the friction, he made a low bow, and ſaid, 'Twas too late to ſay whether it was the weakneſs or goodneſs of our tempers which had involved us in this conteſt;—but be it as it would, —he begged we might exchange boxes.—In ſaying this, he preſented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kiſſed it,—with a ſtream of good-nature in his eyes, he put it into his boſom,—and took his leave.

I guard this box as I would the inſtrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to ſomething better. In truth, I ſeldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous ſpirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the juſtlings of the world: they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his ſtory, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when, upon ſome military ſervices ill requited, and meeting at the ſame time with a diſappointment in the tendereſt of paſſions, he abandoned the ſword and the ſex together, and took ſanctuary, not ſo much in his convent as in himſelf.

I feel

I feel a damp upon my ſpirits as I am going to add, that in my laſt return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months; and was buried, not in his convent, but according to his deſire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off. I had a ſtrong deſire to ſee where they had laid him,—when, upon pulling out his little horn-box, as I ſat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no buſineſs to grow there, they all ſtruck together ſo forcibly upon my affections, that I burſt into a flood of tears;—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to ſmile, but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it ſo long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without firſt preſſing it to my lips: the blood and ſpirits, which had ſuffered a revulſion from her, crowded back to her as I did it.

Now the two travellers, who had ſpoke to me in the coach-yard, happened at that criſis to be paſſing by, and obſerving our communications, naturally took it into their heads that we muſt be *man and wife* at leaſt; ſo ſtopping as ſoon as they came up to the door of the remiſe, the one of them, who was the Inquiſitive Traveller, aſk'd us, if we ſet out for Paris

Paris the next morning?——I could only anſwer for myſelf, I ſaid;—and the lady added, ſhe was for Amiens.——We dined there yeſterday, ſaid the Simple Traveller.——You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris.—I was going to return a thouſand thanks for the intelligence, *that Amiens was in the road to Paris*; but, upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn-box to take a pinch of ſnuff, I made them a quiet bow, and wiſhed them a good paſſage to Dover.—They left us alone.

—Now where would be the harm, ſaid I to myſelf, if I was to beg of this diſtreſſed lady to accept of half of my chaiſe?—and what mighty miſchief could enſue?

Every dirty paſſion and bad propenſity in my nature took the alarm as I ſtated the propoſition:—It will oblige you to have a third horſe, ſaid *Avarice*, which will put twenty livres out of your pocket.—You know not what ſhe is, ſaid *Caution*; or what ſcrapes the affair may draw you into, whiſper'd *Cowardice*.

—Depend upon it, Yorick, ſaid *Diſcretion*, 'twill be ſaid you went off with a miſtreſs; and came, by aſſignation, to Calais for that purpoſe.

—You can never after, cried *Hypocriſy*, aloud, ſhew your face in the world;—nor riſe, quoth *Meanneſs*, in the church;—nor be any thing in it, ſaid *Pride*, but a louſy prebendary.

But 'tis a civil thing ſaid I;—and as I generally act from the firſt impulſe, and therefore ſeldom liſten to theſe cabals, which ſerve no purpoſe that I know

I know of, but to encompaſs the heart with adamant,—I turn'd inſtantly about to the lady,——

But ſhe had glided off unperceived, as the cauſe was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the ſtreet by the time I had made the determination; ſo I ſet off after her with a long ſtride, to make her the propoſal with the beſt addreſs I was maſter of; but obſerving ſhe walk'd with her cheek half reſting upon the palm of her hand,—with the ſlow, ſhort-meaſur'd ſtep of thoughtfulneſs, and with her eyes, as ſhe went ſtep by ſtep, fixed upon the ground, it ſtruck me ſhe was trying the ſame cauſe herſelf.—God help her! ſaid I, ſhe has ſome mother-in-law, or tartufiſh aunt, or nonſenſical old woman, to conſult upon the occaſion, as well as myſelf: ſo not caring to interrupt the proceſs, and deeming it more gallant to take her at diſcretion than ſurpriſe, I faced about, and took a ſhort turn or two before the door of the remiſe, whilſt ſhe walk'd muſing on one ſide.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on firſt ſight of the lady, ſettled the affair in my fancy, "that ſhe was of the better "order of beings;"—and then laid it down as a ſecond axiom, as indiſputable as the firſt, That ſhe was a widow, and wore a character of diſtreſs,—I went no further; I got ground enough for the ſituation

ation which pleaſed me;—and had ſhe remained cloſe beſide my elbow till midnight, I ſhould have held true to my ſyſtem, and conſidered her only under that general idea.

She had ſcarce got twenty paces diſtant from me, ere ſomething within me called out for a more particular inquiry;—it brought on the idea of a further ſeparation:—I might poſſibly never ſee her more:—the heart is for ſaving what it can; and I wanted the traces through which my wiſhes might find their way to her, in caſe I ſhould never rejoin her myſelf. In a word, I wiſh'd to know her name,—her family,—her condition;—and as I knew the place to which ſhe was going, I wanted to know from whence ſhe came: but there was no coming at all this intelligence: a hundred little delicacies ſtood in the way. I form'd a ſcore different plans.—There was no ſuch thing as a man's aſking her directly;—the thing was impoſſible.

A little French *debonnaire* captain, who came dancing down the ſtreet, ſhewed me it was the eaſieſt thing in the world;—for, popping in betwixt us, juſt as the lady was returning back to the door of the remiſe, he introduced himſelf to my acquaintance, and before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to preſent him to the lady.—I had not been preſented myſelf;—ſo turning about to her, he did it juſt as well, by aſking her if ſhe had come from Paris?——No; ſhe was going that route, ſhe ſaid.——*Vous n'etes pas de Londres?*——She was not, ſhe replied.——Then Madame muſt have come through Flanders.

—*Apparemment*

—*Apparemment vous êtes Flammande?* ſaid the French captain.—The lady anſwered, ſhe was.——*Peut-etre de Liſle?* added he.——She anſwered, ſhe was not of Liſle.——Nor Arras?—nor Cambray?—nor Ghent?—nor Bruſſels?——She anſwered, ſhe was of Bruſſels.

——He had had the honour, he ſaid, to be at the bombardment of it laſt war;—that it was finely ſituated, *pour cela*,—and full of nobleſſe when the Imperialiſts were driven out by the French (the lady made a ſlight courteſy);—ſo giving her an account of the affair, and of the ſhare he had had in it,—he begg'd the honour to know her name,—ſo made his bow.

—*Et Madame a ſon Mari?* ſaid he, looking back when he had made two ſteps,—and without ſtaying for an anſwer,—danced down the ſtreet.

Had I ſerved ſeven years apprenticeſhip to good-breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

AS the little French captain left us, Monſ. Deſſein came up with the key of the remiſe in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaiſes.

The firſt object which caught my eye, as Monſ. Deſſein open'd the door of the remiſe, was another old tatter'd *deſobligeant*; and, notwithſtanding it was

was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy ſo much in the coach-yard but an hour before,—the very ſight of it ſtirr'd up a diſagreeable ſenſation within me now; and I thought 'twas a churliſh beaſt into whoſe heart the idea could firſt enter to conſtruct ſuch a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of uſing it.

I obſerved the lady was as little taken with it as myſelf: ſo Monſ. Deſſein led us on to a couple of chaiſes which ſtood abreaſt, telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchaſed by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no further than Paris; ſo were, in all reſpects, as good as new.—They were too good;—ſo I paſs'd on to a third, which ſtood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price.——But 'twill ſcarce hold two, ſaid I, opening the door and getting in.——Have the goodneſs, Madam, ſaid Monſ. Deſſein, offering his arm, to ſtep in.—— The lady heſitated half a ſecond, and ſtepp'd in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to ſpeak to Monſ. Deſſein, he ſhut the door of the chaiſe upon us, and left us.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

C'EST *bien comique*, 'tis very droll, ſaid the lady ſmiling, from the reflection that this was the ſecond time

time we had been left together by a parcel of non-ſenſical contingencies,—*c'eſt bien comique*, ſaid ſhe.

——There wants nothing, ſaid I, to make it ſo, but the comic uſe which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to,—to make love the firſt moment,—and an offer of his perſon the ſecond.

——'Tis their *fort*, replied the lady.

——It is ſuppoſed ſo at leaſt;—and how it has come to paſs, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of underſtanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth; but for my own part, I think them arrant bunglers; and, in truth, the worſt ſet of markſmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

—To think of making love by *ſentiments!*

I ſhould as ſoon think of making a genteel ſuit of clothes out of remnants;—and to do it,—pop,—at firſt ſight by declaration,—is ſubmitting the offer and themſelves with it, to be ſifted with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if ſhe expected I ſhould go on.

—Conſider then, Madam, continued I, laying my hand upon hers,——

That grave people hate Love for the name's ſake,——

That ſelfiſh people hate it for their own,—

Hypocrites for Heaven's,—

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worſe frightened than hurt by the very *report*,——

What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce

commerce a man betrays, who ever lets the word come out of his lips till an hour or two at leaſt after the time that his ſilence upon it becomes tormenting! A courſe of ſmall, quiet attentions, not ſo pointed as to alarm,—nor ſo vague as to be miſunderſtood,—with now and then a look of kindneſs, and little or nothing ſaid upon it,—leaves Nature for your miſtreſs, and ſhe faſhions it to her mind.

—Then I ſolemnly declare, ſaid the lady, bluſhing,—you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

Monsieur Deſſein came back to let us out of the chaiſe, and acquaint the lady that Count de L——, her brother, was juſt arrived at the hotel. Though I had infinite good-will for the lady, I cannot ſay that I rejoiced in my heart at the event, —and could not help telling her ſo;—for it is fatal to a propoſal, Madam, ſaid I, that I was going to make to you.

——You need not tell me what the propoſal was, ſaid ſhe, laying her hand upon both mine, as ſhe interrupted me.—A man, my good Sir, has ſeldom an offer of kindneſs to make to a woman, but ſhe has a preſentiment of it ſome moments before.

——Nature

——Nature arms her with it, ſaid I, for immediate preſervation.——But I think, ſaid ſhe, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend; —and, to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it.—If I had—(ſhe ſtopped a moment) —I believe your good will would have drawn a ſtory from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In ſaying this, ſhe ſuffered me to kiſs her hand twice; and, with a look of ſenſibility mixed with concern, ſhe got out of the chaiſe,—and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finiſhed a twelve-guinea bargain ſo expeditiouſly in my life. My time ſeemed heavy upon the loſs of the lady; and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myſelf into motion,—I ordered poſt-horſes directly, and walked towards the hotel.

Lord! ſaid I, hearing the town-clock ſtrike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a ſingle hour in Calais,—

What a large volume of adventures may be graſped within this little ſpan of life, by him who intereſts his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to ſee what time and chance are perpetually

holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, miſſes nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on!

—If this won't turn out ſomething,—another will;—no matter,—'tis an affay upon human nature;—I get my labour for my pains,—'tis enough;—the pleaſure of the experiment has kept my ſenſes and the beſt part of my blood awake, and laid the groſs to ſleep.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beerſheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren;—and ſo it is: and ſo is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, ſaid I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in a deſert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections:—if I could not do better, I would faſten them upon ſome ſweet myrtle, or ſeek ſome melancholy cypreſs to connect myſelf to;—I would court their ſhade, and greet them kindly for their protection;—I would cut my name upon them, and ſwear they were the loveliеſt trees throughout the deſert; if their leaves wither'd, I would teach myſelf to mourn:—and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris,—from Paris to Rome,—and ſo on;—but he ſet out with the ſpleen and jaundice; and every object he paſs'd by was diſcoloured or diſtorted.—He wrote an account of them; but 'twas nothing but the account of his miſerable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon:

Pantheon:—he was juſt coming out of it.—*'Tis nothing but a huge cock-pit**, ſaid he.——I wiſh you had ſaid nothing worſe of the Venus of Medicis, replied I;—for in paſſing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddeſs, and uſed her worſe than a common ſtrumpet, without the leaſt provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a ſad tale of ſorrowful adventures he had to tell, "wherein he ſpoke of "moving accidents by flood and field, and of the "cannibals who each other eat: the Anthropo-"phagi."—He had been flay'd alive, and bedevil'd, and uſed worſe than St. Bartholomew at every ſtage he had come at.——

I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world.——You had better tell it, ſaid I, to your phyſician.

Mundungus, with an immenſe fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples,—from Naples to Venice,—from Venice to Vienna,—to Dreſden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleaſurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travell'd ſtraight on, looking neither to his right hand nor his left, leſt Love or Pity ſhould ſeduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but Heaven itſelf, was it poſſible to get there with ſuch tempers, would want objects to give it;—every gentle ſpirit would come flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival.—Nothing would the

* Vide S——'s travels.

ſouls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but freſh anthems of joy, freſh raptures of love, and freſh congratulations of their common felicity.—I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work: and was the happieſt manſion in Heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be ſo far from being happy, that the ſouls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity!

MONTRIUL.

I HAD once loſt my portmanteau from behind my chaiſe, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the poſtillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting.—Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord's aſking me if I wanted not a ſervant, that it occurred to me that *that* was the very thing.

A ſervant! that I do, moſt ſadly, quoth I.——Becauſe, Monſieur, ſaid the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to ſerve an Engliſhman.——But why an Engliſh one more than any other?——They are ſo generous, ſaid the landlord.——I'll be ſhot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myſelf, this very night.——But they have wherewithal to be ſo, Monſieur, added he.——Set down one livre more for that, quoth I.——It was but laſt night, ſaid the landlord, *qu'un my Lord An-*

glois preſentoit un ecu à la fille de chambre.——*Tant pis, pour Mademoiſelle Janatone*, ſaid I.

Now Janatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord ſuppoſing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I ſhould not have ſaid *tant pis*;—but *tant mieux.*—*Tant mieux, toujours, Monſieur*, ſaid he, when there is any thing to be got;—*tant pis*, when there is nothing. ——It comes to the ſame thing, ſaid I.——*Pardonnez moi*, ſaid the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to obſerve, once for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux* being two of the great hinges in French converſation, a ſtranger would do well to ſet himſelf right in the uſe of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French Marquis at our Ambaſſador's table, demanded of Mr. H——, if he was H—— the poet?——No, ſaid Mr. H——, mildly.——*Tant pis*, replied the Marquis.

——It is H—— the hiſtorian, ſaid another. ——*Tant mieux*, ſaid the Marquis.——And Mr. H——, who is a man of an excellent heart, return'd thanks for both.

When the landlord had ſet me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had ſpoke of,—ſaying only firſt, That as for his talents, he would preſume to ſay nothing—Monſieur was the beſt judge what would ſuit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would ſtand reſponſible in all he was worth.

The landlord delivered this in a manner which inſtantly ſet my mind to the buſineſs I was upon;—

and La Fleur, who ſtood waiting without, in that breathleſs expectation which every ſon of Nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIUL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at firſt ſight; but never more ſo than when a poor Devil comes to offer his ſervice to ſo poor a Devil as myſelf; and as I know this weakneſs, I always ſuffer my judgment to draw back ſomething on that very account,—and this more or leſs, according to the mood I am in, and the caſe;—and, I may add, the gender too of the perſon I am to govern.

When La Fleur entered the room, after every diſcount I could make for my ſoul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; ſo I hired him firſt,—and then began to enquire what he could do.—But I ſhall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them; —beſides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do: and can't ſay my weakneſs was ever ſo inſulted by my wiſdom as in the attempt.

La Fleur had ſet out early in life, as gallantly as moſt Frenchmen do, with *ſerving* for a few years: at the end of which, having ſatisfied the ſentiment, and found, moreover, that the honour of beating a drum

a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no further track of glory to him,—he retired *à ſes terres*, and lived *comme il plaiſoit à Dieu ;*—that is to ſay, upon nothing.

—— And ſo, quoth Wiſdom, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of yours through France and Italy!——Pſha! ſaid I, and do not one half of our gentry go with a humdrum *compagnon du voyage* the ſame round, and have the piper and the Devil and all to pay beſides? When man can extricate himſelf with an *equivoque* in ſuch an unequal match,—he is not ill off.—— But you can do ſomething elſe, La Fleur? ſaid I. ——*O qu'oui!* he could make ſpatterdaſhes, and play a little upon the fiddle.——Bravo! ſaid Wiſdom——Why I play a baſs myſelf, ſaid I;—we ſhall do very well. You can ſhave and dreſs a wig a little, La Fleur?—He had all the diſpoſitions in the world.——It is enough for Heaven, ſaid I, interrupting him,—and ought to be enough for me.—So ſupper coming in, and having a friſky Engliſh ſpaniel on one ſide of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever Nature painted in one, on the other,—I was ſatisfied to my heart's content with my empire ; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as ſatisfied as I was.

MONTRIUL.

AS La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the ſtage, I muſt intereſt the reader a little further in his behalf, by ſaying, that I had never leſs reaſon to repent of the impulſes which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow;—he was a faithful, affectionate, ſimple ſoul as ever trudged after the heels of a philoſopher; and notwithſtanding his talents of drum-beating and ſpatterdaſh-making, which, though very good in themſelves, happened to be of no great ſervice to me, yet was I hourly recompenſed by the feſtivity of his temper;—it ſupplied all defects:—I had a conſtant reſource in his looks in all difficulties and diſtreſſes of my own—(I was going to have added, of his too); but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for whether it was hunger or thirſt, or cold or nakedneſs, or watchings, or whatever ſtripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his phyſiognomy to point them out by,—he was eternally the ſame; ſo that if I am a piece of a philoſopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am,—it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philoſophy of this poor fellow, for ſhaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a ſmall caſt of the coxcomb;—but he ſeemed, at firſt ſight, to be more a coxcomb of nature

nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him,—he ſeemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIUL.

THE next morning, La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half a dozen ſhirts and a ſilk pair of breeches: and bid him faſten all upon the chaiſe,—get the horſes put to,—and deſire the landlord to come in with his bill.

——*C'eſt un garçon de bonne fortune*, ſaid the landlord, pointing thro' the window, to half a dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were moſt kindly taking their leave of him as the poſtillion was leading out the horſes. La Fleur kiſſed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promiſed he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

—The young fellow, ſaid the landlord, is beloved by all the town; and there is ſcarce a corner in Montriul where the want of him will not be felt. He has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, "He is always in love."——I am heartily glad of it, ſaid I; 'twill ſave me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In ſaying this, I was making not ſo much La Fleur's eloge as my own, having been in love with one Princeſs or other almoſt all my life, and I hope I ſhall go on ſo till I die, being firmly perſuaded, that

if

if ever I do a mean action, it muſt be in ſome interval betwixt one paſſion and another: whilſt this interregnum laſts, I always perceive my heart locked up,—I can ſcarce find in it to give miſery a ſixpence: and therefore I always get out of it as faſt as I can; and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generoſity and good-will again; and would do any thing in the world, either for or with any one, if they will but ſatisfy me there is no ſin in it.

—But in ſaying this,—ſure I am commending the paſſion,—not myſelf.

A FRAGMENT.

——THE town of Abdera, notwithſtanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vileſt and moſt profligate town in all Thrace. What for poiſons, conſpiracies, and aſſaſſinations,—libels, paſquinades, and tumults, there was no going there by day;—'twas worſe by night.

Now, when things were at the worſt, it came to paſs that the Andromeda of Euripides being repreſented at Abdera, the whole orcheſtra was delighted with it; but of all the paſſages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations than the tender ſtrokes of nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic ſpeech of Perſeus, *O Cupid, prince of Gods and men*, &c. Every man almoſt ſpoke pure iambics the next day, and talk'd of nothing but Perſeus his pathetic addreſs,—

dreſs,—" O Cupid, prince of Gods and men!" in every ſtreet of Abdera, in every houſe,—" O Cu-" pid! Cupid!"—in every mouth, like the natural notes of ſome ſweet melody which drop from it, whether it will or no,—nothing but " Cupid! " Cupid! prince of Gods and men!"—The fire caught,—and the whole city, like the heart of one man, open'd itſelf to Love.

No pharmacopoliſt could ſell one grain of helebore,—not a ſingle armourer had a heart to forge one inſtrument of death;—Friendſhip and Virtue met together, and kiſs'd each other in the ſtreet:—the golden age returned, and hung over the town of Abdera;—every Abderite took his oaten pipe; and every Abderitiſh woman left her purple web, and chaſtely ſat her down, and liſtened to the ſong.

—'Twas only in the power, ſays the Fragment, of the God whoſe empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the ſea, to have done this.

MONTRIUL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is diſputed and paid for in the inn, unleſs you are a little ſoured by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaiſe, and that is, with the ſons and daughters of poverty who ſurround you. Let no man ſay, " Let them go to the Devil!"—'tis a cruel journey to ſend a few miſerables; and they have had ſuf-

ferings

ferings enow without it. I always think it better to take a few ſous out in my hand; and I would counſel every gentle traveller to do ſo likewiſe; he need not be ſo exact in ſetting down his motives for giving them:—they will be regiſter'd elſewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives ſo little as I do; for few, that I know, have ſo little to give: but as this was the firſt public act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

——A well-a-way! ſaid I,—I have but eight ſous in the world, ſhewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd ſoul, without a ſhirt on, inſtantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two ſteps out of the circle, and making a diſqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole *parterre* cried out, *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the ſentiment of a deference for the ſex with half the effect.

Juſt Heaven! for what wiſe reaſons haſt thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at ſuch variance in other countries, ſhould find a way to be at unity in this?

I inſiſted upon preſenting him with a ſingle ſous, merely for his *politeſſe*.

A poor little dwarfiſh, briſk fellow, who ſtood over againſt me in the circle, putting ſomething firſt under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his ſnuff-box out of his pocket, and generouſly offer'd a pinch on both ſides of him: it was a gift of conſequence, and modeſtly declined.—The poor little fellow preſs'd it upon them with a nod of welcomeneſs.——

comeneſs.——*Prenez-en,—prenez*, ſaid he, looking another way; ſo they each took a pinch.——Pity thy box ſhould ever want one, ſaid I to myſelf; ſo I put a couple of ſous into it,—taking a ſinall pinch out of his box to enhance their value, as I did it.——He felt the weight of the ſecond obligation more than of the firſt,—'twas doing him an honour,—the other was only doing him a charity;—and he made me a bow to the ground for it.

——Here! ſaid I to an old ſoldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the ſervice,—here's a couple of ſous for thee.——*Vive le Roi!* ſaid the old ſoldier.

I had then but three ſous left: ſo I gave one, ſimply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd.——The poor woman had a diſlocated hip; ſo it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher en tres-charitable, Monſieur.——There's no oppoſing this, ſaid I.

My Lord Anglois;—the very ſound was worth the money;—ſo I gave *my laſt ſous for it.* But, in the eagerneſs of giving, I had overlooked a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to aſk a ſous for him, and who, I believe, would have periſh'd ere he could have aſk'd one for himſelf; he ſtood by the chaiſe, a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had ſeen better days.——Good God! ſaid I, and I have not one ſingle ſous left to give him.——But you have a thouſand! cried all the powers of Nature, ſtirring within me;—ſo I gave him——no matter what,—I am aſhamed

aſhamed to ſay *how much* now,—and was aſhamed to think how little then; ſo, if the reader can form any conjecture of my diſpoſition, as theſe two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the preciſe ſum.

I could afford nothing for the reſt, but *Dieu vous beniſſe.*——*Et le bon vous Dieu beniſſe encore*, ſaid the old ſoldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre honteux* could ſay nothing,—he pull'd out a little handkerchief and wiped his face as he turned away;—and I thought he thanked me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

HAVING ſettled all theſe little matters, I got into my poſt-chaiſe with more eaſe than ever I got into a poſt-chaiſe in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far ſide of a little *bidet**, and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs)—he canter'd away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.

—But what is happineſs! what is grandeur in this painted ſcene of life!—A dead aſs, before we had got a league, put a ſudden ſtop to La Fleur's career;—his bidet would not paſs by it,—a contention aroſe betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very firſt kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French Chriſtian,

* Poſt-horſe.

ſaying

ſaying neither more nor leſs upon it than *Diable!* ſo preſently got up, and came to the charge again aſtride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The bidet flew from one ſide of the road to the other, then back again, then this way,—then that way, and in ſhort, every way but by the dead aſs: —La Fleur inſiſted upon the thing,—and the bidet threw him.

——What's the matter, La Fleur, ſaid I, with this bidet of thine?——*Monſieur*, ſaid he, *c'eſt un cheval le plus opiniatre du monde*——Nay, if he is a conceited beaſt, he muſt go his own way, replied I.——So La Fleur got off him, and giving him a good ſound laſh, the bidet took me at my word, and away he ſcampered back to Montriul.—— *Peſte!* ſaid La Fleur.

It is not *mal-à-propos* to take notice here, that though La Fleur availed himſelf but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter,—namely, *Diable!* and *Peſte!* that there are, nevertheleſs, three in the French language, like the poſitive, comparative, and ſuperlative, one or the other of which ſerve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le Diable! which is the firſt and poſitive degree, is generally uſed in ordinary emotions of the mind, where ſmall things only fall out contrary to your expectations,—ſuch as—the throwing one's doublets,—La Fleur's being kick'd off his horſe, and ſo forth.—Cuckoldom, for the ſame reaſon, is always—*Le Diable!*

But,

But, in caſes where the caſt has ſomething provoking in it, as in that of the Bidet's running away after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots, —'tis the ſecond degree;

'Tis then *Peſte!*

And for the third—

——But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow feeling, when I reflect what miſeries muſt have been their lot, and how bitterly ſo refined a people muſt have ſmarted to have forced them upon the uſe of it.

—Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in diſtreſs!—whatever is my *caſt*, grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

—But as theſe were not to be had in France, I reſolved to take every evil juſt as it befel me, without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur who had made no ſuch covenant with himſelf, followed the bidet with his eyes till it was got out of ſight,—and then, you may imagine, if you pleaſe, with what word he cloſed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frighten'd horſe in jack-boots, there remained no alternative but taking La Fleur either behind the chaiſe, or into it.—

I preferred the latter, and, in half an hour, we got to the poſt-houſe at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

——AND this, ſaid he, putting the remains of a cruſt into his wallet,—and this ſhould have been thy portion, ſaid he, hadſt thou been alive to have ſhared it with me.——I thought, by the accent, it had been an apoſtrophe to his child; but 'twas to his aſs, and to the very aſs we had ſeen dead in the road, which had occaſioned La Fleur's miſadventure. The man ſeemed to lament it much; and it inſtantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was ſitting upon a ſtone bench at the door, with the aſs's pannel and its bridle on one ſide, which he took up from time to time,—then laid them down,—look'd at them and ſhook his head. He then took his cruſt of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it, held it ſome time in his hand,—then laid it upon the bit of his aſs's bridle,—look'd wiſtfully at the little arrangement he had made,—and then gave a ſigh.

The ſimplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongſt the reſt, whilſt the horſes were getting ready: as I continued ſitting in the poſt-chaiſe, I could ſee and hear over their heads.

——He ſaid he had come laſt from Spain, where he had been from the furtheſt borders of Franconia;

and had got ſo far on his return home when his aſs died. Every one ſeemed deſirous to know what buſineſs could have taken ſo old and poor a man ſo far a journey from his own home.

——It had pleaſed Heaven, he ſaid, to bleſs him with three ſons, the fineſt lads in all Germany; but having, in one week, loſt two of the eldeſt of them by the ſmall-pox, and the youngeſt falling ill of the ſame diſtemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him alſo, he would go, in gratitude, to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his ſtory, he ſtopp'd to pay Nature his tribute,—and wept bitterly.

He ſaid, Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had ſet out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey;—that it had eat the ſame bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who ſtood about heard the poor fellow with concern.—La Fleur offered him money.——The mourner ſaid he did not want it;—it was not the value of the aſs, but the loſs of him. The aſs, he ſaid, he was aſſured, loved him;—and, upon this, told them a long ſtory of a miſchance upon their paſſage over the Pyrenean Mountains, which had ſeparated them from each other three days; during which time the aſs had ſought him as much as he had ſought the aſs; and that they had ſcarce either eat or drank till they met.

——Thou haſt one comfort, friend, ſaid I, at leaſt,

leaſt, in the loſs of thy poor beaſt,—I'm ſure thou haſt been a merciful maſter to him.——Alas! ſaid the mourner, I thought ſo when he was alive;—but now that he is dead, I think otherwiſe.—I fear the weight of myſelf and my afflictions together, have been too much for him,—they have ſhortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to anſwer for.——Shame on the world! ſaid I to myſelf.——Did we but love each other as this poor ſoul loved his aſs,—'twould be ſomething.——

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

THE concern which the poor fellow's ſtory threw me into, required ſome attention: the poſtillion paid not the leaſt to it, but ſet off upon the *pavé* in a full gallop.

The thirſtieſt ſoul in the moſt ſandy deſert of Arabia could not have wiſhed more for a cup of cold water than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and I ſhould have had an high opinion of the poſtillion, had he but ſtolen off with me in ſomething like a penſive pace.—On the contrary, as the mourner finiſhed his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling laſh to each of his beaſts, and ſet off clattering like a thouſand Devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for Heaven's ſake to go ſlower:—and the louder I called, the more unmercifully he gallopped.——The deuce take him and his gallopping too, ſaid I, he'll go on

tearing my nerves to pieces till he has worked me into a fooliſh paſſion, and then he'll go ſlow, that I may enjoy the ſweets of it.

The poſtillion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a ſteep hill, about half a league from Nampont,—he had put me out of temper with him,—and then with myſelf for being ſo.

My caſe then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real ſervice to me.

——Then, prithee, get on,—get on, my good lad, ſaid I.

——The poſtillion pointed to the hill.——I then tried to return back to the ſtory of the poor German and his aſs;—but I had broke the clue,—and could no more get into it again than the poſtillion could into a trot.

——The deuce go, ſaid I, with it all! Here am I, ſitting as candidly diſpoſed to make the beſt of the worſt as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one ſweet lenitive at leaſt for evils, which Nature holds out to us: ſo I took it kindly at her hands, and fell aſleep; and the firſt word which rouſed me was Amiens.

——Bleſs me! ſaid I, rubbing my eyes,—this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIENS.

THE words were ſcarce out of my mouth when the Count de L***'s poſt-chaiſe, with his ſiſter in it, drove haſtily by: ſhe had juſt time to make me a bow of recognition,—and of that particular kind of it which told me ſhe had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look; for, before I quite finiſhed my ſupper, her brother's ſervant came into the room with a billet, in which ſhe ſaid ſhe had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to preſent myſelf to Madame R*** the firſt morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, ſhe was ſorry, but from what *penchant* ſhe had not conſidered, that ſhe had been prevented telling me her ſtory,—that ſhe ſtill owed it me; and if my route ſhould ever lay through Bruſſels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L***,—that Madame de L*** would be glad to diſcharge her obligation.

——Then I will meet thee, ſaid I, fair ſpirit! at Bruſſels;—'tis only returning from Italy, through Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders, home;—'twill ſcarce be ten poſts out of my way; but were it ten thouſand! with what a moral delight will it crown my journey, in ſharing in the ſickening incidents of a tale of miſery told to me by ſuch a ſufferer! To ſee her weep, and, though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquiſite ſenſation is there ſtill left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the firſt and faireſt of

women, as I'm ſitting with my handkerchief in my hand in ſilence the whole night beſide her!

There was nothing wrong in the ſentiment; and yet I inſtantly reproached my heart with it in the bittereſt and moſt reprobate of expreſſions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the ſingular bleſſings of my life, to be almoſt every hour of it miſerably in love with ſome one: and my laſt flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealouſy on the ſudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afreſh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before,—ſwearing, as I did it, that it ſhould laſt me through the whole journey.—Why ſhould I diſſemble the matter? I had ſworn to her eternal fidelity;—ſhe had a right to my whole heart:—to divide my affections was to leſſen them;—to expoſe them, was to riſk them; where there is riſk, there may be loſs:—and what wilt thou have, Yorick, to anſwer to a heart ſo full of truſt and confidence,—ſo good, ſo gentle, and unreproaching!

——I will not go to Bruſſels, replied I, interrupting myſelf;—but my imagination went on,—I recalled her looks at that criſis of our ſeparation, when neither of us had power to ſay adieu! I look'd at the picture ſhe had tied in a black ribband about my neck,—and bluſh'd as I look'd at it.—I would have given the world to have kiſs'd it,—but was aſhamed;—and ſhall this tender flower, ſaid I, preſſing it between my hands,—ſhall it be ſmitten to its very root.—and ſmitten, Yorick! by thee, who haſt promiſed to ſhelter it in thy breaſt?

Eternal

Eternal Fountain of Happineſs! ſaid I, kneeling down upon the ground,—be thou my witneſs,—and every pure ſpirit which taſtes it, be my witneſs alſo, That I would not travel to Bruſſels, unleſs Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards Heaven!

In tranſports of this kind, the heart, in ſpite of the underſtanding, will always ſay too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not ſmiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unſucceſsful in his feats of chivalry,—and not one thing had offered to ſignalize his zeal for my ſervice from the time he had entered into it, which was almoſt four-and-twenty-hours. The poor ſoul burn'd with impatience; and the Count de L——'s ſervant coming with the letter, being the firſt practicable occaſion which offered, La Fleur had laid hold of it, and, in order to do honour to his maſter, had taken him into a back-parlour in the *auberge*, and treated him with a cup or two of the beſt wine in Picardy; and the Count de L——'s ſervant, in return, and not to be behind-hand in politeneſs with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a paſſport in his very looks) ſoon ſet every ſervant in the kitchen at eaſe with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his

talents, has no ſort of prudery in ſhewing them, La Fleur, in leſs than five minutes, had pulled out his fife, and, leading off the dance himſelf with the firſt note, ſet the *fille de chambre*, the *maitre de hotel*, the cook, the ſcullion, and all the houſehold, dogs and cats, beſides an old monkey, a dancing! I ſuppoſe there never was a merrier kitchen ſince the flood.

Madame de L——, in paſſing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing ſo much jollity below ſtairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to aſk about it; and hearing it was the Engliſh gentleman's ſervant who had ſet the whole houſe merry with his pipe, ſhe ordered him up.

As the poor fellow could not preſent himſelf empty, he had loaden'd himſelf in going up ſtairs with a thouſand compliments to Madame de L——, on the part of his maſter,—added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L——s health,—told her that Monſieur his maſter was *au deſeſpoire* for her re-eſtabliſhment from the fatigues of her journey,—and, to cloſe all, that Monſieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour——And he has done me the honour, ſaid Madame de L——, interrupting La Fleur, to ſend a billet in return.

Madame de L—— had ſaid this with ſuch a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to diſappoint her expectations;—he trembled for my honour,—and, poſſibly, might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a maſter who could be wanting

wanting *en egards vis à vis d'une femme!* ſo that, when Madame de L—— aſked La Fleur if he had brought a letter,——*O qu'oui*, ſaid La Fleur; ſo laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right ſide-pocket with his left hand, he began to ſearch for the letter with his right;—then contrary wiſe.—*Diable!*—then ſought every pocket, pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob:—*Peſte!*—then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor,—pulled out a dirty cravat,—a handkerchief,—a comb,—a whip-laſh,—a night-cap,—then gave a peep into his hat,—*Quelle etourderie!* He had left the letter upon the table in the *auberge*;—he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had juſt finiſhed my ſupper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole ſtory ſimply as it was; and only added, that if Monſieur had forgot *(par hazard)* to anſwer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas*;—and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now, I was not altogether ſure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had,—a Devil himſelf could not have been angry: 'twas but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and however he might have miſtook the road, or embarraſſed me in ſo doing,—his heart was in no fault,—I was under no neceſſity to write;—and, what weighed more than all,—he did not look as if he had done amiſs.

——'Tis all very well, La Fleur, ſaid I.——'Twas ſufficient.

ſufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, and return'd with pen, ink, and paper, in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them cloſe before me, with ſuch a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I began, and began again; and though I had nothing to ſay, and that nothing might have been expreſſed in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings, and could no way pleaſe myſelf.

In ſhort, I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur ſtepp'd out and brought a little water in a glaſs to dilute my ink,—then fetched ſand and ſeal-wax.—It was all one; I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again.—*Le Diable l'emporte*, ſaid I half to myſelf,—I cannot write this ſelf-ſame letter, throwing the pen down deſpairingly as I ſaid it.

As ſoon as I had caſt down my pen, La Fleur advanced with the moſt reſpectful carriage up to the table, and making a thouſand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket, wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durſt ſay, would ſuit the occaſion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour.——Then prithee, ſaid I, let me ſee it.

La Fleur inſtantly pulled out a little dirty-pocket-book, cramm'd full of ſmall letters and billet-doux in a ſad condition, and laying it upon the table, and then untying the ſtring which held them all together, run them over, one by one, till he came to the letter

letter in queſtion,—*La voila*, ſaid he, clapping his hands; ſo unfolding it firſt, he laid it before me, and retired three ſteps from the table whilſt I read it.

THE LETTER.

Madame,

Je ſuis penetré de la douleur la plus vive, et reduit en même temps au deſeſpoir par ce retour imprevû du Corporal qui rend notre entrevue de ce ſoir la choſe du monde la plus impoſſible.

Mais vive la joie! et toute la mienne ſera de penſer à vous.

L'amour n'eſt *rien* ſans ſentiment.

Et le ſentiment eſt encore *moins* ſans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais ſa deſeſperer.

On dit auſſi que Monſieur le Corporal monte la garde Mercredi: alors ce ſera mon tour.

Chacun à ſon tour.

En attendant—Vive l'amour! et vive la bagatelle!

Je ſuis, Madame,
Avec toutes les ſentiments les plus
reſpectueux et les plus tendres,
tout à vous,
Jaques Roque.

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count,—and ſaying nothing about mounting guard on Wedneſday,—and the letter was neither right nor wrong;—ſo to gratify the poor fellow, who ſtood trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of

of his letter,—I took the cream gently off it, and, whipping it up in my own way,—ſeal'd it up, and ſent it to Madame de L——; and the next morning we purſued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

WHEN a man can conteſt the point by dint of equipage, and carry on all floundering before him with half a dozen lackies and a couple of cooks,—'tis very well in ſuch a place as Paris,—he may drive in at which end of a ſtreet he will.

A poor prince, who is weak in cavalry, and whoſe whole infantry does not exceed a ſingle man, had beſt quit the field, and ſignalize himſelf in the cabinet, if he can get up into it,—I ſay *up into it*,—for there is no deſcending perpendicularly amongſt 'em with a "*Me voici, mes enfans*,"—here I am,—whatever many may think.

I own, my firſt ſenſations, as ſoon as I was left ſolitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel, were far from being ſo flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my duſty black coat, and, looking through the glaſs, ſaw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleaſure.—The old, with broken lances, and in helmets which had loſt their vizards;—the young, in armour bright, which ſhone like gold, beplumed with each gay feather of the eaſt,—all,—all,—tilting at it like faſcinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love.

——Alas

——Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? On the very firſt onſet of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom;—ſeek,—ſeek ſome winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled nor flambeaux ſhot its rays;—there thou mayeſt ſolace thy ſoul in converſe ſweet with ſome kind *griſette* of a barber's wife, and get into ſuch coteries!—

——May I periſh! if I do, ſaid I, pulling out a letter which I had to preſent to Madame de R***.—I'll wait upon this lady the very firſt thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go ſeek me a barber directly,—and come back and bruſh my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

WHEN the barber came, he abſolutely refuſed to have any thing to do with my wig: 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do but to take one ready made, of his own recommendation.

——But I fear, friend, ſaid I, this buckle won't ſtand.——You may immerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will ſtand.

What a great ſcale is every thing upon in this city! thought I.—The utmoſt ſtretch of an Engliſh periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have "dipped it into a pail of water."—What difference! 'tis like time to eternity!

I confeſs I do hate all cold conceptions as I do the puny

puny ideas which engender them; and am generally ſo ſtruck with the great works of Nature, that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a compariſon leſs than a mountain at leaſt. All that can be ſaid againſt the French ſublime in this inſtance of it, is this:—That the grandeur is *more* in the *word*, and *leſs* in the *thing*. No doubt the ocean fills the mind with vaſt ideas; but Paris being ſo far inland, it was not likely I ſhould run poſt a hundred miles out of it to try the experiment:—the Pariſian barber meant nothing.

The pail of water ſtanding beſide the great deep, makes certainly but a ſorry figure in ſpeech;—but 'twill be ſaid,—it has one advantage—'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it, without more ado, in a ſingle moment.

In honeſt truth, and upon a more candid reviſion of the matter, *The French expreſſion profeſſes more than it performs.*

I think I can ſee the preciſe and diſtinguiſhing marks of national characters more in theſe nonſenſical *minutiæ*, than in the moſt important matters of ſtate; where great men of all nations talk and talk ſo much alike, that I would not give nine-pence to chuſe amongſt them.

I was ſo long in getting from under my barber's hands, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R—— that night: but, when a man is once dreſſed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account; ſo taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene, where I lodged, I walked forth, without any determination

where

where to go;—I ſhall conſider of that, ſaid I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL, ye ſmall ſweet courteſies of life, for ſmooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at firſt ſight: 'tis ye who open this door and let the ſtranger in.

——Pray, Madame, ſaid I, have the goodneſs to tell we which way I muſt turn to go to the *Opera Comique*.——Moſt willingly, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, laying aſide her work.

I had given a caſt with my eye into half a dozen ſhops as I came along, in ſearch of a face not likely to be diſordered by ſuch an interruption; till, at laſt, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as ſhe ſat in a low chair on the far ſide of the ſhop facing the door.

——*Tres volontiers*; moſt willingly, ſaid ſhe, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and riſing up from the low chair ſhe was ſitting in, with ſo cheerful a movement and ſo cheerful a look, that, had I been laying out fifty Louis d'ors with her, I ſhould have ſaid—"This woman is grateful."

You muſt turn, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, going with me to the door of the ſhop, and pointing the way down the ſtreet I was to take,—you muſt turn firſt

to

to your left hand,—*mais prenez garde*,—there are two turns; and be ſo good as to take the ſecond,—then go down a little way and you'll ſee a church, and when you are paſt it, give yourſelf the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont Neuf*, which you muſt croſs, and there any one will do himſelf the pleaſure to ſhew you.

She repeated her inſtructions three times over to me, with the ſame good-natur'd patience the third time as the firſt;—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unleſs to hearts which ſhut them out,—ſhe ſeemed really intereſted that I ſhould not loſe myſelf.

I will not ſuppoſe it was the woman's beauty, notwithſtanding ſhe was the handſomeſt *griſette*, I think, I ever ſaw, which had much to do with the ſenſe I had of her courteſy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks as often as ſhe had done her inſtructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what ſhe had ſaid:—ſo looking back, and ſeeing her ſtill ſtanding in the door of the ſhop, as if to look whether I went right or not,—I returned back, to aſk her whether the firſt turn was to my right or left, for that I had abſolutely forgot.——Is it poſſible! ſaid ſhe, half laughing.—'Tis very poſſible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth, ſhe took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a ſlight courteſy.

——*Attendez*,

——*Attendez*, ſaid ſhe, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilſt ſhe called a lad out of the back ſhop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am juſt going to ſend him, ſaid ſhe, with a packet into that quarter; and if you will have the complaiſance to ſtep in, it will be ready in a moment, and he ſhall attend you to the place. So I walked in with her to the far ſide of the ſhop; and taking up the ruffle in my hands which ſhe laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to fit, ſhe ſat down herſelf in her low chair, and I inſtantly ſat myſelf down beſide her.

He will be ready, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, in a moment.——And in that moment, replied I, moſt willingly would I ſay ſomething very civil to you for all theſe courteſies. Any one may do a caſual act of good nature, but a continuation of them ſhews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the ſame blood which comes from the heart, which deſcends to the extremes (touching her wriſt) I am ſure you muſt have one of the beſt pulſes of any woman in the world. Feel it, ſaid ſhe, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery.——

Would to Heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadſt paſſed by, and beheld me ſitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-ſical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever! How wouldſt thou have laughed

and moralized upon my new profeſſion!—and thou ſhould'ſt have laughed and moralized on—Truſt me, my dear Eugenius, I ſhould have ſaid "there "are worſe occupations in this world *than feeling* "*a woman's pulſe.*"—But a *griſette's!* thou wouldſt have ſaid,—and in an open ſhop, Yorick!—

—So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world ſaw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulſations, and was going on faſt towards the fortieth, when her huſband coming unexpected from a back-parlour into the ſhop, put me a little out in my reckoning.——'Twas nobody but her huſband, ſhe ſaid—ſo I began a freſh ſcore—Monſieur is ſo good, quoth ſhe, as he paſſed by us, as to give himſelf the trouble of feeling my pulſe.——The huſband took off his hat, and making me a bow, ſaid, I did him too much honour; and having ſaid that, he put on his hat and walked out.

Good God! ſaid I to myſelf, as he went out,—and can this man be the huſband of this woman!

Let it not torment the few who know what muſt have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to thoſe who do not.

In London, a ſhopkeeper and a ſhopkeeper's wife ſeem to be one bone and one fleſh. In the

ſeveral endowments of mind and body, ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other has it, ſo as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are ſcarce two orders of beings more different: for the legiſlative and executive powers of the ſhop not reſting in the huſband, he ſeldom comes there:—in ſome dark and diſmal room behind, he ſits commerceleſs in his thrum night-cap, the ſame rough ſon of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is ſalique, having ceded this department, with ſundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with cuſtomers of all ranks and ſizes from morning to night, like ſo many rough pebbles ſhook long together in a bag, by amicable colliſions, they have worn down their aſperities and ſharp angles, and not only become round and ſmooth, but will receive, ſome of them, a poliſh like a brilliant—Monſieur *le Marli* is little better than the ſtone under your foot.

—Surely,—ſurely, man! it is not good for thee to ſit alone;—thou waſt made for ſocial intercourſe and gentle greetings; and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, Monſieur? ſaid ſhe.——With all the benignity, ſaid I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected.——She was going to ſay ſomething civil in return, but the lad came into the ſhop with the gloves.—*A propos*, ſaid I, I want a couple of pairs myſelf.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful *griſette* roſe up when I ſaid this, and, going behind the counter, reached down a parcel and untied it: I advanced to the ſide over againſt her: they were all too large. The beautiful *griſette* meaſured them one by one acroſs my hand.—It would not alter the dimenſions.—She begged I would try a ſingle pair, which ſeemed to be the leaſt.—She held it open;—my hand ſlipped into it at once.—It will not do, ſaid I, ſhaking my head a little.—No, ſaid ſhe, doing the ſame thing.

There are certain combined looks of ſimple ſubtlety,—where whim, and ſenſe, and ſerioufneſs, and nonſenſe, are ſo blended, that all the languages of Babel ſet looſe together, could not expreſs them:—they are communicated and caught ſo inſtantaneouſly, that you can ſcarce ſay which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to ſwell pages about it,—it is enough in the preſent to ſay again, the gloves would not do; ſo folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter;—it was narrow, and there was juſt room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful *griſette* looked ſometimes at the gloves, then ſideways to the window, then at the gloves,—and then at me. I was not diſpoſed to break ſilence;—I followed her example: ſo I looked

at

at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and ſo on alternately.

I found I loſt conſiderably in every attack:—ſhe had a quick black eye, and ſhot through two ſuch long and ſilken eye-laſhes with ſuch penetration, that ſhe looked into my very heart and reins.—It may ſeem ſtrange; but I could actually feel ſhe did.

It is no matter, ſaid I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was ſenſible the beautiful *griſette* had not aſked above a ſingle livre above the price. I wiſhed ſhe had aſked a livre more; and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about.—Do you think, my dear Sir, ſaid ſhe, miſtaking my embarraſſment, that I could aſk a ſous too much of a ſtranger—and of a ſtranger whoſe politeneſs, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himſelf at my mercy?—*M'en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, ſaid I; and if you were, you are welcome. So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a ſhopkeeper's wife, I went out; and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was nobody in the box I was let into, but a kindly old French officer. I love the charac-

ter, not only becauſe I honour the man whoſe manners are ſoftened by a profeſſion which makes bad men worſe, but that I once knew one,—for he is no more,—and why ſhould I not reſcue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the deareſt of my flock and friends, whoſe philanthropy I never think of at this long diſtance from his death, but my eyes guſh out with tears. For his ſake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and ſo I ſtrode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myſelf beſide him.

The old officer was reading attentively a ſmall pamphlet (it might be the book of the opera) with a large pair of ſpectacles. As ſoon as I ſat down, he took his ſpectacles off, and putting them into a ſhagreen caſe, returned them and the book into his pocket together. I half roſe up, and made him a bow.

Tranſlate this into any civilized language in the world, the ſenſe is this:—

"Here's a poor ſtranger come into the box; he "ſeems as if he knew nobody; and is never likely, "was he to be ſeven years in Paris, if every man "he comes near keeps his ſpectacles upon his noſe: "—'tis ſhutting the door of converſation abſolutely "in his face, and uſing him worſe than a German."

The French officer might as well have ſaid it all aloud: and if he had, I ſhould in courſe have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, "I was ſenſible of his attention, and returned him a "thouſand thanks for it."

There

There is not a ſecret ſo aiding to the progreſs of ſociality, as to get maſter of this *ſhort hand*, and to be quick in rendering the ſeveral turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it ſo mechanically, that when I walk the ſtreets of London, I go tranſlating all the way; and have more than once ſtood behind the circle, where not three words have been ſaid, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and ſworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was juſt entering the door of the hall, when the Marquiſina de F*** was coming out, in a ſort of a hurry:—ſhe was almoſt upon me before I ſaw her: ſo I gave a ſpring to one ſide, to let her paſs. She had done the ſame, and on the ſame ſide too: ſo we ran our heads together: ſhe inſtantly got to the other ſide to get out: I was juſt as unfortunate as ſhe had been; for I had ſprung to that ſide, and oppoſed her paſſage again. We both flew together to the other ſide, and then back,—and ſo on:—it was ridiculous; we both bluſhed intolerably; ſo I did at laſt the thing I ſhould have done at firſt;—I ſtood ſtock ſtill, and the Marquiſina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room till I had made her ſo much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the paſſage. She looked back twice, and walked along it rather ſideways, as if ſhe would make room for any one coming up ſtairs to paſs her.—No, ſaid I, that's a vile tranſlation: the Marquiſina has

a right to the beſt apology I can make her; and that opening is left for me to do it in:—ſo I ran and begged pardon for the embarraſſment I had given her, ſaying it was my intention to have made her way. She anſwered, ſhe was guided by the ſame intention towards me;—ſo we reciprocally thanked each other. She was at the top of the ſtairs; and ſeeing no *cicisbeo* near her, I begged to hand her to her coach; ſo we went down the ſtairs, ſtopping at every third ſtep to talk of the concert and the adventure.—Upon my word, Madam, ſaid I, when I had handed her in, I made ſix different efforts to let you go out.—And I made ſix efforts, replied ſhe, to let you enter.—I wiſh to Heaven you would make a ſeventh, ſaid I.—With all my heart, ſaid ſhe, making room.—Life is too ſhort to be long about the forms of it;—ſo I inſtantly ſtepped in, and ſhe carried me home with her.——And what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, I ſuppoſe, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which aroſe out of the tranſlation, gave me more pleaſure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was, will probably come out in this chapter; ſo that being

being pretty much unprepoſſeſſed, there muſt have been grounds for what ſtruck me the moment I caſt my eyes over the *parterre*,—and that was, the unaccountable ſport of Nature in forming ſuch numbers of dwarfs.—No doubt, ſhe ſports at certain times in almoſt every corner of the world; but in Paris, there is no end to her amuſements.—The goddeſs ſeems almoſt as merry as ſhe is wiſe.

As I carried my idea out of the *Opera Comique* with me, I meaſured every body I ſaw walking in the ſtreets by it.—Melancholy application! eſpecially where the ſize was extremely little,—the face extremely dark,—the eyes quick,—the noſe long,—the teeth white,—the jaw prominent,—to ſee ſo many miſerables, by force of accidents, driven out of their own proper claſs into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down:—every third man a pigmy?—ſome by ricketty heads and hump backs;—others by bandy-legs;—a third ſet arreſted by the hand of Nature in the ſixth and ſeventh years of their growth;—a fourth, in their perfect and natural ſtate, like dwarf apple-trees; from the firſt rudiments and ſtamina of their exiſtence, never meant to grow higher.

A Medical Traveller might ſay, 'tis owing to undue bandages;—a Splenetic one, to want of air;—and an Inquiſitive Traveller, to fortify the ſyſtem, may meaſure the height of their houſes,—the narrowneſs of their ſtreets, and in how few feet ſquare in the ſixth and ſeventh ſtories ſuch numbers

bers of the *Bourgeoiſie* eat and ſleep together. But I remember, Mr. Shandy the Elder, who accounted for nothing like any body elſe, in ſpeaking one evening of theſe matters, averred, That children, like other animals, might be increaſed almoſt to any ſize, provided they came right into the world; but the miſery was, the citizens of Paris were ſo coop'd up, that they had not actually room enough to get them.—I do not call it getting any thing, ſaid he;—'tis getting nothing.—Nay, continued he, riſing in his argument, 'tis getting worſe than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty or five-and-twenty years of the tendereſt care and moſt nutritious aliment beſtowed upon it, ſhall not at laſt be as high as my leg. Now, Mr. Shandy being very ſhort, there could be nothing more ſaid of it.

As this is not a work of reaſoning, I leave the ſolution as I found it, and content myſelf with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and by-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carouſal to the Palais Royal, and obſerving a little boy in ſome diſtreſs at the ſide of the gutter which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty.——Never mind, ſaid I, ſome good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel ſome little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my ſpecies, who have neither ſize nor

nor ſtrength to get on in the world.—I cannot bear to ſee one of them trod upon; and had ſcarce got ſeated beſide my old French officer ere the diſguſt was exerciſed, by ſeeing the very thing happen under the box we ſat in.

At the end of the orcheſtra, and betwixt that and the firſt ſide-box, there is a ſmall eſplanade left, where, when the houſe is full, numbers of all ranks take ſanctuary. Though you ſtand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the ſame price as in the orcheſtra. A poor defenceleſs being of this order, had got thruſt, ſomehow or other, into this luckleſs place;—the night was hot, and he was ſurrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himſelf. The dwarf ſuffered inexpreſſibly on all ſides; but the thing which incommoded him moſt, was a tall, corpulent German, near ſeven feet high, who ſtood directly betwixt him and all poſſibility of his ſeeing either the ſtage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by ſeeking for ſome little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying firſt on one ſide, then on the other; but the German ſtood ſquare in the moſt unaccommodating poſture that can be imagined:—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepeſt draw-well in Paris; ſo he civilly reach'd up his hand to the German's ſleeve, and told him his diſtreſs.—The German turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as Goliah did upon David,—and unfeelingly reſumed his poſture.

I was juſt then taking a pinch of ſnuff out of my

my monk's little horn box.—And how would thy meek and courteous ſpirit, my dear monk! ſo temper'd to *bear and forbear!*—how ſweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor ſoul's complaint.

The old French Officer ſeeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apoſtrophe, took the liberty to aſk me what was the matter? ——I told him the ſtory in three words, and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his firſt tranſports, which are generally unreaſonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife.——The German look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury ſharpen'd by an inſult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of ſentiment a party: I could have leap'd out of the box to have redreſſed it.—The old French officer did it with much leſs confuſion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a ſentinel, and pointing at the ſame time with his finger at the diſtreſs,—the ſentinel made his way to it.—There was no occaſion to tell the grievance,—the thing told itſelf; ſo thruſting back the German inſtantly with his muſket,—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him.——This is noble! ſaid I, clapping my hands together.——And yet you would not permit this, ſaid the old officer, in England.

——In England, dear Sir, ſaid I, *we ſit all at our eaſe.*

The

The old French officer would have ſet me at unity with myſelf, in caſe I had been at variance, —by ſaying it was a *bon mot*;—and as a *bon mot* is always worth ſomething at Paris, he offered me a pinch of ſnuff.

THE ROSE

PARIS.

IT was now my turn to aſk the old French officer, "What was the matter?" for a cry of "*Hauſſez les mains, Monſieur l'Abbé,*" re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the *parterre*, was as unintelligible to me as my apoſtrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me it was ſome poor Abbé in one of the upper *loges*, who he ſuppoſed had got planted *perdu* behind a couple of *griſettes*, in order to ſee the opera, and that the *parterre* eſpying him, were inſiſting upon his holding up both his hands during the repreſentation.——And can it be ſuppoſed, ſaid I, that an eccleſiaſtic would pick the *griſettes* pockets?—The old French officer ſmiled, and whiſpering in my ear, opened a door of knowledge which I had no idea of.

——Good God! ſaid I, turning pale with aſtoniſhment,—is it poſſible, that a people ſo ſmit with ſentiment ſhould at the ſame time be ſo unclean, and ſo unlike themſelves.—*Quelle groſſierté!* added I.

——The

——The French officer told me it was an illiberal ſarcaſm at the church, which had begun in the theatre about the time the Tartuffe was given in it, by Moliere:—but, like other remains of Gothic manners, was declining.—Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *groſſiertés*, in which they take the lead, and loſe it of one another by turns;—that he had been in moſt countries, but never in one where he found not ſome delicacies, which others ſeemed to want. *Le pour et le contre ſe trouvant en chaque nation;* there is a balance, ſaid he, of good and bad everywhere; and nothing but the knowing it is ſo, can emancipate one half of the world from the prepoſſeſſion which it holds againſt the other:—that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *ſçavoir vivre*, was by ſeeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an air of ſuch candour and good ſenſe, as coincided with my firſt favourable impreſſions of his character:—I thought I loved the man; but I fear I miſtook the object:—'twas my own way of thinking,—the difference was, I could not have expreſſed it half ſo well.

It is alike troubleſome to both the rider and his beaſt,—if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and ſtarting all the way at every object which he never ſaw before.—I have as little torment of this kind as any creature alive; and yet I honeſtly confeſs,

confeſs, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I bluſh'd at many a word the firſt month,—which I found inconſequent and perfectly innocent the ſecond.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintance of about ſix weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town.—Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet is the moſt correct; and I never wiſh to ſee one of more virtues and purity of heart.—In our return back, Madame de Rambouliet deſired me to pull the cord.——I aſked her if ſhe wanted any thing?——*Rein que pour piſſer*, ſaid Madame de Rambouliet.

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let Madame de Rambouliet p—ſs on.—And ye fair myſtic nymphs, go each one *pluck your roſe*, and ſcatter them in your path,—for Madame de Rambouliet did no more.—I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the prieſt of the chaſte *Caſtalia*, I could not have ſerved at her fountain with a more reſpectful decorum.

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

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A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.

WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his ſon, upon the ſame ſubject, into my head,—and that bringing in Hamlet,—and Hamlet the reſt of Shakeſpeare's Works, I ſtopt at the Quai de Conti, in my return home, to purchaſe the whole ſet.

The bookſeller ſaid he had not a ſet in the world.——*Comment!* ſaid I, taking one up out of a ſet which lay upon the counter betwixt us. ——He ſaid, they were ſent him only to be got bound; and were to be ſent back to Verſailles in the morning to the Count de B****.

——And does the Count de B****, ſaid I, read Shakeſpeare?——*C'eſt un Eſprit fort*, replied the bookſeller.—He loves Engliſh books; and what is more to his honour, Monſieur, he loves the Engliſh too.——You ſpeak this ſo civilly, ſaid I, that it is enough to oblige an Engliſhman

to lay out a Louis d'or or two at your ſhop.——The bookſeller made a bow, and was going to ſay ſomething, when a young decent girl, about twenty, who by her air and dreſs ſeemed to be *fille de chambre* to ſome devout woman of faſhion, came into the ſhop and aſked for *Les Egarements du Cœur & de l'Eſprit.* The bookſeller gave her the book directly; ſhe pulled out a little green ſatin purſe, run round with a ribband of the ſame colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, ſhe took out the money and paid for it. As I had nothing more to ſtay me in the ſhop, we both walk'd out of the door together.

——And what have you to do, my dear, ſaid I, with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who ſcarce know yet you have one? nor, till Love has firſt told you it, or ſome faithleſs ſhepherd has made it ache, canſt thou ever be ſure it is ſo.——*La Dieu m'en garde!* ſaid the girl.——With reaſon, ſaid I; for if it is a good one, 'tis a pity it ſhould be ſtolen; 'tis a little treaſure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dreſs'd out with pearls.

The young girl liſtened with a ſubmiſſive attention, holding her ſatin purſe by its ribband in her hand all the time.——'Tis a very ſmall one, ſaid I, taking hold of the bottom of it—(ſhe held it towards me)—and there is very little in it, my dear, ſaid I; but be but as good as thou art handſome, and Heaven will fill it. I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakeſpeare; and as ſhe had let go the purſe entirely, I put a ſingle one

one in; and tying up the ribband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more a humble courtesy than a low one:—'twas one of those quiet, thankful sinkings, where the spirit bows itself down,—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, said I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you see the crown, you'll remember it;—so don't, my dear, lay it out in ribbands.

——Upon my word, Sir, said the girl, earnestly, I am incapable;—in saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand:—*En verité, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent apart*, said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private walks; so notwithstanding it was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a second courtesy in setting off; and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop, to tell me again—she thank'd me.

—It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it

to for the world; but I ſee innocence, my dear, in your face,—and foul befal the man who ever lays a ſnare in its way!

The girl ſeem'd affected, ſome way or other, with what I ſaid;—ſhe gave a low ſigh:—I found I was not empowered to inquire at all after it,—ſo ſaid nothing more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

——But is this the way, my dear, ſaid I, to the Hotel de Modene?——She told me it was;—or that I might go by the Rue de Gueneguault, which was the next turn.——Then I'll go, my dear, by the Rue de Gueneguault, ſaid I, for two reaſons: firſt, I ſhall pleaſe myſelf; and next, I ſhall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can.——The girl was ſenſible I was civil,—and ſaid, She wiſh'd the Hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Pierre.——You live there? ſaid I.——She told me ſhe was *fille de chambre* to Madame R****.——Good God! ſaid I, 'tis the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens.——The girl told me that Madame R****, ſhe believed, expected a ſtranger with a letter, and was impatient to ſee him.——So I deſired the girl to preſent my compliments to Madame R****, and ſay I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We ſtood ſtill at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilſt this paſs'd.—We then ſtopped a moment whilſt ſhe diſpoſed of her *Egarements du Cœur*, &c. more commodiouſly than carrying them in her hand:—they were two volumes; ſo I held the

the ſecond for her whilſt ſhe put the firſt into her pocket; and then ſhe held her pocket, and I put in the other after it.

'Tis ſweet to feel by what fine-ſpun threads our affections are drawn together!

We ſet off afreſh; and as ſhe took her third ſtep, the girl put her hand within my arm.——I was juſt bidding her,—but ſhe did it of herſelf, with that undeliberating ſimplicity, which ſhew'd it was out of her head that ſhe had never ſeen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of conſanguinity ſo ſtrongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and ſee if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeneſs.—Tut! ſaid I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Gueneguault, I ſtopp'd to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindneſs.—She bid me adieu twice;—I repeated it as often; and ſo cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where elſe, I'm not ſure but I ſhould have ſigned it with a kiſs of charity, as warm and holy as an apoſtle.

But in Paris, as none kiſs each other but the men,—I did what amounted to the ſame thing,—

I bid God bleſs her!

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

WHEN I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been inquired after by the Lieutenant de Police.——The deuce take it, ſaid I,—I know the reaſon. It is time the reader ſhould know it; for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted; not that it was out of my head; but, that had I told it then, it might have been forgot now;—and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with ſo much precipitation, that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France; and had reached Dover, and looked through my glaſs at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea preſented itſelf; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a paſſport. Go but to the end of a ſtreet, I have a mortal averſion for returning back no wiſer than I ſet out; and as this was one of the greateſt efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could leſs bear the thoughts of it; ſo hearing the Count de **** had hired the packet, I begg'd he would take me in his *ſuite*. The Count had ſome little knowledge of me, ſo made little or no difficulty,—only ſaid, his inclination to ſerve me could reach no farther than Calais, as he was to return by way of Bruſſels to Paris; however, when I had once paſs'd there, I might get to Paris without interruption;

interruption; but that in Paris I muſt make friends and ſhift for myſelf.——Let me get to Paris, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I,—and I ſhall do very well. So I embark'd, and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been enquiring after me,—the thing inſtantly recurred;—and by the time La Fleur had well told me, the maſter of the hotel came into my room to tell me the ſame thing, with this addition to it, that my paſſport had been particularly aſked after: the maſter of the hotel concluded with ſaying he hoped I had one.——Not I, faith! ſaid I.

The maſter of the hotel retired three ſteps from me, as from an infected perſon, as I declared this;—and poor La Fleur advanced three ſteps towards me, and with that ſort of movement which a good ſoul makes to ſuccour a diſtreſs'd one:—the fellow won my heart by it; and from that ſingle trait, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had ſerved me with fidelity for ſeven years.

Mon Seigneur! cried the maſter of the hotel;—but recollecting himſelf as he made the exclamation, he inſtantly changed the tone of it—If Monſieur, ſaid he, has not a paſſport *(apparemment)* in all likelihood he has friends in Paris who can procure him one.—Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference.——Then certes, replied he, you'll be ſent to the Baſtile, or the Chatelet, *au moins.*——Poo! ſaid I, the King of France is a good-natured ſoul,—he'll hurt nobody.——*Cela*

n'empeche pas, ſaid he,—you will certainly be ſent to the Baſtile to-morrow morning.——But I've taken your lodgings for a month, anſwer'd I; and I'll not quit them a day before the time for all the Kings of France in the world.——La Fleur whiſpered in my ear,—That nobody could oppoſe the King of France.

Pardi, ſaid my hoſt, *ces Meſſieurs Anglois sont des gens tres extraordinaires*;—and having both ſaid and ſworn it,—he went out.

THE PASSPORT.

THE HOTEL AT PARIS.

I COULD not find in my heart to torture La Fleur's with a ſerious look upon the ſubject of my embarraſſment, which was the reaſon I had treated it ſo cavalierly; and to ſhew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropped the ſubject entirely; and whilſt he waited upon me at ſupper, talk'd to him with more than uſual gaiety about Paris, and of the *opera comique*.—La Fleur had been there himſelf, and had followed me through the ſtreets as far as the bookſeller's ſhop; but ſeeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walk'd down the Quai de Conti together, La Fleur deem'd it unneceſſary to follow me a ſtep further,—ſo making his own reflections upon it, he took a ſhorter cut,—and got to the hotel in time to be inform'd of the affair of the police againſt my arrival.

As

As ſoon as the honeſt creature had taken away, and gone down to ſup himſelf, I then began to think a little ſeriouſly about my ſituation.

—And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt ſmile at the remembrance of a ſhort dialogue which paſs'd betwixt us the moment I was going to ſet out:—I muſt tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little ſubject to be overburthen'd with money as thought, had drawn me aſide to interrogate me how much I had taken care for. Upon telling him the exact ſum, Eugenius ſhook his head, and ſaid, it would not do; ſo pull'd out his purſe, in order to empty it into mine.——I've enough, in conſcience, Eugenius, ſaid I.——Indeed, Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius;—I know France and Italy better than you.——But you don't conſider, Eugenius, ſaid I, refuſing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I ſhall take care to ſay or do ſomething or other for which I ſhall get clapp'd up into the Baſtile, and that I ſhall live there a couple of months entirely at the King of France's expence.——I beg pardon, ſaid Eugenius, dryly: really, I had forgot that reſource.

Now the event I treated gaily, came ſeriouſly to my door.

Is it folly, or *nonchalance*, or philoſophy, or pertinacity;—or what is it in me, that, after all, when La Fleur had gone down ſtairs, and I was quite alone, I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwiſe than I had then ſpoken of it to Eugenius?

—And as for the Baſtile,—the terror is in the word.—

word.—Make the moſt of it you can, ſaid I to myſelf, the Baſtile is but another word for a tower;—and a tower is but another word for a houſe you can't get out of.—Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year.—But with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within,—at leaſt for a month or ſix weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmleſs fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiſer man than he went in.

I had ſome occaſion (I forgot what) to ſtep into the court-yard, as I ſettled this account; and remember I walk'd down ſtairs in no ſmall triumph with the conceit of my reaſoning.——Beſhrew the *ſombre* pencil! ſaid I, vauntingly,—for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with ſo hard and deadly a colouring. The mind ſits terrified at the objects ſhe has magnified herſelf, and blackened: reduce them to their proper ſize and hue, ſhe overlooks them.—'Tis true, ſaid I, correcting the propoſition,—the Baſtile is not an evil to be deſpiſed.—But ſtrip it of its towers,—fill up the foſs,—unbarricade the doors,—call it ſimply a confinement, and ſuppoſe 'tis ſome tyrant of a diſtemper,—and not of a man, which holds you in it,—the evil vaniſhes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this ſoliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I look'd up and down the paſſage, and ſeeing neither man,

man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the paſſage, I heard the ſame words repeated twice over; and looking up, I ſaw it was a ſtarling hung in a little cage. —"I can't get out,—I can't get out," ſaid the ſtarling.

I ſtood looking at the bird: and to every perſon who came through the paſſage, it ran fluttering to the ſide towards which they approach'd it, with the ſame lamentation of its captivity,—"I can't get out," ſaid the ſtarling.——God help thee! ſaid I,—but I'll let thee out, coſt what it will; ſo I turned about the cage to get the door: it was twiſted and double twiſted ſo faſt with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces.—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thruſting his head through the trellis, preſſed his breaſt againſt it, as if impatient.—I fear, poor creature, ſaid I, I cannot ſet thee at liberty.——"No," ſaid the ſtarling; "I "can't get out,—I can't get out," ſaid the ſtarling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the diſſipated ſpirits to which my reaſon had been a bubble, were ſo ſuddenly call'd home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet ſo true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my ſyſtematic reaſonings upon the Baſtile; and I heavily walk'd up ſtairs, unſaying every word I had ſaid in going down them.

Diſguiſe

Diſguiſe thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill, Slavery, ſaid I,—ſtill thou art a bitter draught! and though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice ſweet and gracious goddeſs, addreſſing myſelf to *Liberty*, whom all in public or in private worſhip, whoſe taſte is grateful, and ever will be ſo, till Nature herſelf ſhall change.—No *tint* of words can ſpot thy ſnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy ſceptre into iron;—with thee to ſmile upon him as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou art exiled.—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the laſt ſtep but one in my aſcent, grant me but health, thou great Beſtower of it, and give me but this fair goddeſs as my companion,—and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeems good unto thy divine providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them!

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage purſued me into my room. I ſat down cloſe by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but ſlavery: but

but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of ſad groups in it did but diſtract me,

—I took a ſingle captive; and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then look'd through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I ſaw him pale and feveriſh; in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood;—he had ſeen no ſun, no moon, in all that time;—nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice!—His children!——

But here my heart began to bleed; and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the furtheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there:—he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he liſted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down,—ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle.—He gave a deep ſigh.—I ſaw the Iron enter into his ſoul!—I burſt into tears.——I could not ſuſtain the

the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.—I ſtarted up from my chair, and calling La Fleur,—I bid him beſpeak me a remiſe, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

—I'll go directly, ſaid I, myſelf to Monſieur le Duc de Choiſeul.

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but not willing he ſhould ſee any thing upon my cheek which would coſt the honeſt fellow a heart-ach,—I told him I would go to bed by myſelf,—and bid him go do the ſame.

THE STARLING.

ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

I GOT into my remiſe the hour I propoſed. La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the beſt of his way to Verſailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a ſhort hiſtory of this ſelf-ſame bird, which became the ſubject of the laſt chapter.

Whilſt the honourable Mr. **** was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an Engliſh lad who was his groom; who, not caring to deſtroy it, had taken it in his breaſt into the packet;—and by courſe of feeding it, and taking it once under his protec-

tion, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it ſafe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the ſtarling; and as he had little to do better the five months his maſter ſtaid there, he taught it in his mother's tongue, the four ſimple words—(and no more)—to which I owned myſelf ſo much its debtor.

Upon his maſter's going on for Italy, the lad had given it to the maſter of the hotel. But his little ſong for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris, the bird had little or no ſtore ſet by him:—ſo La Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whoſe language he had learned his notes;—and telling the ſtory of him to Lord A—, Lord A. begged the bird of me;—in a week Lord A. gave him to Lord B—; Lord B. made a preſent of him to Lord C—; and Lord C.'s gentleman ſold him to Lord D.'s for a ſhilling;—Lord D. gave him to Lord E, and ſo on, half round the alphabet. From that rank he paſſed into the lower houſe, and paſſed the hands of as many commoners.—But as all theſe wanted to get in, and my bird wanted to get out, he had almoſt as little ſtore ſet by him in London as in Paris.

It is impoſſible but many of my readers muſt have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have ever ſeen him,—I beg leave to inform them that that bird was my bird,—or ſome vile copy ſet up to repreſent him.

I have

I have nothing farther to add upon him, but that from that time to this I have borne this poor ſtarling as the creſt to my arms.——And let the herald's officers twiſt his neck about if they dare.

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind when I am going to aſk protection of any man; for which reaſon I generally endeavour to protect myſelf: but this going to Monſieur le Duc de C——, was an act of compulſion;—had it been an act of choice, I ſhould have done it, I ſuppoſe, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty addreſs, as I went along, did my ſervile heart form! I deſerved the Baſtile for every one of them.

Then nothing would ſerve me, when I got within ſight of Verſailles, but putting words and ſentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to writhe myſelf into Monſieur le Duc de C——'s good grace.—This will do, ſaid I.—Juſt as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without taking his meaſure.—Fool! continued I,—ſee Monſieur le Duc's face firſt;—obſerve what character is written in it;—take notice in what poſture he ſtands to hear you;—mark the turns and expreſſions of his body and limbs;—and for the tone,—the firſt ſound which comes

comes from his lips will give it you; and from all theſe together you'll compound an addreſs at once upon the ſpot, which cannot diſguſt the Duke;—the ingredients are his own, and moſt likely to go down.

Well! ſaid I, I wiſh it well over.—Coward again! as if man to man was not equal throughout the whole ſurface of the globe; and if in the field, why not face to face in the cabinet too? and truſt me, Yorick, whenever it is not ſo, man is falſe to himſelf, and betrays his own ſuccours ten times where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C—— with the Baſtile in thy looks;—my life for it, thou wilt be ſent back to Paris in half an hour with an eſcort.

I believe ſo, ſaid I.—Then I'll go to the Duke, by Heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairneſs in the world.

—And there you are wrong again, replied I. ——A heart at eaſe, Yorick, flies into no extremes, —'tis ever on its center.—Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turned in at the gates, I find I ſhall do very well: and by the time he had wheeled round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myſelf ſo much the better for my own lecture, that I neither aſcended the ſteps like a victim to juſtice, who was to part with life upon the top-maſt,—nor did I mount them with a ſkip and a couple of ſtrides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.

As I entered the door of the ſaloon, I was met by a perſon who poſſibly might be the *maitre*

d'hotel, but had more the air of one of the under-ſecretaries, who told me the Duc de C—— was buſy.—I am utterly ignorant, ſaid I, of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an abſolute ſtranger, and, what is worſe in the preſent conjuncture of affairs, being an Engliſhman too.——He replied, that did not increaſe the difficulty.—I made him a ſlight bow, and told him, I had ſomething of importance to ſay to Monſieur le Duc. The ſecretary looked towards the ſtairs, as if he was about to leave me to carry up this account to ſome one.—But I muſt not miſlead you, ſaid I,—for what I have to ſay is of no manner of importance to Monſieur le Duc de C——, but of great importance to myſelf.——*C'eſt une autre affaire*, replied he.——Not at all, ſaid I, to a man of gallantry. But pray, good Sir, continued I, when can a ſtranger hope to have *acceſſe* ?——In not leſs than two hours, ſaid he, looking at his watch.——The number of equipages in the court-yard ſeemed to juſtify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a proſpect ;—and as walking backwards and forwards in the ſaloon, without a ſoul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the Baſtile itſelf, I inſtantly went back to my remiſe, and bid the coachman drive me to the *Cordon Bleu*, which was the neareſt hotel.

I think there is a fatality in it ;—I ſeldom go to the place I ſet out for.

LE PATISSER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half way down the ſtreet, I changed my mind: as I am at Verſailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; ſo I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round ſome of the principal ſtreets.—I ſuppoſe the town is not very large, ſaid I.—The coachman begged pardon for ſetting me right, and told me it was very ſuperb; and that numbers of the firſt dukes and marquiſſes and counts had hotels. —The Count de B——, of whom the bookſeller at the Quai de Conti had ſpoke ſo handſomely the night before, came inſtantly into my mind.—And why ſhould I not go, thought I, to the Count de B——, who has ſo high an idea of Engliſh books and Engliſh men,—and tell him my ſtory? So I changed my mind a ſecond time. In truth it was the third; for I had intended that day for Madame de R——, in the Rue St. Pierre, and had devoutly ſent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would aſſuredly wait upon her;—but I am governed by circumſtances;—I cannot govern them: ſo ſeeing a man ſtanding with a baſket on the other ſide of the ſtreet, as if he had ſomething to ſell, I bid La Fleur go up to him and inquire for the Count's hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale; and told me it

was a Chevalier de St. Louis ſelling *patés*.—It is impoſſible, La Fleur, ſaid I.—La Fleur could no more account for the phænomenon than myſelf; but perſiſted in his ſtory: he had ſeen the croix ſet in gold, with its red ribband, he ſaid, tied to his button-hole; and had looked into the baſket, and ſeen the *patés* which the Chevalier was ſelling; ſo could not be miſtaken in that.

Such a reverſe in man's life awakens a better principle than curioſity: I could not help looking for ſome time at him as I ſat in the remiſe. The more I looked at him, his croix, and his baſket, the ſtronger they wove themſelves into my brain.—I got out of the remiſe, and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron, which fell below his knees, and with a ſort of a bib that went half way up his breaſt. Upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His baſket of little *patés* was covered over with a white damaſk napkin: another of the ſame kind was ſpread at the bottom; and there was ſuch a look of *propreté* and neatneſs throughout, that one might have bought his *patés* of him as much from appetite as ſentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but ſtood ſtill with them at the corner of a hotel, for thoſe to buy who choſe it, without ſolicitation.

He was about forty-eight;—of a ſedate look, ſomething approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.——I went up rather to the baſket than him, and having lifted up the napkin, and taken one of his

his *patés* into my hand,—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the beſt part of his life had paſſed in the ſervice; in which, after ſpending a ſmall patrimony, he had obtained a company and the croix with it; but that, at the concluſion of the laſt peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps with thoſe of ſome other regiments, left without any proviſion, he found himſelf in a wide world without friends, without a livre;—and indeed, ſaid he, without any thing but this:—(pointing, as he ſaid it, to his croix).——The poor Chevalier won my pity; and he finiſhed the ſcene by winning my eſteem too.

The King, he ſaid, was the moſt generous of princes; but his generoſity could neither relieve nor reward every one; and it was only his misfortune to be amongſt the number. He had a little wife, he ſaid, whom he loved, who did the *patiſſerie*; and added, he felt no diſhonour in defending her and himſelf from want in this way,—unleſs Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleaſure from the good, in paſſing over what happened to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It ſeems he uſually took his ſtand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace; and as his croix had caught the eye of numbers, numbers had made the ſame inquiry which I had done.—He had told the ſame ſtory, and always with ſo much modeſty and good ſenſe, that it had reached at laſt the king's ears;—who hearing the Chevalier had

been a gallant officer, and reſpected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity,—he broke up his little trade by a penſion of fifteen hundred livres a year.

As I have told this to pleaſe the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another, out of its order, to pleaſe myſelf;—the two ſtories reflect light upon each other,—and 'tis a pity they ſhould be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN ſtates and empires have their periods of declenſion, and feel in their turns what diſtreſs and poverty is,—I ſtop not to tell the cauſes which gradually brought the houſe d'E—— in Britanny into decay. The Marquis d'E—— had fought up againſt his condition with great firmneſs; wiſhing to preſerve, and ſtill ſhew to the world ſome little fragments of what his anceſtors had been; their indiſcretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of obſcurity.—But he had two boys who looked up to him for light;—he thought they deſerved it. He had tried his ſword,—it could not open the way,—the mounting was too expenſive,—and ſimple œconomy was not a match for it:—there was no reſource but commerce.

In any other province in France ſave Britanny, this was ſmiting the root for ever of the little tree

his pride and affection wiſhed to ſee re-bloſſom.—But in Britanny, there being a proviſion for this, he availed himſelf of it; and taking an occaſion when the ſtates were aſſembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though ſeldom claimed, he ſaid, was no leſs in force, he took his ſword from his ſide:—Here, ſaid he, take it; and be truſty guardians of it till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The preſident accepted the Marquis's ſword;—he ſtaid a few minutes to ſee it depoſited in the archives of his houſe, and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of ſucceſsful application to buſineſs, with ſome unlooked-for bequeſts from diſtant branches of his houſe, returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to ſupport it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a ſentimental one, that I ſhould be at Rennes at the very time of this ſolemn requiſition. I call it ſolemn;—it was ſo to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he ſupported his lady;—his eldeſt ſon ſupported his ſiſter, and his youngeſt was at the other extreme of the line next his mother;—he put his handkerchief to his face twice.—

—There was a dead ſilence. When the Marquis had approached within ſix paces of the tribu-

nal, he gave the Marchioneſs to his youngeſt ſon, and advancing three ſteps before his family,—he reclaimed his ſword. His ſword was given him: and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almoſt out of the ſcabbard:—'twas the ſhining face of a friend he had once given up:—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to ſee whether it was the ſame,—when obſerving a little ruſt which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it,—I think I ſaw a tear fall upon the place. I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I ſhall find," ſaid he, "ſome other way to "get it off."

When the Marquis had ſaid this, he returned his ſword into his ſcabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it,—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two ſons following him, walked out.

O how I envied his feelings!

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I FOUND no difficulty in getting admittance to Monſieur le Count de B——. The ſet of Shakeſpeares was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walked up cloſe to the table, and giving firſt ſuch a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were,—I told him I had come without any one to preſent me, knowing

ing I ſhould meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I truſted, would do it for me:—It is my countryman the great Shakeſpeare, ſaid I, pointing to his works,—*et ayez la bonté, mon cher ami,* apoſtrophizing his ſpirit, added I, *de me faire cet honneur-là.*—

The Count ſmiled at the ſingularity of the introduction; and ſeeing I looked a little pale and ſickly, inſiſted upon my taking an arm-chair; ſo I ſat down; and to ſave him conjectures upon a viſit ſo out of all rule, I told him ſimply of the incident in the bookſeller's ſhop, and how that had impelled me rather to go to him with the ſtory of a little embarraſſment I was under, than to any other man in France.——And what is your embarraſſment? let me hear it, ſaid the Count.——So I told him the ſtory juſt as I have told it the reader.

——And the maſter of my hotel, ſaid I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, Monſieur le Count, that I ſhould be ſent to the Baſtile;—but I have no apprehenſions, continued I,—for in falling into the hands of the moſt poliſhed people in the world, and being conſcious I was a true man, and not come to ſpy the nakedneſs of the land, I ſcarce thought I lay at their mercy.—It does not ſuit the gallantry of the French, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I, to ſhew it againſt invalids.

An animated bluſh came into the Count de B——'s cheeks as I ſpoke this—*Ne craignez rien*—Don't fear, ſaid he.—Indeed I don't, replied I again.—Beſides, continued I a little ſportingly, I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris;

Paris; and I do not think Monſieur le Duc de-Choiſeul is ſuch an enemy to mirth, as to ſend me back crying for my pains.

—My application to you, Monſieur le Count de B——(making him a low bow) is to deſire he will not.

The Count heard me with great good-nature, or I had not ſaid half as much,—and once or twice ſaid,—*C'eſt bien dit.* So I reſted my cauſe there,—and determined to ſay no more about it.

The Count led the diſcourſe: we talked of indifferent things,—of books, and politics, and men; and then of women.——God bleſs them all! ſaid I, after much diſcourſe about them,—there is not a man upon earth who loves them ſo much as I do. After all the foibles I have ſeen, and all the ſatires I have read againſt them, ſtill I love them; being firmly perſuaded that a man who has not a ſort of an affection for the whole ſex, is incapable of ever loving a ſingle one as he ought.

Heh bien! Monſieur l'Anglois, ſaid the Count, gaily;—you are not come to ſpy the nakedneſs of the land;—I believe you;—*ni encore*, I dare ſay *that* of our women: but permit me to conjecture,—if, *par hazard*, they fell into your way, that the proſpect would not affect you.

I have ſomething within me which cannot bear the ſhock of the leaſt indecent inſinuation: in the ſportability of chit-chat I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and with infinite pain have hazarded a thouſand things to a dozen of the ſex together,—the leaſt of which I could not venture to a ſingle one to gain Heaven.

Excuſe

Excuſe me, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I:—as for the nakedneſs of your land, if I ſaw it, I ſhould caſt my eyes over it with tears in them;—and for that of your women (bluſhing at the idea he had excited in me) I am ſo evangelical in this, and have ſuch a fellow-feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on;—but I could wiſh, continued I, to ſpy the *nakedneſs* of their hearts, and, through the different diſguiſes of cuſtoms, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them to faſhion my own by;—and therefore am I come.

It is for this reaſon, Monſieur le Count, continued I, that I have not ſeen the Palais Royal, nor the Luxembourg,—nor the Façade of the Louvre,—nor have attempted to ſwell the catalogues we have of pictures, ſtatues, and churches.—I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and ſee the original drawings, and looſe ſketches hung up in it, than the Transfiguration of Raphael itſelf.

The thirſt of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breaſt of the connoiſſeur, has led me from my own home into France,—and from France will lead me through Italy;—'tis a quiet journey of the heart in purſuit of *Nature*, and thoſe affections which ariſe out of her, which make us love each other,—and the world, better than we do.

The Count ſaid a great many civil things to me upon the occaſion; and added, very politely, how much

much he ſtood obliged to Shakeſpeare for making me known to him.——But, *à-propos*, ſaid he;—Shakeſpeare is full of great things;—he forgot the ſmall punctilio of announcing your name:—it puts you under a neceſſity of doing it yourſelf.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to ſet about telling any one who I am,—for there is ſcarce any body I cannot give a better account of than myſelf; and I have often wiſh'd I could do it in a ſingle word,—and have an end of it. It was the only time and occaſion in my life I could accompliſh this to any purpoſe;—for Shakeſpeare lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-diggers ſcene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon Yorick; and advancing the book to the Count, with my finger all the way over the name,—*Me voici!* ſaid I.

Now, whether the idea of poor Yorick's ſkull was put out of the Count's mind by the reality of my own, or by what magic he could drop a period of ſeven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account; 'tis certain, the French conceive better than they combine;—I wonder at nothing in this world, and the leſs at this; inaſmuch as one

one of the firſt of our own church, for whoſe candour and paternal ſentiments I have the higheſt veneration, fell into the ſame miſtake in the very ſame caſe:—"He could not bear," he ſaid, "to "look into ſermons wrote by the King of Den-"mark's jeſter."—Good, my Lord! ſaid I; but there are two Yoricks. The Yorick your Lordſhip thinks of, has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago: he flouriſh'd in Horwendillus's court;—the other Yorick is myſelf, who have flouriſh'd, my Lord, in no court.——He ſhook his head.——Good God! ſaid I, you might as well confound Alexander the Great with Alexander the Copperſmith, my Lord!——'Twas all one, he replied.

——If Alexander, King of Macedon, could have tranſlated your Lordſhip, ſaid I, I'm ſure your Lordſhip would not have ſaid ſo.

The poor Count de B**** fell but into the ſame *error.*

——*Et, Monſieur, eſt il Yorick?* cried the Count.——*Je le ſuis*, ſaid I.——*Vous?*——*Moi*——*moi qui ai l'honneur de vous parler, Monſieur le Comte,*——*Mon Dieu!* ſaid he, embracing me,—*Vous êtes Yorick?*

The Count inſtantly put the Shakeſpeare into his pocket, and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the Count de B**** had gone ſo abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakeſpeare into his pocket.—*Myſteries which muſt explain themſelves, are not worth the loſs of time which a conjecture about them takes up:* 'twas better to read Shakeſpeare; ſo taking up "*Much ado about Nothing*," I tranſported myſelf inſtantly from the chair I ſat in to Meſſina in Sicily, and got ſo buſy with Don Pedro, and Benedict, and Beatrice, that I thought not of Verſailles, the Count, or the paſſport.

Sweet pliability of man's ſpirit, that can at once ſurrender itſelf to illuſions which cheat expectation and ſorrow of their weary moments! —Long,—long ſince had ye number'd out my days, had I not trod ſo great a part of them upon this enchanted ground. When my way is too rough for my feet, or too ſteep for my ſtrength, I get off it, to ſome ſmooth velvet path which fancy has ſcattered over with roſe-buds of delights; and, having taken a few turns in it, come back ſtrengthen'd and refreſh'd.—When evils preſs ſore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new courſe;—I leave it,—and, as I have a clearer idea of the Elyſian Fields than I have of Heaven, I force myſelf, like Æneas, into

into them;—I ſee him meet the penſive ſhade of his forſaken Dido, and wiſh to recognize it;—I ſee the injured ſpirit wave her head, and turn off ſilent from the author of her miſeries and diſhonours;—I loſe the feelings for myſelf in hers, and in thoſe affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at ſchool.

Surely, this is not walking in a vain ſhadow, —nor does man diſquiet himſelf in vain *by it:*—he oftener does ſo in truſting the iſſue of his commotions to reaſon only.—I can ſafely ſay for myſelf, I was never able to conquer any one ſingle bad ſenſation in my heart ſo deciſively, as by beating up as faſt as I could for ſome kindly and gentle ſenſation to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B**** entered with my paſſport in his hand. Monſ. le Duc de C——, ſaid the Count, is as good a prophet, I dare ſay, as he is a ſtateſman.——*Un homme qui rit*, ſaid the Duke, *ne ſera jamais dangereux*——Had it been for any one but the King's jeſter, added the Count, I could not have got it theſe two hours.——*Pardonnez moi*, Monſ. le Count, ſaid I, I am not the King's jeſter.——But you are Yorick?——Yes.——*Et vous plaiſantez?*——I anſwered, Indeed I did jeſt,—but was not paid for it;—'twas entirely at my own expence.

We have no jeſter at court, Monſ. le Count, ſaid I; the laſt we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II.;—ſince which time our manners have been ſo gradually refining, that our court at preſent

preſent is ſo full of patriots, who wiſh for *nothing* but the honours and wealth of our country;—and our ladies are all ſo chaſte, ſo ſpotleſs, ſo good, ſo devout,—there is nothing for a jeſter to make a jeſt of.

Voila un perſiflage! cried the Count.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

AS the paſſport was directed to all lieutenant-governors, governors, and commandants of cities, generals of armies, juſticiaries, and all officers of juſtice, to let Mr. Yorick the King's jeſter, and his baggage, travel quietly along,—I own the triumph of obtaining the paſſport was not a little tarniſh'd by the figure I cut in it.—But there is nothing unmix'd in this world; and ſome of the graveſt of our divines have carried it ſo far as to affirm, that enjoyment itſelf was attended even with a ſigh,—and that the greateſt *they knew of*, terminated, *in a general way*, in little better than a convulſion.

I remember the grave and learned Bevoriſkius, in his Commentary upon the Generations from Adam, very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note, to give an account to the world of a couple of ſparrows upon the outedge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote; and, at laſt, had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

——'Tis

——'Tis ſtrange! writes Bevoriſkius, but the facts are certain; for I have had the curioſity to mark them down, one by one, with my pen;—but the cock ſparrow, during the little time that I could have finiſhed the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his careſſes three-and-twenty times and a half.

How merciful, adds Bevoriſkius, is Heaven to his creatures!

Ill-fated Yorick! that the graveſt of thy brethren ſhould be able to write that to the world, which ſtains thy face with crimſon to copy, even in thy ſtudy.

But this is nothing to my travels;—ſo I twice, —twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

And how do you find the French? ſaid the Count de B——, after he had given me the paſſport.

The reader may ſuppoſe, that, after ſo obliging a proof of courteſy, I could not be at a loſs to ſay ſomething handſome to the inquiry.

——*Mais paſſe, pour cela.*——Speak frankly, ſaid he: do you find all the urbanity in the French which the world give us the honour of?——I had found every thing, I ſaid, which confirmed it.——

Vraiment, ſaid the Count, *les François ſont polis.*——To an exceſs, replied I.

The Count took notice of the word *exceſſe*; and would have it I meant more than I ſaid. I defended myſelf a long time, as well as I could, againſt it;——he inſiſted I had a reſerve, and that I would ſpeak my opinion frankly.

I believe, Monſ. le Count, ſaid I, that man has a certain compaſs, as well as an inſtrument; and that the ſocial and other calls have occaſion, by turns, for every key in him; ſo that, if you begin a note too high or too low, there muſt be want either in the upper or under part, to fill up the ſyſtem of harmony.——The Count de B—— did not underſtand muſic; ſo deſired me to explain it ſome other way.——A poliſh'd nation, my dear Count, ſaid I, makes every one its debtor; and beſides, Urbanity itſelf, like the fair ſex, has ſo many charms, it goes againſt the heart to ſay it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection that man, take him altogether, is empower'd to arrive at;—if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities than gets them. I muſt not preſume to ſay how far this has affected the French in the ſubject we are ſpeaking of;—but ſhould it ever be the caſe of the Engliſh, in the progreſs of their refinements, to arrive at the ſame poliſh which diſtinguiſhes the French, if we did not loſe the *politeſſe du cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions than courteous ones,—we ſhould at leaſt loſe that diſtinct variety and originality of character, which diſtinguiſhes them

them not only from each other, but from all the world beſides.

I had a few of King William's ſhillings, as ſmooth as glaſs, in my pocket, and foreſeeing they would be of uſe in the illuſtration of my hypotheſis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded ſo far:——

See, Monſ. le Count, ſaid I, riſing up, and laying them before him upon the table,—by jingling and rubbing one againſt another for ſeventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become ſo much alike, you can ſcarce diſtinguiſh one ſhilling from another.

The Engliſh, like ancient medals, kept more apart, and, paſſing but few people's hands, preſerve the firſt ſharpneſs which the fine hand of Nature has given them;—they are not ſo pleaſant to feel,—but, in return, the legend is ſo viſible, that, at the firſt look, you ſee whoſe image and ſuperſcription they bear. But the French, Monſ. le Count, added I, (wiſhing to ſoften what I had ſaid) have ſo many excellencies, they can the better ſpare this;—they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious and good temper'd people as is under Heaven;—if they have a fault, they are too *ſerious*.

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, riſing out of his chair.

Mais vous plaiſantez, ſaid he, correcting his exclamation.——I laid my hand upon my breaſt, and, with earneſt gravity, aſſured him it was my moſt ſettled opinion.

——The Count ſaid he was mortified, he could not ſtay to hear my reaſons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C——.

But, if it is not too far to come to Verſailles, to eat your ſoup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleaſure of knowing you retract your opinion,—or in what manner you ſupport it.—But if you do ſupport it, *Monſ. Anglois*, ſaid he, you muſt do it with all your powers, becauſe you have the whole world againſt you. ——I promiſed the Count I would do myſelf the honour of dining with him before I ſet out for Italy;—ſo took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman with a band-box had been that moment inquiring for me.——I do not know, ſaid the porter, whether ſhe is gone away or not.——I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up ſtairs; and, when I had got within ten ſteps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming eaſily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R**** had ſent her upon ſome commiſſion to a *marchante des modes* within a ſtep or two of the hotel

hotel de Modene; and, as I had fail'd in waiting upon her, had bid her inquire if I had left Paris; and if ſo, whether I had not left a letter addreſſed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was ſo near my door, ſhe returned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two whilſt I wrote a card.

It was a fine ſtill evening in the latter end of the month of May,—the crimſon window-curtains (which were of the ſame colour as thoſe of the bed) were drawn cloſe,—the ſun was ſetting, and reflected through them ſo warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre*'s face,—I thought ſhe bluſh'd;—the idea of it made me bluſh myſelf;—we were quite alone, and that ſuperinduced a ſecond bluſh before the firſt could get off.

There is a ſort of a pleaſing half-guilty bluſh, where the blood is more in fault than the man;—'tis ſent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it,—not to call it back, but to make the ſenſation of it more delicious to the nerves;—'tis aſſociated.

But I'll not deſcribe it;—I felt ſomething at firſt within me which was not in ſtrict uniſon with the leſſon of virtue I had given her the night before;—I fought five minutes for a card; I knew I had not one. I took up a pen,—I laid it down again,—my hand trembled:—the Devil was in me.

I know as well as any one he is an adverſary; whom, if we reſiſt, he will fly from us; but I ſeldom reſiſt him at all, from a terror that, though I may conquer, I may ſtill get a hurt in the combat;—ſo I give up the triumph for ſecurity; and,

inſtead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myſelf.

The fair *fille de chambre* came cloſe up to the bureau, where I was looking for a card,—took up firſt the pen I caſt down, then offer'd to hold me the ink; ſhe offer'd it ſo ſweetly, I was going to accept it, but I durſt not;——I have nothing, my dear, ſaid I, to write upon.——Write it, ſaid ſhe, ſimply, upon any thing.

——I was juſt going to cry out, Then I will write it, fair girl, upon thy lips!

——If I do, ſaid I, I ſhall periſh; ſo I took her by the hand, and led her to the door, and begg'd ſhe would not forget the leſſon I had given her.——She ſaid, indeed ſhe would not, and as ſhe uttered it with ſome earneſtneſs, ſhe turn'd about, and gave me both her hands, cloſed together, into mine;—it was impoſſible not to compreſs them in that ſituation;—I wiſh'd to let them go; and, all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myſelf againſt it,—and ſtill I held them on.—In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again;—and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were ſtanding.—I had ſtill hold of her hands—(and how it happened I can give no account); but I neither aſk'd her, nor drew her, nor did I think of the bed;—but ſo it did happen, we both ſat down.

I'll juſt ſhew you, ſaid the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purſe I have been making to-day to hold your crown. So ſhe put her hand into her right pocket,

pocket, which was next me, and felt for it ſome time;—then into the left.——"She had loſt it."——I never bore expectation more quietly;—it was in her right pocket at laſt; ſhe pull'd it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted ſattin, and juſt big enough to hold the crown:—ſhe put it into my hand; it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes with the back of my hand reſting upon her lap, looking ſometimes at the purſe, ſometimes on one ſide of it.

A ſtitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my ſtock; the fair *fille de chambre*, without ſaying a word, took out her little houſewife, threaded a ſmall needle, and ſewed it up. I foreſaw it would hazard the glory of the day, and, as ſhe paſs'd her hand in ſilence acroſs and acroſs my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels ſhake which fancy had wreath'd about my head.

A ſtrap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her ſhoe was juſt falling off.——See, ſaid the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot,——I could not from my ſoul but faſten the buckle in return; and putting in the ſtrap,—and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to ſee both were right, in doing it ſo ſuddenly, it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre,—and then—

THE CONQUEST.

YES,—and then——Ye whoſe clay-cold heads and lukewarm hearts can argue down or maſk

your paſſions, tell me, what treſpaſs is it that man ſhould have them? or how his ſpirit ſtands anſwerable to the Father of ſpirits but for his conduct under them?

If nature has ſo wove her web of kindneſs, that ſome threads of love and deſire are entangled with the piece,—muſt the whole web be rent in drawing them out?—Whip me ſuch ſtoics, great Governor of Nature! ſaid I to myſelf:—wherever thy providence ſhall place me for the trials of my virtue; whatever is my danger,—whatever is my ſituation,—let me feel the movements which riſe out of it, and which belong to me as a man,—and, if I govern them as a good one, I will truſt the iſſues to thy juſtice; for thou haſt made us, and not we ourſelves.

As I finiſh'd my addreſs, I raiſed the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room:—ſhe ſtood by me till I locked the door and put the key in my pocket,—*and then*,—the victory being quite deciſive,—and not till then, I preſs'd my lips to her cheek, and, taking her by the hand again, led her ſafe to the gate of the hotel.

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

IF a man knows the heart, he will know it was impoſſible to go back inſtantly to my chamber;—it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the cloſe of a piece of muſic, which had call'd forth my affections; therefore, when I let go the

hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remain'd at the gate of the hotel for ſome time, looking at every one who paſs'd by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fix'd upon a ſingle object which confounded all kind of reaſoning upon him.

It was a tall figure, of a philoſophic, ſerious, aduſt look, which paſs'd and repaſs'd ſedately along the ſtreet, making a turn of about ſixty paces on each ſide of the gate of the hotel.—The man was about fifty-two, had a ſmall cane under his arm, was dreſs'd in a dark drab-coloured coat, waiſt-coat, and breeches, which ſeem'd to have ſeen ſome years ſervice;—they were ſtill clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accoſting a good many in his way, I ſaw he was aſking charity; ſo I got a ſous or two out of my pocket ready to give him, as he took me in his turn. He paſs'd by me without aſking any thing,—and yet did not go five ſteps farther before he aſk'd charity of a little woman.—I was much more likely to have given of the two. He had ſcarce done with the woman, when he pull'd his hat off to another who was coming the ſame way. An ancient gentleman came ſlowly, and, after him, a young ſmart one. He let them both paſs, and aſk'd nothing: I ſtood obſerving him half an hour; in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably purſued the ſame plan.

There were two things very ſingular in this, which ſet my brain to work, and to no purpoſe; —the firſt was, Why the man ſhould *only* tell his ſtory

ſtory to the ſex;—and ſecondly, What kind of ſtory it was, and what ſpecies of eloquence it could be, which ſoften'd the hearts of the women, which he knew 'twas to no purpoſe to practiſe upon the men.

There were two other circumſtances which entangled this myſtery:—the one was, He told every woman what he had to ſay, in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a ſecret than a petition:—the other was, It was always ſucceſsful;—he never ſtopp'd a woman but ſhe pull'd out her purſe, and immediately gave him ſomething.

I could form no ſyſtem to explain the phænomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuſe me for the reſt of the evening; ſo I walk'd up ſtairs to my chamber.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I WAS immediately followed up by the maſter of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me I muſt provide lodgings elſewhere.——How ſo, friend? ſaid I.——He anſwer'd, I had a young woman lock'd up with me two hours that evening in my bedchamber, and 'twas againſt the rules of his houſe.——Very well, ſaid I, we'll all part friends then,—for the girl is no worſe,—and I am no worſe,—and you will be juſt as I found you.—It was enough, he ſaid, to overthrow the credit of his

his hotel.—*Voyez vous, Monſieur*, ſaid he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been ſitting upon.——I own it had ſomething of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not ſuffering me to enter into any detail of the cafe, I exhorted him to let his ſoul ſleep in peace, as I reſolved to let mine do that night, and that I would diſcharge what I owed him at breakfaſt.

——I ſhould not have minded, Monſieur, ſaid he if you had had twenty girls,——'Tis a ſcore more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckon'd upon.——Provided, added he, it had been but in a morning.——And does the difference of the time of the day at Paris, make a difference in the ſin?——It made a difference, he ſaid, in the ſcandal.——I like a good diſtinction in my heart; and cannot ſay I was intolerably out of temper with the man.——I own it neceſſary, reſumed the maſter of the hotel, that a ſtranger at Paris ſhould have the opportunities preſented to him of buying lace and ſilk ſtockings, and ruffles, *et tout cela*;—and 'tis nothing if a woman comes with a band-box.——O' my conſcience, ſaid I, ſhe had one; but I never look'd into it.——Then, Monſieur, ſaid he, has bought nothing.——Not one earthly thing, replied I.——Becauſe, ſaid he, I could recommend you to one who would uſe you *en conſcience*.——But I muſt ſee her this night, ſaid I.——He made me a low bow, and walk'd down.

Now ſhall I triumph over this *maitre d'hotel*, cried I;—and what then? Then I ſhall let him ſee I know he is a dirty fellow.—And what then?—What then!

then!—I was too near myſelf to ſay it was for the ſake of others.—I had no good anſwer left;—there was more of ſpleen than of principle in my project, and I was ſick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the *griſette* came in with her box of lace.——I'll buy nothing, however, ſaid I, within myſelf.

The *griſette* would ſhew me every thing.—I was hard to pleaſe: ſhe would not ſeem to ſee it. She open'd her little magazine, and laid all her laces, one after another, before me;—unfolded and folded them up again, one by one, with the moſt patient ſweetneſs.—I might buy,—or not;—ſhe would let me have every thing at my own price:—the poor creature ſeem'd anxious to get a penny; and laid herſelf out to win me, and not ſo much in a manner which ſeem'd artful, as in one I felt ſimple and careſſing.

If there is not a fund of honeſt cullibility in man, ſo much the worſe;—my heart relented, and I gave up my ſecond reſolution as quietly as the firſt.—Why ſhould I chaſtiſe one for the treſpaſs of another? If thou art tributary to this tyrant of an hoſt, thought I, looking up in her face, ſo much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four Louis d'ors in my purſe, there was no ſuch thing as riſing up and ſhewing her the door till I had firſt laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

—The maſter of the hotel will ſhare the profit with her;—no matter,—then I have only paid, as many a poor ſoul has *paid* before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up to wait upon me at ſupper, he told me how ſorry the maſter of the hotel was, for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's reſt will not lie down with enmity in his heart, if he can help it. —So I bid La Fleur tell the maſter of the hotel, that I was ſorry, on my ſide, for the occaſion I had given him;—and you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur, added I, that if the young woman ſhould call again, I ſhall not ſee her.

This was a ſacrifice not to him, but myſelf, having reſolved, after ſo narrow an eſcape, to run no more riſks, but to leave Paris, if it was poſſible, with all the virtue I enter'd it.

C'eſt deroger à nobleſſe, Monſieur, ſaid La Fleur, making me a bow down to the ground as he ſaid it. —*Et encore, Monſieur*, ſaid he, may change his ſentiments;—and if *(par hazard)* he ſhould like to amuſe himſelf,——I find no amuſement in it, ſaid I, interrupting him.

——*Mon Dieu!* ſaid La Fleur,—and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious:—ſomething hung upon his lips to ſay to me, or aſk me, which he could not get off: I could not conceive what it was;

was; and indeed gave myſelf little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle ſo much more intereſting upon my mind, which was that of the man's aſking charity before the door of the hotel.—I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that not out of curioſity,—'tis ſo low a principle of enquiry, in general, I would not purchaſe the gratification of it with a two-ſous piece;—but a ſecret, I thought, which ſo ſoon and ſo certainly ſoften'd the heart of every woman you came near, was a ſecret at leaſt equal to the philoſopher's ſtone: had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been maſter of it.

I toſs'd and turn'd it almoſt all night long in my brains, to no manner of purpoſe; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my ſpirits as much troubled with my *dreams*, as ever the King of Babylon had been with his; and I will not heſitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wiſe men of Paris as much as thoſe of Chaldea, to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

IT was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himſelf ſo gallantly array'd, I ſcarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montriul to give him a new hat

hat with a ſilver button and loop, and four Louis d'ors *pour s' adoniſer*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him juſtice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good ſcarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the ſame.——They were not a crown worſe, he ſaid, for the wearing.—I wiſh'd him hang'd for telling me.——They look'd ſo freſh, that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have impoſed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the Rue de Friperie.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart ſore at Paris.

He had purchaſed, moreover, a handſome blue ſatin waiſtcoat, fancifully enough embroidered;—This was indeed ſomething the worſe for the ſervice it had done, but 'twas clean ſcour'd,—the gold had been touch'd up, and, upon the whole, was rather ſhowy than otherwiſe;—and as the blue was not violent, it ſuited with the coat and breeches very well: he had ſqueez'd out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a *ſolitaire*; and had inſiſted with the *fripier* upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees.—He had purchaſed muſlin ruffles *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money;—and a pair of white ſilk ſtockings for five more;—and, to top all, Nature had given him a handſome figure, without coſting him a ſous.

He entered the room thus ſet off, with his hair dreſt in the firſt ſtyle, and with a handſome *bouquet* in

in his breaſt.—In a word, there was that look of feſtivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and by combining both together, it inſtantly ſtruck me, that the favour he wiſh'd to aſk of me the night before, was to ſpend the day as every body in Paris ſpent it beſides. I had ſcarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of truſt, as if I ſhould not refuſe him, begg'd I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis-à-vis de ſa maîtreſſe.*

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myſelf *vis-à-vis* Madame de R****.—I had retained the remiſe on purpoſe for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a ſervant ſo well dreſs'd as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it: I never could have worſe ſpared him.

But we muſt *feel*, not argue, in theſe embarraſſments;—the ſons and daughters of Service part with liberty, but not with nature, in their contracts; they are fleſh and blood, and have their little vanities and wiſhes in the midſt of the houſe of bondage, as well as their taſk-maſters;—no doubt, they have ſet their ſelf-denials at a price,—and their expectations are ſo unreaſonable, that I would often diſappoint them, but that their condition puts it ſo much in my power to do it.

Behold,—Behold, I am the ſervant,—diſarms me at once of the powers of a Maſter.

——Thou ſhalt go, La Fleur, ſaid I.

—And what Miſtreſs, La Fleur, ſaid I, canſt thou have pick'd up in ſo little a time at Paris?——

La

La Fleur laid his hand upon his breaſt, and ſaid, 'Twas a *petite demoiſelle*, at Monſieur le Count de B****'s.—La Fleur had a heart made for ſociety; and to ſpeak the truth of him, let as few occaſions ſlip him as his maſter,—ſo that ſomehow or other, —but how,—Heaven knows,—he had connected himſelf with the *demoiſelle* upon the landing of the ſtaircaſe, during the time I was taken up with my paſſport; and as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my intereſt, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his. The family, it ſeems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's houſehold, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people! that once a week at leaſt are ſure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and ſing, and ſport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the ſpirit of other nations to the earth.

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

LA FLEUR had left me ſomething to amuſe myſelf with for the day more than I had bargain'd for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant-leaf; and, as the morning was warm, and he had a good ſtep to bring it, he had begg'd a ſheet

of waſte paper to put betwixt the currant-leaf and his hand.—As that was plate ſufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was; and as I reſolved to ſtay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur*, to beſpeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfaſt by myſelf.

When I had finiſhed the butter, I threw the currant-leaf out of the window, and was going to do the ſame by the waſte paper;—but ſtopping to read a line firſt, and that drawing me on to a ſecond and third,—I thought it better worth; ſo I ſhut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I ſat down to read it.

It was in the old French of Rabelais's time; and, for aught I know, might have been wrote by him:—it was moreover in a Gothic letter, and that ſo faded and gone off by damps and length of time, it coſt me infinite trouble to make any thing of it.—I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius,—then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afreſh;—and then, to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza.—Still it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of underſtanding it, increaſed but the deſire.

I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again;—and after two or three hours poring upon it, with almoſt as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonſenſical inſcription, I thought I made ſenſe of it; but to make ſure of it, the beſt way, I imagined, was to turn it into Engliſh, and ſee how it would look then;—ſo I went on leiſurely

as

as a trifling man does, ſometimes writing a ſentence, —then taking a turn or two,—and then looking how the world went, out of the window; ſo that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done it.—I then began and read it as follows :—

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

——NOW as the Notary's wife diſputed the point with the Notary with too much heat,——I wiſh, ſaid the Notary (throwing down the parchment) that there was another Notary here, only to ſet down and atteſt all this.

——And what would you do then, Monſieur? ſaid ſhe, riſing haſtily up.—The Notary's wife was a little ſume of a woman, and the Notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply.—— I would go, anſwered he, to bed——You may go to the Devil, anſwered the Notary's wife.

Now there happening to be but one bed in the houſe, the other two rooms being unfurniſhed, as is the cuſtom at Paris, and the Notary not caring to lie in the ſame bed with a woman who had but that moment ſent him pell-mell to the Devil, went forth with his hat and cane and ſhort cloke, the night being very windy, and walk'd out ill at eaſe towards the Pont Neuf.

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world who have paſs'd over the Pont Neuf muſt own, that it is the nobleſt,—the fineſt,—the

grandeſt,—the lighteſt,—the longeſt,—the broadeſt, that ever conjoin'd land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe.—

By this it ſeems as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.

The worſt fault which Divines and the Doctors of the Sorbonne can allege againſt it, is, that if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, 'tis more blaſphemouſly *ſacre Dieu*'d there than in any other aperture of the whole city,—and with reaſon, good and cogent, Meſſieurs; for it comes againſt you without crying *garde d'eau*, and with ſuch unpremeditable puffs, that of the few who croſs it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor Notary, juſt as he was paſſing by the ſentry, inſtinctively clapp'd his cane to the ſide of it; but in raiſing it up, the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the ſentinel's hat, hoiſted it over the ſpikes of the balluſtrade clear into the Seine.

——*'Tis an ill wind*, ſaid a boatman, who catch'd it, *which blows nobody any good.*

The ſentry, being a Gaſcon, incontinently twirl'd up his whiſkers, and levell'd his arquebuſe.

Arquebuſes in thoſe days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, ſhe had borrowed the ſentry's match to light it;—it gave a moment's time for the Gaſcon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage.—*'Tis an ill wind*, ſaid he, catching off the Notary's caſtor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The

The poor Notary croſs'd the bridge, and paſſing along the Rue de Dauphine into the Fauxbourgh of St. Germain, lamented himſelf as he walked along in this manner:—

Luckleſs man that I am! ſaid the Notary, to be the ſport of hurricanes all my days!—to be born to have the ſtorm of ill language levell'd againſt me and my profeſſion wherever I go!—to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempeſt of a woman!—to be driven forth out of my houſe by domeſtic winds, and deſpoil'd of my caſtor by pontific ones!—to be here, bare-headed, in a windy night, at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of accidents!—Where am I to lay my head?—Miſerable man! what wind in the two-and-thirty points of the whole compaſs can blow unto thee, as it does to the reſt of thy fellow-creatures, good!

As the Notary was paſſing on by a dark paſſage, complaining in this ſort, a voice called out to a girl, to bid her run for the next Notary.—Now the Notary being the next, and availing himſelf of his ſituation, walk'd up the paſſage to the door, and paſſing through an old ſort of a ſaloon, was uſhered into a large chamber, diſmantled of every thing but a long military pike,—a breaſt-plate,—a ruſty old ſword, and bandoleer, hung up equidiſtant in four different places againſt the wall.

An old perſonage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and unleſs decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay ſupporting his head upon his hand, in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was ſet cloſe beſide it, and cloſe by the table was placed a chair:—

the Notary ſat him down in it; and pulling out his inkhorn and a ſheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breaſt over the table, he diſpoſed every thing to make the gentleman's laſt will and teſtament.

——Alas! Monſieur le Notaire, ſaid the gentleman, raiſing himſelf up a little, I have nothing to bequeath, which will pay the expence of bequeathing, except the hiſtory of myſelf, which I could not die in peace unleſs I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits ariſing out of it I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me.—It is a ſtory ſo uncommon, it muſt be read by all mankind; —it will make the fortunes of your houſe.——The Notary dipp'd his pen into his inkhorn.——Almighty Director of every event in my life! ſaid the old gentleman, looking up earneſtly, and raiſing his hands towards Heaven,—Thou, whoſe hand has led me on through ſuch a labyrinth of ſtrange paſſages down into this ſcene of deſolation, aſſiſt the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broken-hearted man!—Direct my tongue by the ſpirit of thy eternal truth, that this ſtranger may ſet down nought but what is written in that *Book*, from whoſe records, ſaid he, claſping his hands together, I am to be condemn'd or acquitted!——The Notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye.

——It is a ſtory, Monſieur le Notaire, ſaid the gentleman, which will rouſe up every affection in nature;—it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of Cruelty herſelf with pity.——

The

The Notary was inflamed with a deſire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his inkhorn;—and the old gentleman, turning a little more towards the Notary, began to dictate his ſtory in theſe words:——

——And where is the reſt of it, La Fleur? ſaid I,—as he juſt then entered the room.

THE FRAGMENT,

AND THE BOUQUET*.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came cloſe up to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other ſheets of it, which he had wrapped round the ſtalks of a *bouquet* to keep it together, which he had preſented to the *demoiſelle* upon the *boulevards*.——Then prithee, La Fleur, ſaid I, ſtep back to her, to the Count de B****'s hotel, and *ſee if thou canſt get it.*——There is no doubt of it, ſaid La Fleur;—and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back, quite out of breath, with deeper marks of diſappointment in his looks, than could ariſe from the ſimple irreparability of the fragment. *Juſte ciel!* in leſs than two minutes that the poor fellow had

* Noſegay.

taken his laſt tender farewell of her,—his faithleſs miſtreſs had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen,—the footman to a young ſempſtreſs,—and the ſempſtreſs to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it.—Our misfortunes were involved together;—I gave a ſigh,—and La Fleur echo'd it back again to my ear.

——How perfidious! cried La Fleur.——How unlucky! ſaid I.

——I ſhould not have been mortified, Monſieur, quoth La Fleur, if ſhe had loſt it.——Nor I, La Fleur, ſaid I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no, will be ſeen hereafter.

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

THE man who either diſdains or fears to walk up a dark entry, may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good Sentimental Traveller. I count little of the many things I ſee paſs at broad noon day, in large and open ſtreets.—Nature is ſhy, and hates to act before ſpectators; but in ſuch an unobſerved corner you ſometimes ſee a ſingle ſhort ſcene of hers, worth all the ſentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together,—and yet they are *abſolutely* fine;—and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they ſuit a preacher juſt as well as a hero, I generally make my

my ſermon out of 'em;—and for the text,—"Cap-"padocia, Pontus and Aſia, Phrygia and Pamphy-"lia,"—is as good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark paſſage iſſuing out from the *Opera Comique* into a narrow ſtreet; 'tis trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre**, or wiſh to get off quietly o'foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a ſmall candle, the light of which is almoſt loſt before you get half way down, but near the door;—'tis more for ornament than uſe: you ſee it as a fix'd ſtar of the leaſt magnitude; it burns,—but does little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along this paſſage, I diſcern'd, as I approach'd within five or ſix paces of the door, two ladies ſtanding, arm in arm, with their backs againſt the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre:*—as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; ſo edged myſelf up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my ſtand.—I was in black, and ſcarce ſeen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman, of about thirty-ſix; the other, of the ſame ſize and make, of about forty: there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them;—they ſeem'd to be two upright veſtal ſiſters, unſapp'd by careſſes, unbroke in upon by tender ſalutations. I could have wiſh'd to have made them happy;—their happineſs was deſtin'd, that night, to come from another quarter.

* Hackney-coach.

A low

A low voice, with a good turn of expreſſion, and ſweet cadence at the end of it, begg'd for a twelve-ſous piece betwixt them, for the love of Heaven. I thought it ſingular that a beggar ſhould fix the quota of an alms,—and that the ſum ſhould be twelve times as much as what is uſually given in the dark. They both ſeem'd aſtoniſh'd at it as much as myſelf.——Twelve ſous! ſaid one. —— A twelve-ſous piece! ſaid the other,—and made no reply.

——The poor man ſaid, he knew not how to aſk leſs of ladies of their rank; and bow'd down his head to the ground.

——Poo! ſaid they,—we have no money.

The beggar remained ſilent for a moment or two, and renew'd his ſupplication.

——Do not, my fair young ladies, ſaid he, ſtop your good ears againſt me.——Upon my word, honeſt man! ſaid the younger, we have no change.—— Then God bleſs you! ſaid the poor man, and multiply thoſe joys which you can give to others, without change!——I obſerved the eldeſt ſiſter put her hand into her pocket.——I'll ſee, ſaid ſhe, if I have a ſous!——A ſous! give twelve, ſaid the ſupplicant; Nature has been bountiful to you; be bountiful to a poor man.

——I would, friend, with all my heart, ſaid the younger, if I had it.

——My fair charitable! ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the elder,—What is it but your goodneſs and humanity which makes your bright eyes ſo ſweet, that they outſhine the morning, even in this dark

dark paſſage! and what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother ſay ſo much of you both as they juſt paſs'd by?

The two ladies ſeemed much affected; and impulſively at the ſame time they both put their hands into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-ſous piece.

The conteſt betwixt them and the poor ſupplicant was no more,—it was continued betwixt themſelves, which of the two ſhould give the twelve-ſous piece in charity;—and, to end the diſpute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

PARIS.

I STEPPED haſtily after him: it was the very man whoſe ſucceſs in aſking charity of the women before the door of the hotel had ſo puzzled me;—and I found at once his ſecret, or at leaſt the baſis of it:—'twas flattery.

Delicious eſſence! how refreſhing art thou to Nature! how ſtrongly are all its powers and all its weakneſſes on thy ſide! how ſweetly doſt thou mix with the blood, and help it thro' the moſt difficult and tortuous paſſages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not ſtraiten'd for time, had given it here in a larger doſe: 'tis certain he had a way of bringing it into leſs form, for the many ſudden caſes he had to do with in the ſtreets; but

but how he contrived to correct, ſweeten, concentre, and qualify it,—I vex not my ſpirit with the inquiry;—it is enough, the beggar gained two twelve-ſous pieces,—and they can beſt tell the reſt who have gained much greater matters by it.

PARIS.

WE get forwards in the world, not ſo much by doing ſervices as receiving them: you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground; and then you water it, becauſe you have planted it.

Monſ. le Count de B****, merely becauſe he had done me one kindneſs in the affair of my paſſport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank; and they were to preſent me to others, and ſo on.

I had got maſter of my *ſecret* juſt in time to turn theſe honours to ſome little account; otherwiſe, as is commonly the caſe, I ſhould have din'd or ſupp'd a ſingle time or two round; and then, by *tranſlating* French looks and attitudes into plain Engliſh, I ſhould preſently have ſeen that I had gold out of the *couvert** of ſome more entertaining gueſt; and, in courſe, ſhould have reſigned all my places, one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them.—As it was, things did not go much amiſs.

* Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and ſpoon.

I had

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B****. In days of yore he had ſignaliz'd himſelf by ſome ſmall feats of chivalry in the *Cour d'Amour*, and had dreſs'd himſelf out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever ſince.—The Marquis de B**** wiſh'd to have it thought the affair was ſomewhere elſe than in his brain. "He could "like to take a trip to England;" and aſk'd much of the Engliſh ladies.——Stay where you are, I beſeech you, Monſ. le Marquis, ſaid I.——*Les Meſſieurs Anglois* can ſcarce get a kind look from them as it is.——The Marquis invited me to ſupper.

Monſ. P****, the farmer-general, was juſt as inquiſitive about our taxes.—They were very conſiderable, he heard.——If we knew but how to collect them, ſaid I, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Monſ. P****'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been miſrepreſented to Madame de Q*** as an *eſprit*.—Madame de Q*** was an *eſprit* herſelf: ſhe burnt with impatience to ſee me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my ſeat, before I ſaw ſhe did not care a ſous whether I had any wit or no—I was let in to be convinced ſhe had.—I call Heaven to witneſs I never once open'd the door of my lips.

Madame de V*** vow'd to every creature ſhe met, "She had never had a more improving converſation with a man in her life."

There are three epochas in the empire of a French woman:—She is coquette,—then Deiſt,—then *devoté*: the empire during theſe is never loſt,

—ſhe

—ſhe only changes her ſubjects: when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominions of the ſlaves of love, ſhe repeoples it with the ſlaves of infidelity, and then with the ſlaves of the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the firſt of theſe epochas: the colour of the roſe was fading faſt away;—ſhe ought to have been a Deiſt five years before the time I had the honour to pay my firſt viſit.

She placed me upon the ſame ſofa with her, for the ſake of diſputing the point of religion more cloſely.—In ſhort Madame de V*** told me ſhe believed nothing.—I told Madame de V*** it might be her principle; but I was ſure it could not be her intereſt to level the outworks, without which I could not conceive how ſuch a citadel as her's could be defended;—that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world than for a beauty to be a Deiſt;—that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her;—that I had not been five minutes ſat upon the ſofa beſide her, but I had began to form deſigns;—and what is it but the ſentiments of religion, and the perſuaſion they had excited in her breaſt, which could have check'd them as they roſe up?

——We are not adamant, ſaid I, taking hold of her hand;—and there is need of all reſtraints, till Age in her own time ſteals in and lays them on us.—But, my dear lady, ſaid I, kiſſing her hand,—'tis too—too ſoon.—

I declare I had the credit all over Paris of unperverting Madame de V***.——She affirmed to Monſ.

Monſ. D*** and the Abbe M***, that in one half hour I had ſaid more for revealed religion than all their Encyclopedia had ſaid againſt it,—I was liſted directly into Madame de V***'s *coterie*;—and ſhe put off the epocha of Deiſm for two years.

I remember it was in this *coterie*, in the middle of a diſcourſe, in which I was ſhewing the neceſſity of a *firſt cauſe*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the fartheſt corner of the room, to tell me my *ſolitaire* was pinn'd too ſtrait about my neck.——It ſhould be *plus badinant*, ſaid the Count, looking down upon his own;—but a word, Monſ. Yorick, *to the wiſe*,——

—And *from the wiſe*, Monſ. le Count, replied I, making him a bow,—*is enough.*

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met.——*Pardi! ce Monſ. Yorick a autant d'eſprit que nous autres.*——*Il raiſonne bien*, ſaid another——*C'eſt un bon enfant*, ſaid a third.—And at this price I could have eaten and drank and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but 'twas a diſhoneſt *reckoning*;—I grew aſhamed of it.—It was the gain of a ſlave;—every ſentiment of honour revolted againſt it;—the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly ſyſtem*;—the better the *coterie*,—the more children of Art,—I languiſh'd for thoſe of Nature; and one night, after a moſt vile proſtitution of myſelf to half a dozen different people, I grew ſick,—went to bed;—ordered La Fleur to get me horſes in the morning, to ſet out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the diſtreſs of plenty was in any one ſhape till now,—to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the ſweeteſt part of France,—in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up,—a journey through each ſtep of which muſic beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clutters;—to paſs through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me,—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures,—

Juſt Heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes;—and alas! I have but a few ſmall pages left of this to crowd it into,—and half of theſe muſt be taken up with the poor Maria my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulines.

The ſtory he had told of that diſorder'd maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where ſhe lived, it returned ſo ſtrong into my mind, that I could not reſiſt an impulſe which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to enquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the Knight of the Woful Countenance, in queſt of melancholy adventures;—I know not how it is, but I am never ſo perfectly conſcious

conſcious of the exiſtence of a ſoul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door; her looks told me the ſtory before ſhe open'd her mouth.—She had loſt her huſband; he had died, ſhe ſaid, of anguiſh, for the loſs of Maria's ſenſe, about a month before.—She had feared at firſt, ſhe added, that it would have plunder'd her poor girl of what little underſtanding was left;—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herſelf;—ſtill ſhe could not reſt.—Her poor daughter, ſhe ſaid, crying, was wandering ſomewhere about the road.

—Why does my pulſe beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whoſe heart ſeem'd only to be tuned to joy, to paſs the back of his hand twice acroſs his eyes, as the woman ſtood and told it? I beckoned to the poſtillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road, leading to a thicket, I diſcovered poor Maria ſitting under a poplar.—She was ſitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one ſide within her hand:—a ſmall brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the poſtillion go on with the chaiſe to Moulines;—and La Fleur to beſpeak my ſupper;—and that I would walk after him.

She was dreſs'd in white, and much as my friend deſcribed her, except that her hair hung looſe, which before was twiſted with a ſilken net.—She had ſuperadded likewiſe to her jacket, a pale green riband, which fell acroſs her ſhoulder to the waiſt;

at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithleſs as her lover; and ſhe had got a little dog in lieu of him, which ſhe kept tied by a ſtring to her girdle. As I look'd at her dog, ſhe drew him towards her with the ſtring.——"Thou "ſhalt not leave me, Sylvio," ſaid ſhe. I look'd in Maria's eyes, and ſaw ſhe was thinking more of her father, than of her lover, or her little goat; for as ſhe utter'd them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I ſat down cloſe by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then ſteep'd it in my own,—and then in her's,—and then in mine,—and then I wip'd her's again;—and as I did it, I felt ſuch undeſcribable emotions within me, as I am ſure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am poſitive I have a ſoul; nor can all the books with which materialiſts have peſtered the world, ever convince me to the contrary.

MARIA.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herſelf, I aſk'd her if ſhe remembered a pale thin perſon of a man, who had ſat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before?——She ſaid, ſhe was unſettled much at that time, but remember'd it upon two accounts:—That ill as ſhe was, ſhe ſaw the perſon pitied her; and next, That her goat had ſtolen his handkerchief, and ſhe had beat him for the

the theft;—ſhe had waſh'd it, ſhe ſaid, in the brook, and kept it ever ſince in her pocket, to reſtore it to him, in caſe ſhe ſhould ever ſee him again; which, ſhe added, he had half promiſed her. As ſhe told me this, ſhe took the handkerchief out of her pocket, to let me ſee it; ſhe had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine-leaves, tied round with a tendril.—On opening it, I ſaw an *S.* marked in one of the corners.

—She had ſince that, ſhe told me, ſtrayed as far as Rome, and walk'd round St. Peter's once,—and return'd back:—that ſhe found her way alone acroſs the Apennines,—had travell'd over all Lombardy without money,—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without ſhoes:—how ſhe had borne it, and how ſhe had got ſupported, ſhe could not tell;—but *God tempers the winds*, ſaid Maria, *to the ſhorn lamb.*

——Shorn indeed! and to the quick, ſaid I:—and waſt thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and ſhelter thee; thou ſhouldſt eat of my own bread and drink of my own cup;—I would be kind to thy Sylvio;—in all thy weakneſſes and wanderings I would ſeek after thee, and bring thee back;—when the ſun went down I would ſay my prayers; and when I had done, thou ſhouldſt play thy evening-ſong upon thy pipe: nor would the incenſe of my ſacrifice be worſe accepted for entering Heaven along with that of a broken heart!

Nature melted within me as I utter'd this; and Maria obſerving, as I took out my handkerchief,

that it was ſteep'd too much already to be of uſe, would needs go waſh it in the ſtream.——And where will you dry it, Maria? ſaid I.——I'll dry it in my boſom, ſaid ſhe;—'twill do me good.

——And is your heart ſtill ſo warm, Maria? ſaid I.

I touched upon the ſtring on which hung all her ſorrows;—ſhe look'd with wiſtful diſorder for ſome time in my face; and then, without ſaying any thing, took her pipe, and play'd her ſervice to the Virgin.—The ſtring I had touch'd ceaſed to vibrate;—in a moment or two Maria returned to herſelf,—let her pipe fall,—and roſe up.

——And where are you going, Maria? ſaid I.——She ſaid, to Moulines.——Let us go, ſaid I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the ſtring to let the dog follow,—in that order we enter'd Moulines.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

THOUGH I hate ſalutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I ſtopp'd to take my laſt look and laſt farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheleſs of the firſt order of fine forms:—affliction had touch'd her looks with ſomething that was ſcarce earthly;—ſtill ſhe was feminine;—and ſo much was there about

T. Stothard del.ᵗ. W. Skelton sculpᵗ.

Sentimental Journey, Maria!

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about her of all that the heart wiſhes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and thoſe of Eliza out of mine, ſhe ſhould *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria ſhould lie in my boſom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckleſs maiden!—Imbibe the oil and wine which the compaſſion of a ſtranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds; —the Being who has twice bruiſed thee can only bind them up for ever.

THE BOURBONNOIS.

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myſelf ſo joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but preſſing through this gate of ſorrow to it, my ſufferings have totally unfitted me. In every ſcene of feſtivity I ſaw Maria in the back-ground of the piece, ſitting penſive under her poplar: and I had got almoſt to Lyons before I was able to caſt a ſhade acroſs her.

—Dear Senſibility! ſource inexhauſted of all that's precious in our joys, or coſtly in our ſorrows! —thou chaineſt thy martyr down upon his bed of ſtraw,—and 'tis thou who lift'ſt him up to Heaven! —Eternal fountain of our feeling!—'tis here I trace thee,—and this is thy "*divinity which ſtirs within me*;"—not that, in ſome ſad and ſickening moments, "*my ſoul ſhrinks back upon herſelf,*

and ſtartles at deſtruction!"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel ſome generous joys and generous cares beyond myſelf;—all comes from thee, great,—great *Senſorium* of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remoteſt deſert of thy creation.—Touch'd with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languiſh,—hears my tale of ſymptoms, and blames the weather for the diſorder of his nerves. Thou giv'ſt a portion of it ſometimes to the rougheſt peaſant who traverſes the bleakeſt mountains;—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock.—This moment I behold him leaning with his head againſt his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!—Oh! had I come one moment ſooner!—it bleeds to death!—his gentle heart bleeds with it!

Peace to thee, generous ſwain!—I ſee thou walkeſt off with anguiſh,—but thy joys ſhall balance it;—for happy is thy cottage,—and happy is the ſharer of it,—and happy are the lambs which ſport about you.

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming looſe from the fore-foot of the thill-horſe, at the beginning of the aſcent of Mount Taurira, the poſtillion diſmounted, twiſted the ſhoe off, and put it in his pocket. As the aſcent was of five or ſix miles, and that horſe our main dependence, I made a point of having the ſhoe faſten'd on again as well as we could; but the poſtillion

tillion had thrown away the nails; and the hammer in the chaiſe-box being of no great uſe without them, I ſubmitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor Devil loſt a ſecond ſhoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaiſe in good earneſt; and ſeeing a houſe about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do I prevailed upon the poſtillion to turn up to it. The look of the houſe, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, ſoon reconciled me to the diſaſter.—It was a little farm-houſe, ſurrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn;—and cloſe to the houſe, on one ſide, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peaſant's houſe;—and, on the other ſide, was a little wood, which furniſhed wherewithal to dreſs it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the houſe,—ſo I left the poſtillion to manage his point as he could; and, for mine, I walk'd directly into the houſe.

The family conſiſted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or ſix ſons and ſons-in-law, and their ſeveral wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all ſitting down together to their lentil-ſoup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promiſed joy through the ſtages of the repaſt:—'twas a feaſt of love.

The old man roſe up to meet me, and, with a reſpectful cordiality, would have me ſit down at

the table; my heart was ſet down the moment I enter'd the room; ſo I ſat down at once, like a ſon of the family; and, to inveſt myſelf in the character as ſpeedily as I could, I inſtantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myſelf a hearty luncheon; and, as I did it, I ſaw a teſtimony in every eye, not only of an honeſt welcome, but of a welcome mix'd with thanks that I had not ſeem'd to doubt it.

Was it this? or tell me, Nature, what elſe it was that made this morſel ſo ſweet,—and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was ſo delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the ſupper was to my taſte,—the grace which followed it was much more ſo.

THE GRACE.

WHEN ſupper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance; the moment the ſignal was given, the women and girls ran altogether into a back apartment to tie up their hair,—and the young men to the door to waſh their faces, and change their *ſabots;* and, in three minutes, every ſoul was ready upon a little eſplanade before the houſe to begin.—The old man and his wife came out laſt, and, placing me betwixt them, ſat down upon a ſofa of turf by the door.

The

The old man had ſome fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the *vielle*,—and, at the age he was then of, touch'd it well enough for the purpoſe. His wife ſung now-and then a little to the tune,—then intermitted,—and join'd her old man again as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the ſecond dance when, for ſome pauſes in the movement wherein they all ſeem'd to look up, I fancied I could diſtinguiſh an elevation of ſpirit different from that which is the cauſe or the effect of ſimple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance;—but, as I had never ſeen her ſo engaged, I ſhould have look'd upon it now as one of the illuſions of an imagination which is eternally miſleading me, had not the old man, as ſoon as the dance ended, ſaid that this was their conſtant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after ſupper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he ſaid, that a cheerful and contented mind was the beſt ſort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peaſant could pay——

——Or a learned prelate either, ſaid I.

THE CASE OF DELICACY.

WHEN you have gain'd the top of Mount Taurira, you run preſently down to Lyons;—adieu, then, to all rapid movements!—'tis a journey of caution;

caution; and it fares better with ſentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; ſo I contracted with a *voiturin* to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaiſe ſafe to Turin, through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honeſt people! fear not; your poverty, the treaſury of your ſimple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your vallies be invaded by it.—Nature! in the midſt of thy diſorders, thou art ſtill friendly to the ſcantineſs thou haſt created: with all thy great works about thee, little haſt thou left to give, either to the ſcythe or to the ſickle—but to that little thou granteſt ſafety and protection; and ſweet are the dwellings which ſtand ſo ſhelter'd!

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the ſudden turns and dangers of your roads, your rocks, your precipices; the difficulties of getting up, the horrors of getting down, mountains impracticable,—and cataracts, which roll down great ſtones from their ſummits, and block up his road. The peaſants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Madane; and, by the time my *voiturin* got to the place, it wanted full two hours of completing, before a paſſage could any how be gain'd. There was nothing but to wait with patience;—'twas a wet and tempeſtuous night; ſo that by the delay and that together, the *voiturin* found himſelf obliged to put up five miles ſhort of his ſtage, at a little decent kind of an inn by the road-ſide.

I forth-

I forthwith took poſſeſſion of my bedchamber, got a good fire, order'd ſupper, and was thanking Heaven it was no worſe,—when a *voiturin* arrived with a lady in it, and her ſervant-maid.

As there was no other bedchamber in the houſe, the hoſteſs, without much nicety, led them into mine, telling them, as ſhe uſher'd them in, that there was nobody in it but an Engliſh gentleman;—that there were two good beds in it, and a cloſet within the room which held another. The accent in which ſhe ſpoke of this third bed, did not ſay much for it;—however, ſhe ſaid there were three beds, and but three people,—and ſhe durſt ſay the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters.—— I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it, ſo inſtantly made a declaration that I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an abſolute ſurrender of my bedchamber, I ſtill felt myſelf ſo much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it;—ſo I deſired the lady to ſit down, preſſed her into the warmeſt ſeat, call'd for more wood, deſired the hoſteſs to enlarge the plan of the ſupper, and to favour us with the very beſt wine.

The lady had ſcarce warm'd herſelf five minutes at the fire, before ſhe began to turn her head back, and to give a look at the beds; and the oftener ſhe caſt her eyes that way, the more they return'd perplex'd.—I felt for her—and for myſelf; for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the caſe itſelf, I found myſelf as much embarraſſed as it was poſſible the lady could be herſelf.

That

That the beds we were to lie in were in one and the ſame room, was enough ſimply by itſelf to have excited all this;—but the poſition of them (for they ſtood parallel, and ſo very cloſe to each other, as only to allow a ſpace for a ſmall wicker-chair betwixt them) rendered the affair ſtill more oppreſſive to us;—they were fixed up, moreover, near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one ſide; and a large beam which croſs'd the room on the other, form'd a kind of receſs for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our ſenſations:—if any thing could have added to it, it was that the two beds were both of them ſo very ſmall, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together, which in either of them, could it have been feaſible, my lying beſide them, though a thing not to be wiſh'd, yet there was nothing in it ſo terrible which the imagination might not have paſs'd over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offer'd little or no conſolation to us: 'twas a damp, cold cloſet, with a half diſmantled window-ſhutter, and with a window which had neither glaſs nor oil-paper in it to keep out the tempeſt of the night. I did not endeavour to ſtifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; ſo it reduced the caſe in courſe to this alternative,—That the lady ſhould ſacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the cloſet herſelf, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid,—or, that the girl ſhould take the cloſet, &c.

The

The lady was a Piedmonteſe of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks. The maid was a Lyonoiſe of twenty, and as briſk and lively a French girl as ever moved. There were difficulties every way,—and the obſtacle of the ſtone in the road, which brought us into the diſtreſs, great as it appeared whilſt the peaſants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our way now.—I have only to add, that it did not leſſen the weight which hung upon our ſpirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt to each other upon the occaſion.

We ſat down to ſupper; and, had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furniſh'd, our tongues had been tied up till Neceſſity herſelf had ſet them at liberty; —but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, ſent down her *fille de chambre* for a couple of them; ſo that by the time ſupper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourſelves inſpired with a ſtrength of mind ſufficient to talk, at leaſt, without reſerve upon our ſituation. We turn'd it every way, and debated and conſidered it in all kinds of lights in the courſe of a two hours negociation; at the end of which the articles were ſettled finally betwixt us, and ſtipulated for in form and manner of a treaty of peace,—and, I believe, with as much religion and good faith on both ſides, as in any treaty which has yet had the honour of being handed down to poſterity.

They were as follow:—

Firſt. As the right of the bedchamber is in Monſieur,

Monſieur,—and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be warmeſt, he inſiſts upon the conceſſion on the lady's ſide of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of Madame; with a proviſo, That, as the curtains of that bed are of a flimſy tranſparent cotton, and appear likewiſe too ſcanty to draw cloſe, that the *fille de chambre* ſhall faſten up the opening, either by corking pins, or needle and thread, in ſuch manner as ſhall be deem'd a ſufficient barrier on the ſide of Monſieur.

2dly. It is required on the part of Madame, that Monſieur ſhall lie the whole night through in his *robe de chambre*.

Rejected: in as much as Monſieur is not worth a *robe de chambre*; he having nothing in his portmanteau but ſix ſhirts and a black ſilk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the ſilk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article,—for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the *robe de chambre*; and ſo it was ſtipulated and agreed upon, that I ſhould lie in my black ſilk breeches all night.

3dly. It was inſiſted upon, and ſtipulated for by the lady, that after Monſieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguiſhed, that Monſieur ſhould not ſpeak one ſingle word the whole night.

Granted, provided Monſieur's ſaying his prayers might not be deem'd an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and

and that was the manner in which the lady and myſelf ſhould be obliged to undreſs and get to bed;—there was one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to deviſe, proteſting as I do it, that if it is not the moſt delicate in nature,—'tis the fault of his own imagination,—againſt which this is not my firſt complaint.

Now, when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the ſituation, or what it was, I know not, but ſo it was, I could not ſhut my eyes; I tried this ſide and that, and turn'd and turn'd again, till a full hour after midnight, when Nature and Patience both wearing out,—O my God! ſaid I.

——You have broke the treaty, Monſieur, ſaid the lady, who had no more ſleep than myſelf.——I begg'd a thouſand pardons; but inſiſted it was no more than an ejaculation.——She maintained 'twas an entire infraction of the treaty. ——I maintain'd it was provided for in the clauſe of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up the point though ſhe weaken'd her barrier by it; for, in the warmth of the diſpute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

——Upon my word and honour, Madame, ſaid I, ſtretching my arm out of bed by way of aſſeveration,—

(I was going to have added, that I would not have treſpaſs'd againſt the remoteſt idea of decorum for the world)—

—But the *fille de chambre* hearing there were words

words between us, and fearing that hoſtilities would enſue in courſe, had crept ſilently out of her cloſet; and it being totally dark, had ſtolen ſo cloſe to our beds, that ſhe had got herſelf into the narrow paſſage which ſeparated them, and had advanced ſo far up as to be in a line betwixt her miſtreſs and me;—

So that, when I ſtretch'd out my hand, I caught hold of the *fille de chambre*'s——

END OF THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY;

AND OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

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